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MAXIM

MAY 2005

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SEX BY SUNDOWN

CHEAP TRICKS THAT PAY OFF BIG

CURSE OF THE LOTTERY

THE PEOPLE WHO WON A NIGHTMARE

FIGHT, HIDE, OR CRY?

HOW TO SHAKE THOSE FIRST-DAY-IN-PRISON JITTERS

What happens in Maxim *stays* in Maxim

PLUS

MARIA SHARAPOVA

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THE NEW DODGE CHARGER

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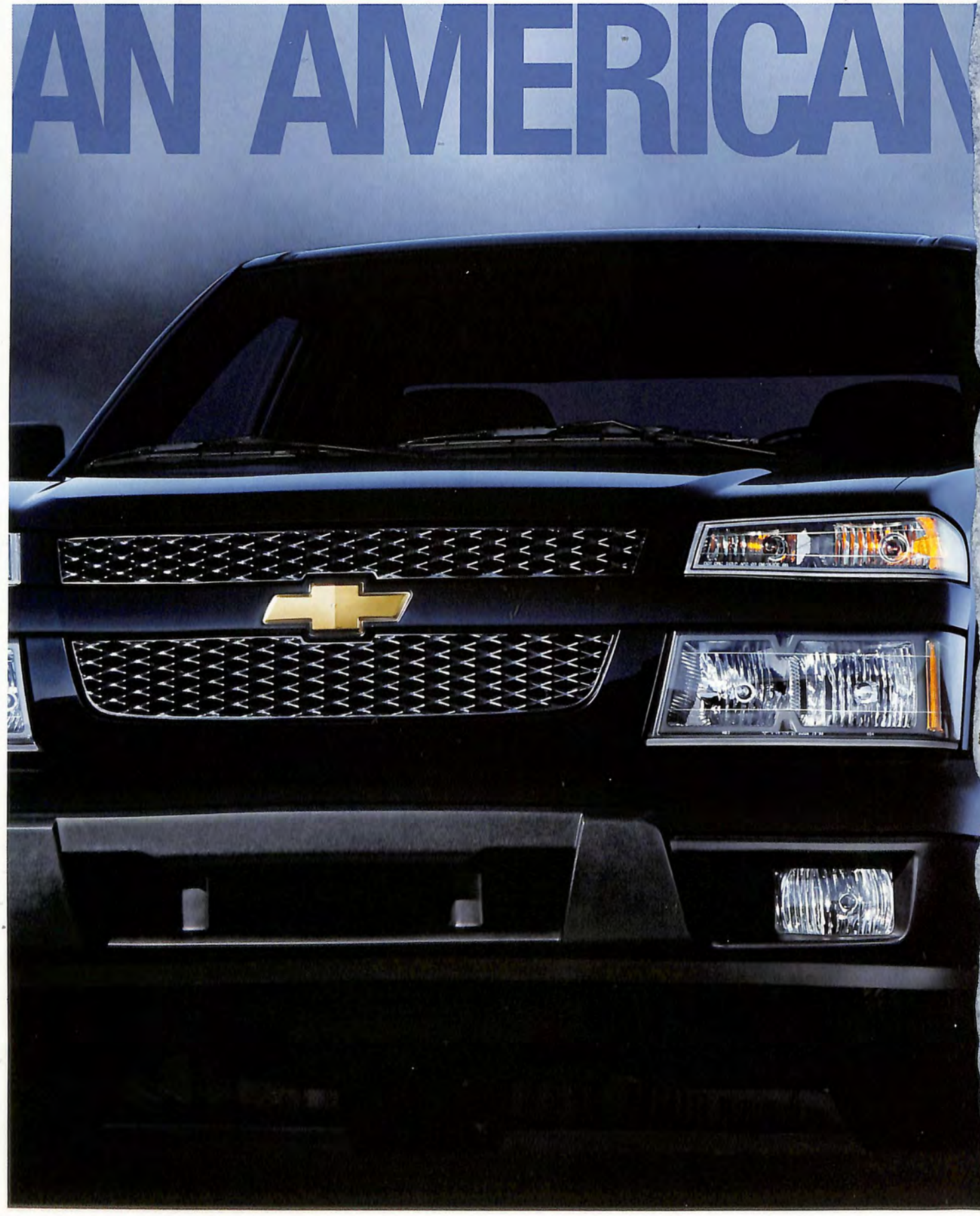

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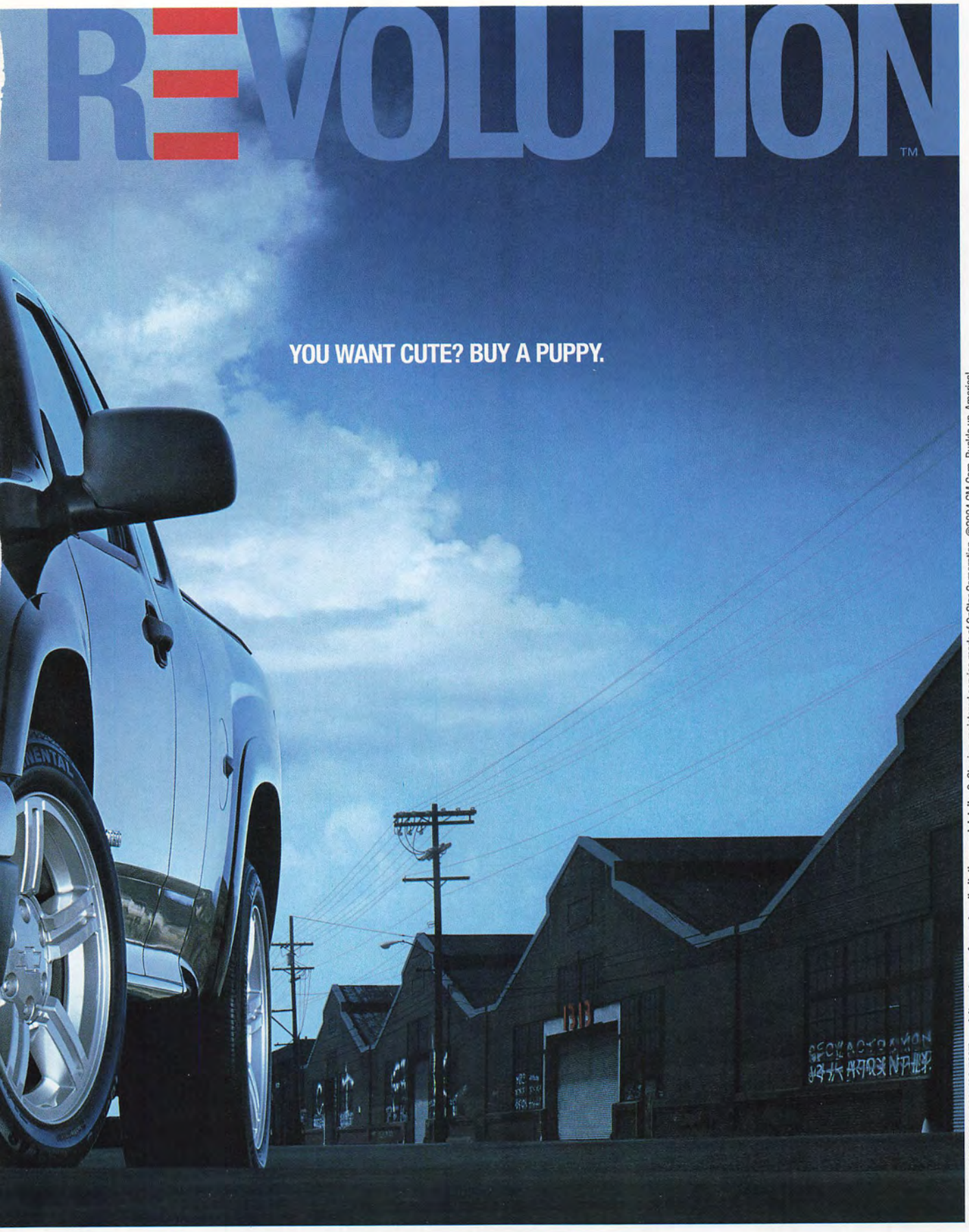

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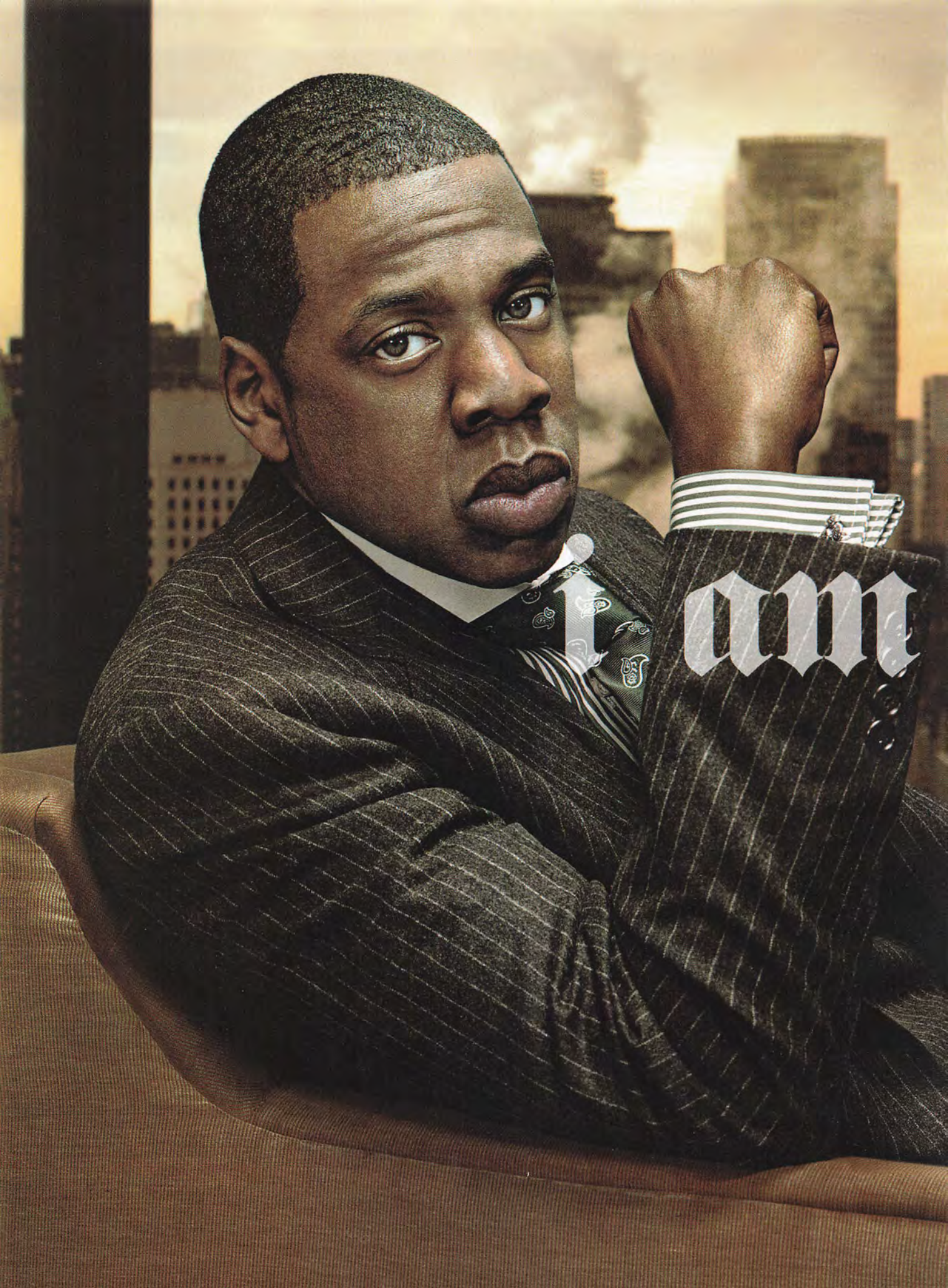
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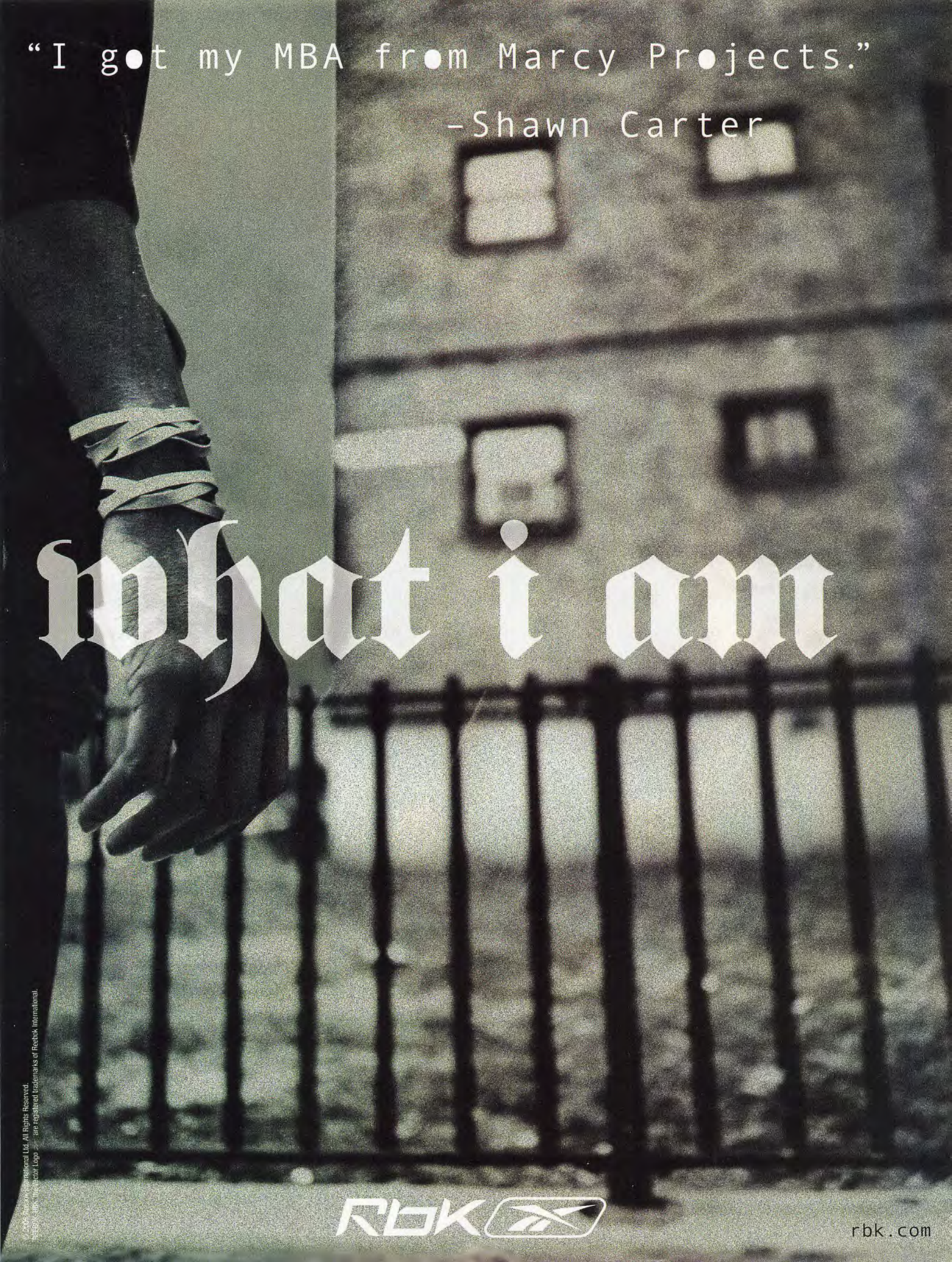

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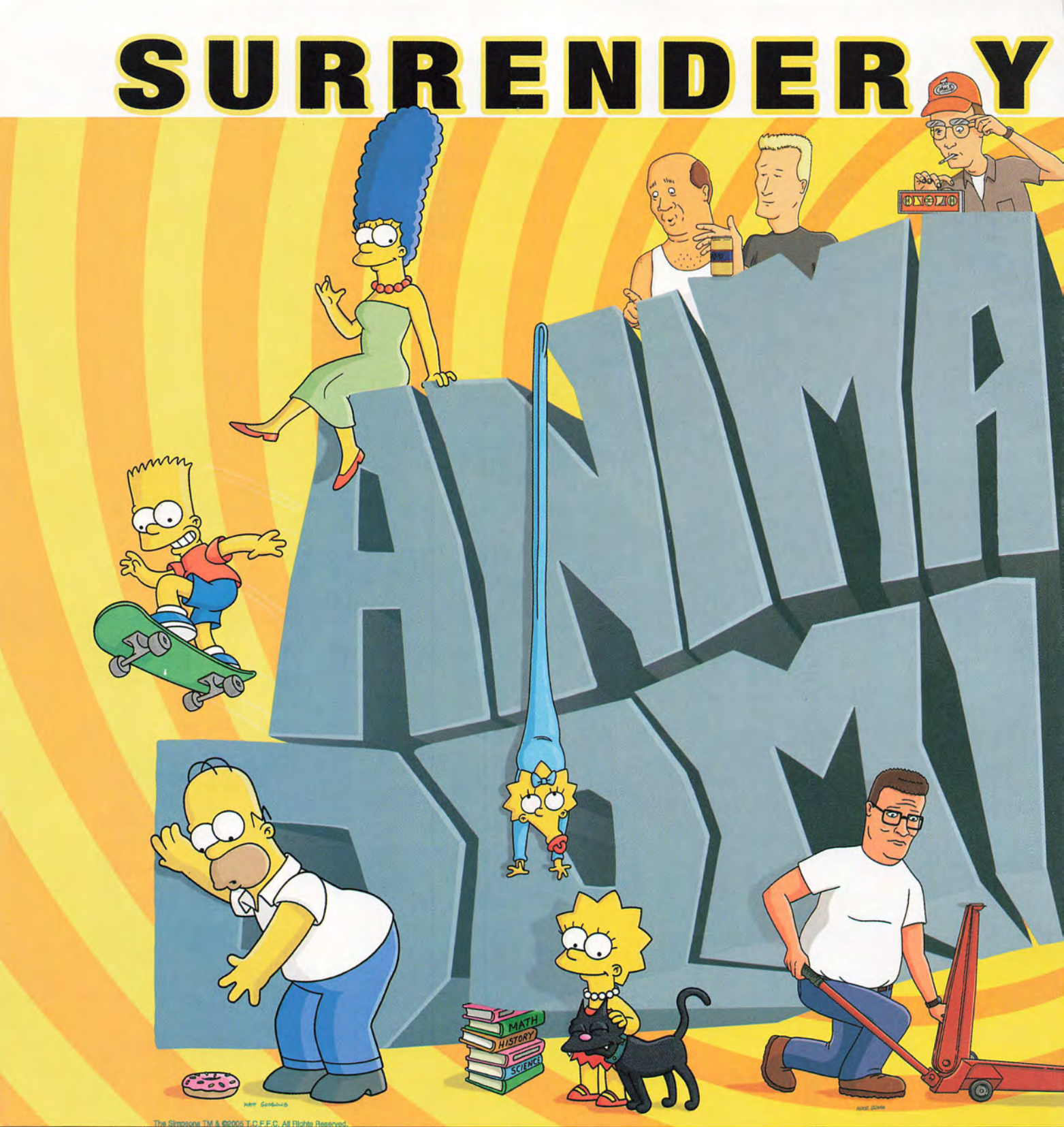
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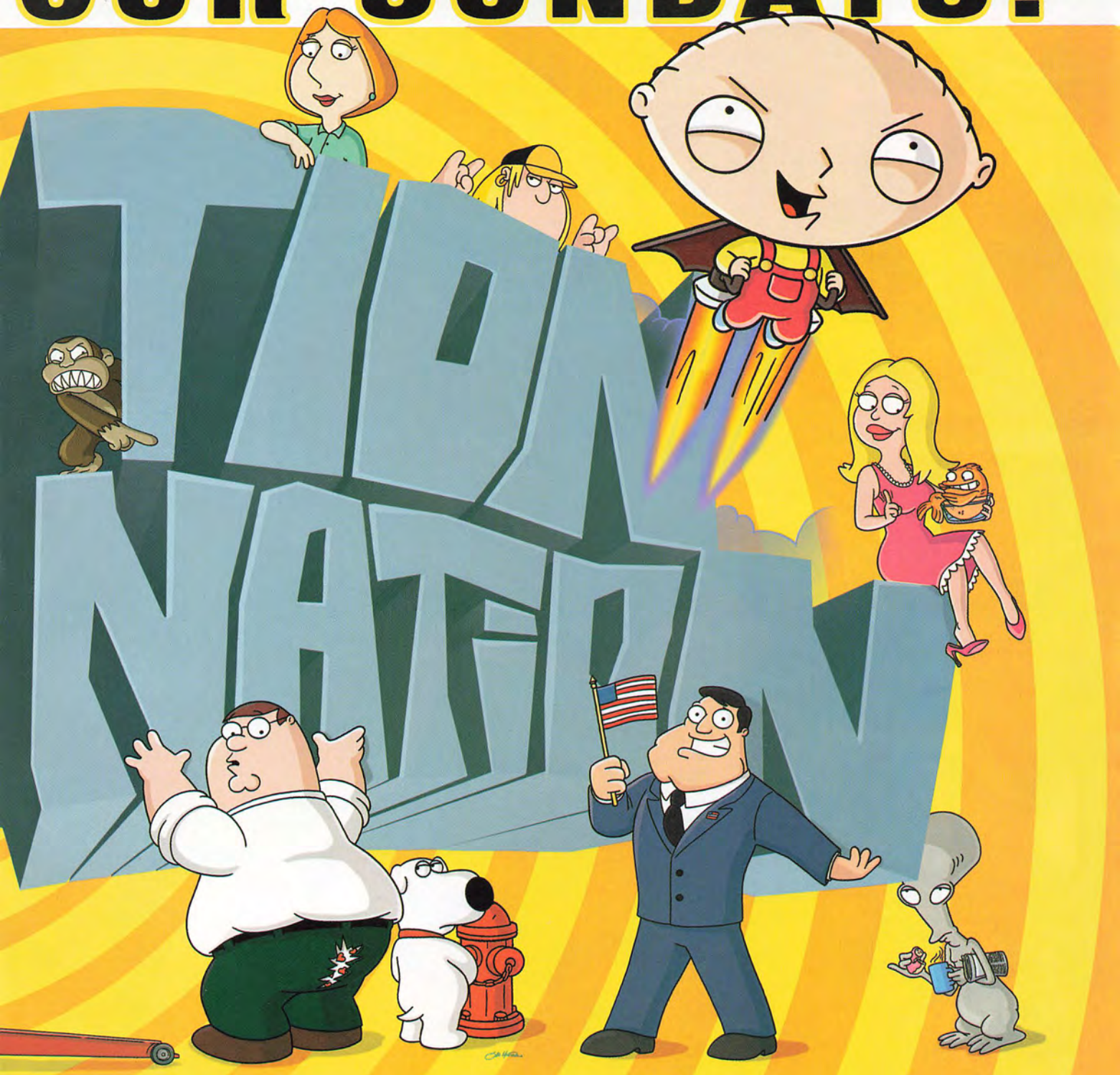

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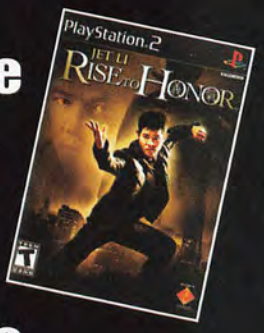

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"I loved *Life Aquatic*!" p.102

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Why we stick to bingo, p.116

Bill wasn't looking for love, but their eyes met and... p.132

p.66

142 COVER GIRL
BRITTANY MURPHY

Turns out the voice of *King of the Hill*'s Luanne also has a body (who knew?), which comes to life in the hotly anticipated *Sin City*. Also, learn what it's like to kiss a girl.

Nail-biting: a cruel addiction, p.124

BIKINI BRIEF
94 LEILA ARCIERI

She plays a kidnapper in *King's Ransom*, but in real life Leila is a nice girl who enjoys the simple things, like having dinner at Howard Stern's apartment and oil-wrestling. Aww...

TRAVEL GUIDE
102 TAKE OFF!

Should you head out and experience the world in all its varied glories or limit your travels to the good ol' United States of America? We leave the choice up to you, merry wanderer—just get your ass off our goddamn couch already.

SEXUAL COUNTDOWN
110 24 HOURS TO SCORE

We tell you how to crack her sex safe and enter her vagina vault (we're subtle). Learn how to make a woman absolutely crazy with passion without stuffing thousands of dollars into her G-string or slipping her Spanish fly. Ah, sweet fly!

THE LOTTERY CURSE
116 WHO THE HELL WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE?

Do you think becoming rich overnight will magically solve all your problems? It will accomplish that, actually (happy!), but will also bring robbery, lawsuits, divorce, isolation, and plain all-around misery (sad!).

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124 MOON BLOODGOOD

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130 MAXIM'S X-RATED GUIDE TO BALL-BUSTING

An absolute can't-miss for anyone with the power of speech. Don't worry, we promise we'll write one just for you next month, deaf mutes.

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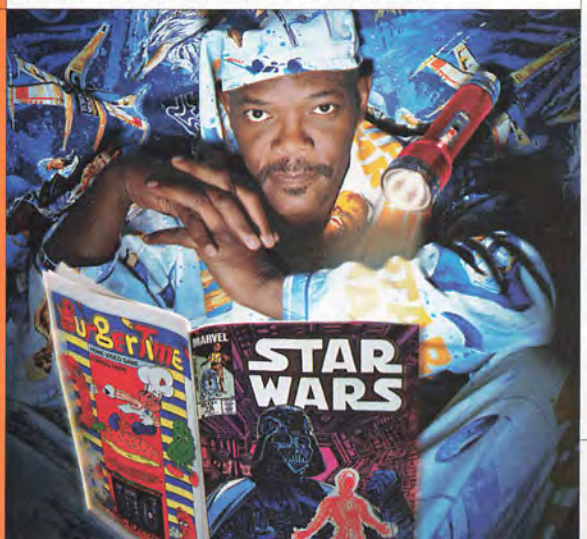
132 FIRST DAY INSIDE

Remember how you were really, really scared on the first day of kindergarten, and it eventually turned out you were just being silly because there was absolutely nothing for you to worry about? This is totally different from that.

150 WE WANT ANSWERS!
SAMUEL L. JACKSON

He's no stranger to guns, crime, and cocaine... and that's in his personal life. We chat with one seriously badass Jedi Master.



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BUCKLE UP

MAXIM REGULARS

Ever kiss a rabbit? p.92

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CIRCUS MAXIMUS

NAUGHTY NAOMI

Take another look at our most sexually charged Hometown Hottie finalist. Also, meet Canada's leading mad scientist, visit one helluva tree house, and see a picture of an elephant on a toilet.

MAXIM's Hometown Hotties

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24 LAUGH, STUPID!

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53 HIT A CLUTCH SHOT

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People want your I.D. Not us, though (you're a tool!).

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We've got the finest in electronics, so find a power source now!

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Yep, time for sunglasses and sneakers from Snoop.

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184 HOW DO I BECOME A MASTER OF DISGUISE?

Be careful with this (it sucked when Dana Carvey tried it).

74

HOT ZONE

SITH SENSE

Will the final *Star Wars* remind us why we became fans in the first place or break our hearts once again? Regardless, get those Boba Fett pajamas back out of the attic immediately.

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This month's *Maxim* sees a small but significant departure from our normal cover policy. Most of you will have received a magazine with a cover featuring Brittany Murphy in all her blonde hotness for the movie *Sin City*. To accompany this issue, however, we have also produced a very limited edition run featuring a cover illustration by Frank Miller, author of the *Sin City* comic books and codirector, with Robert Rodriguez, of the movie of the same name.

When we went to Frank Miller's studio (which is conveniently located just a few blocks from the *Maxim* offices in midtown Manhattan) to choose the artwork for the cover and for the free pullout you'll find inside this issue, I was unaware of the level of passion and intensity that surrounds Frank Miller's books. I came away under no illusions about the lengths *Sin City* fans will go to in order to find out where Frank will be signing his work, what projects he has lined up, or even where he lives. So we feel extremely privileged to be able to bring you something of such value and originality by an artist with a truly fanatical following.

If you're not familiar with the books, and have an appetite for the things people do in the darkest places, then you should check them out without delay. *Sin City* captures the flavor of the night, which I suspect is really everyone's favorite taste, and so much else in comparison is just vanilla. Even if they're not your style, I'm sure you'll find them a welcome antidote to, say, *7th Heaven* or *Extreme Makeover: Home Edition*, or whatever else the networks have decided should satisfy your entertainment requirements.

If you haven't got one of these special edition covers, and you'd like one, then you're going to have to hunt one down quick, as there aren't a lot of them to begin with. If you've found one, congratulations, and keep it somewhere safe. Frank's fans will stop at nothing.

Enjoy the issue.

Ed Needham
Editor-in-Chief

ON THE COVER: BRITTANY MURPHY

STYLING BY Negar Ali
HAIR BY Robert Ramos for Estilo Salon/ Celestineagency.com
MAKEUP BY Shane Paish for Dior/Celestineagency.com
PROPS: Kyle Kannenberg
MANICURIST: Melissa for Varnish Nails
CLOTHING Bra and panties by Dolce & Gabbana, white shirt by Ann Demeulemeester, and shoes by DKNY

THIS MONTH IN MAXIM

Different women that one editor (who shall remain nameless) was secretly involved with this month	3
. . . who are married dominatrices	1
Animatronic singing deer busts delivered to the *Maxim* office	1
Seconds that elapsed before it was "inappropriately touched"	38.5
Free bottles of Snapple delivered to our office by the kindly Snapple Lady	240
2004–2005 salary earned by Celebrity Adviser Carmelo Anthony in dollars (p.72)	3,471,360
Bottles of free Snapple he gets	0
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Staffers at *Stuff* magazine who will come to work tomorrow morning to find it smeared on their desks	20

Photograph, Len Irish (Ed); grooming, Andie Markoe Byrne

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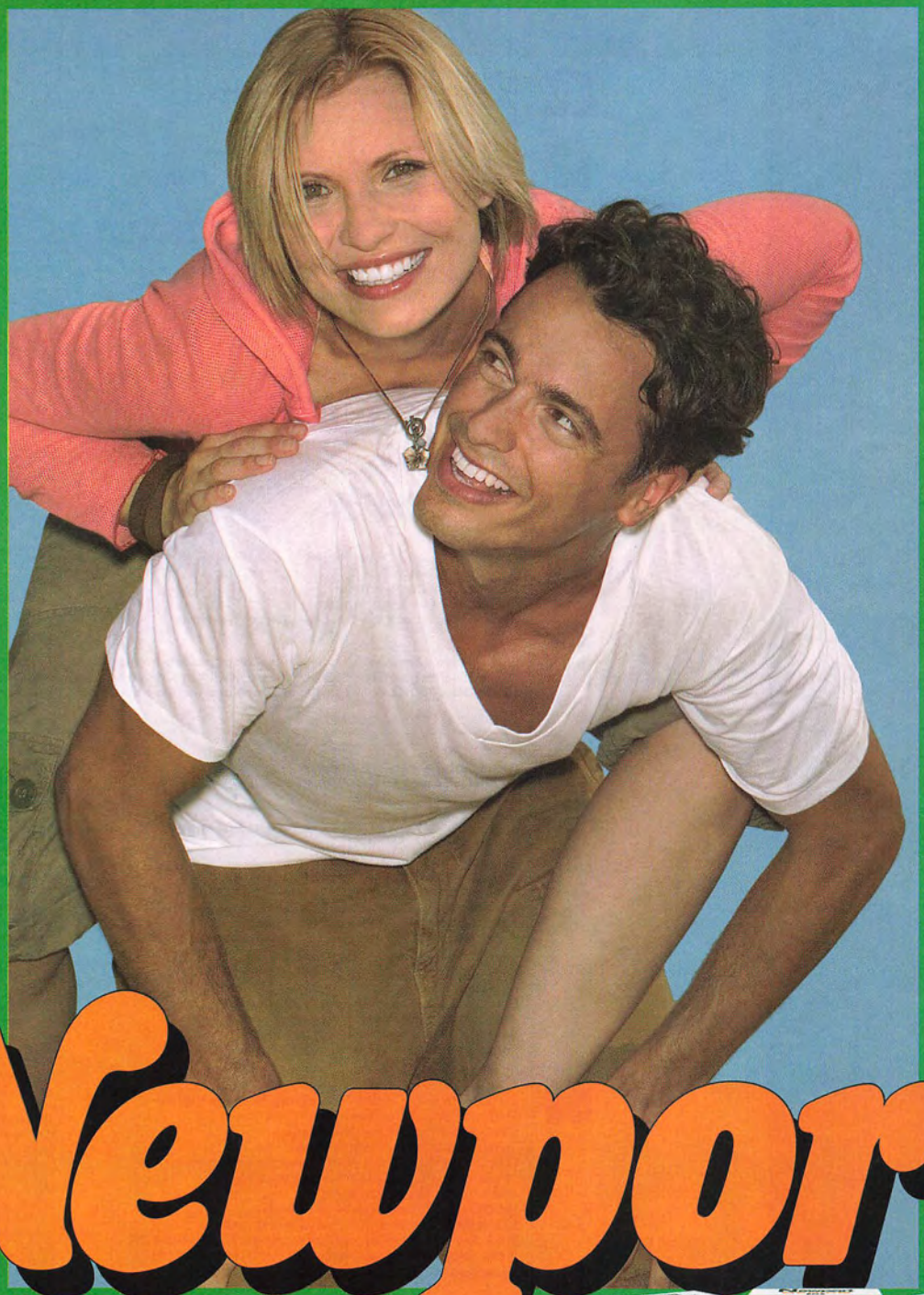

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May 2005 issue, Volume 9, Number 5. Maxim is published monthly by Dennis Publishing, Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. Tel 212-302-2626 Fax 212-302-2635 **maximonline.com**
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LETTER OF THE MONTH

PICTURE PAGES

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I decided to draw you guys a picture, hoping it would somehow be worthy enough to grace the pages of your magazine. I call it "From the Pages of Heaven." I couldn't decide which hottie to draw, so I drew almost all of them.

Marcus Carter
Frackville, PA

That's *what heaven looks like? Bryan Adams is full of shit.*

Dick-tionary

Much like a *Star Wars* geek who's seen the movies countless times picks up the most meaningless information—like the individual names of the Ewoks—the emptiness of my life has sharpened my senses to the point of godliness. With these powers I can see that your magazine is acquiring the fulminating erotographomania and wanton licentiousness of a pornographic magazine.

Dave
Via e-mail

We also have powers of observation, Dave. And these powers allow us to see that someone really needs to stop pleasuring himself while reading the thesaurus. It's downright insalubrious.

Monkey Business

A thoughtful female friend of mine sent me a card with the face of a monkey smiling. I finished reading it and laid it on my bunk. My roommate, being nosy, came over, picked up the card, and asked, "What's this?" I said, "A mirror." He failed to see the humor. I hope you all do.

Robert Schroeder
Harwood Hts., IL

Sure, we get it. You have a "female friend." Hilarious!

Pick Thee Up

Your magazine has impeccable timing. It always shows up in my mailbox when I need it most. A few months ago, it came just when I got the stomach flu. If not for *Maxim*, my time getting well wouldn't have been nearly as pleasant. This month it arrived just before I boarded a plane for Florida. *Maxim* really makes the time fly.

Bob Coyne
Via e-mail

We don't mean to crush your definition of a miracle, but have you noticed that it tends to show up in your mailbox on the same day each month, and is usually placed there by a postal worker?

Rookie Sensation

I'm new to the world of *Maxim*, and I have to say that I love being here. I have my girlfriend to thank. See, for our anniversary, she gave me an issue and said, "When I'm done with you, you can go home and have fun too." I was wondering if any guys out there share such a special relationship and have a girlfriend as terrific as mine.

Jesse Davis
Portland, OR

Can't. . . fight. . . joke. We're willing to bet there are quite a few guys out there sharing a special relationship with your girlfriend. Ah, that feels better.

Pinto Power

Your article about replacing fossil fuels with French fry grease and chicken wings ["Have Fries, Will Travel," March] was incredibly interesting. In fact, it sparked my creativity and has me working on another alternative fuel. I'm now ▶

FOR YOU

If we printed your letter this month, a new McDonald's all-American throwback jersey is yours. E-mail us at editors@maximmag.com.

YOURS FOR THE TAKING

MAKE A GETAWAY!

WIN!

Crisp up with some fun in the sun, pasty ass.

Itchin' to peel your tuckus from that you-shaped chasm forming in your couch? Sundial Beach & Golf Resort is willing to help. Well, not with the itch part. But they're willing to send a tard-pack of four to their tropical Florida paradise for four nights and pamper them like bastard Hilton children. Deep-sea fishing, 18 holes of golf, free grub (not the kind from the Arby's Dumpster), and other treasures await you. . . should you be the winning loser. So pack up that banana hammock and tube socks and head over to **maximonline.com.**

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daily fuel for hair.

high-performance grooming solutions, powered by protein and carbs for strength and energy. clean fast. style hard… **go clean** invigorating shampoo cleanses to remove oil and build-up, formulated with menthol leaves hair refreshed and energized. **grip tight** firm hold gel, a high-control formula, provides a long lasting fix and flake-free style. to find a salon near you: log-on to the **salon finder** at redkenformen.com. **genuine products guaranteed only in salons.**

Top Gun II: Goose Strikes Back

OUTSMART MAXIM

BEAT THIS CAPTION!

Tired of lugging around that portly sundial? Here's your chance to trade up! If you can muster a more radical caption than ours, you'll score yourself a Croton DepthMaster watch worth $660. Made of high-grade 316L stainless steel, this bad boy functions up to 20 ATMs deep (roughly equivalent to the capacity of Tara Reid's baby shooter). If you've got the guts, e-mail **caption @maximmag.com.**

MARCH'S WINNER

Winner:
"No, no! I asked for the *small* KKK wizard hat!"
—Garry Hennessey, via e-mail

WIN THIS!

attempting to harness all the bitching and nagging my wife does to power my 1978 Pinto. Wish me luck. I'm definitely gonna need it!

Damieon21
Via e-mail

Good luck, but keep in mind that you just described your wife in public as "bitching and nagging." Hope the divorce doesn't steal that fly ride of yours.

Ray of Light

Thanks for making Rachael Ray one of your picks for "Ultimate Conquests" [March]. I've had a jones for her forever. I mean, what's better than a gorgeous girl who can cook? Hopefully, my friends won't think I'm crazy now that you've officially validated my attraction.

C.E. Denton
Via e-mail

If that doesn't convince them, nothing screams "sane" like bathing in Smucker's preserves while eating a live marmoset. Try that.

Nuts and Stoltz

Is it just me, or does *Maxim*'s editorial bitch, Matt Christensen, look like Eric Stoltz from the 1985 movie *Mask*? Not that I've seen that flick or anything.

Jeremy Mailman
Phoenix, AZ

Snap! We'll let Christensen fend this one off: "One cannot make hearty soup with beauty alone." *—Matt Christensen (between tears)*

Matt says, "Thanks a million, Trimspa!"

Bandwidth Bandit

I snuck onto my husband's e-mail to beg you for some help. My husband has been a long-time subscriber and is thinking about canceling his subscription. He's whining about never winning anything or getting any cool stuff from *Maxim*. I don't want him to cancel, because I love looking at the hot photos of women. Please shut him up and send him *something* to make him keep the subscription. Anything! I don't care! Just please don't let him take away my *Maxim*. My alone time just won't be the same without it!

Noelle
Via e-mail (her husband's)

No problem at all, Noelle. A "subscription renewal reminder" with his name on it is on its way!

SUBSCRIBE

Get a subscription or fix it by writing to *Maxim*, P.O. Box 420235, Palm Coast, FL 32142 or calling 386-447-6312. Rock the casbah!

Flavin' the Day

Yeaah, *boyee!* Reading my favorite rapper's answers to whacked-out questions was awesome [Celebrity Adviser, March]. I love Flavor Flav, and I thought he gave some hilarious commentary. Some of those situations he talked about have plagued me in the past. Not the one about it burning when I pee, though, I promise. It was funny to get his advice. Word life, G!

Brian Godek
Mentor, OH

Know what else is funny to get? Your mother from behind! (Well, not like "ha-ha" funny, but . . . oh, just ask your friends.)

Battle of Twits

I've been reading *Maxim* for more than three years. I love the hot women, the interesting stories, and the groin-grabbingly good writing. Most of all I enjoy the letters section, where dudes and chicks from all over the world write in about how gorgeous the women are, how ▶

WORD!

ENLARGE THE LEXICON

Help us revamp the dictionary by using this word at least once daily.

CABBAGE *v.*, to do nothing; to be a slacker: *After getting trashed and waking up next to a girl with a face like a melted ice cream cake, I was so dead I just cabbaged on my futon all day.*

Cool accessories.

Audiovox is always close to her heart. She loves her Audiovox MP3 Player with FM tuner. Her well-rounded DVD Player with built-in video games. And the big, blue display of her XM Satellite Radio with FM modulator is always nearby. Accessorize your life with Audiovox. Go to www.audiovox.com or call 1-800-645-4994.

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"Salute with your hands, Private!"

great the writing is, and how much they love the magazine. And, in these three-plus years that I've been a fan, I've also learned that there isn't a single reader response that your staff cannot outwit. This is my attempt.

Joe Portelli
Syracuse, NY

And you were your parents' attempt at safe sex. Obviously, they failed too.

Hit the Showers!

I'm wondering when you will begin putting pictures of half-naked men in your magazine instead of women. Your fashion/style section is obviously geared toward guys like me who play for the other team, if you know what I mean.

Steve B.
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Sorry, no plans for half-naked men anytime soon. Besides, you already get more than your daily dose of naked lumberjack up in the Great White North. (By "other team," you did mean Canada, right?)

Road Stock

I'm in an AC/DC tribute band, and I always buy issues of *Maxim* for when we have to hit the road. I've been reading the magazine ever since I first saw it on the shelf, then I got in trouble and had to actually start buying the magazines. All the guys take their turns reading it and it's become somewhat of a highway ritual.

Scotty "Mal" Henderson
Nova Scotia, Canada

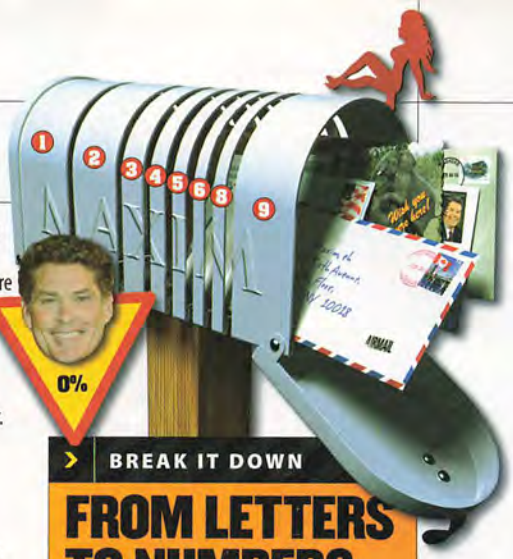
Now you can "rock and roll all night, and party every day!" We're huge AC/DC fans! Which one of you dresses up like the cat?

Phone Home

I got a call earlier this month from a woman who said she was from *Maxim*. She was trying to sell me an "official *Maxim* video" and various subscriptions, etc. We talked a little bit, and flirted a little, but I was unable to commit to buying anything because of financial reasons. When I told her that, she said, "Wow, you must be gay," and hung up the phone. I wasn't mad. I actually thought it was pretty funny. Just thought you should know.

Frankie B.
New York, NY

Well, joke's on you, Frankie: That was a guy. Make a little more sense now?



BREAK IT DOWN

FROM LETTERS TO NUMBERS

Behold the monthly letters breakdown, brought to you by the letter "why?"

1. **31%** Found Porn submissions (23% of which were edible, 25% of which were eaten)
2. **21%** commenting on the unrelenting hotness of the women in past issues
3. **9%** military mail (excluding French army)
4. **5%** wanting to be in *Maxim* (from guys)
5. **4%** whining Canadians
6. **4%** freeloaders wanting *Maxim* schwag
7. **0%** letters from David Hasselhoff (write back, Knight Rider!)
8. **6%** from lonely prisoners
9. **20%** other (including recipes, admissions of guilt, and/or obscene photos of animals)

Where's the Beef?

I'm an avid *Maxim* reader and enjoy that you cover what men are really interested in. So to help you in any future editions of your awesome magazine, let me tell you what this man wants to see: some BBWs (Big Beautiful Women). I want some thick, busty babes with real D-cups, round and juicy bottoms, and curves all around. I just wanted to throw that suggestion out there.

Pancho
Via e-mail

We're gonna follow your lead and throw your suggestion out, too, Panch.

Stolen Love

I have a major problem, oh mighty *Maxim* editors. See, my nephew done went and pilfered my 1999 issue with Jennifer Love Hewitt on the cover. After seeing her this month, I gotta ask, could you reprint the old cover of your March beauty, Jennifer Love Hewitt? I'd be forever grateful.

T.D.
Oxnard, CA

Send us your nephew's fingers as his penance for stealing and we'll think about it. M

OPERATION: HOTTIEDROP!

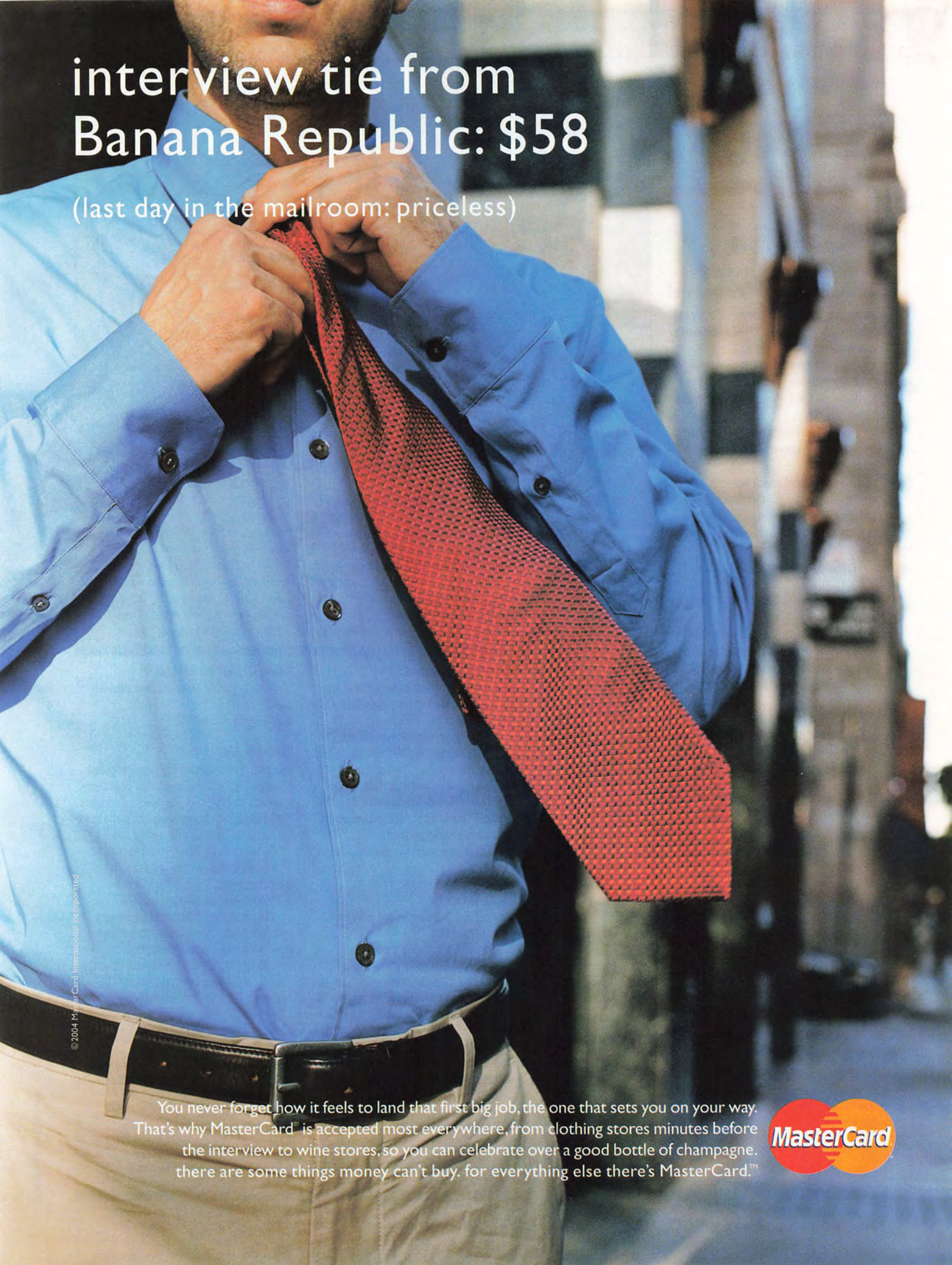
SUPPORT MAXIM'S CAMPAIGN TO SEXIFY THE DESERT!

Whether you fully support our nation's foreign policy or think Bush should ride a seatless unicycle down the stairs, you know full well there are brave soldiers fighting in Iraq to defend your right to speak freely, swill tequila, go to titty bars, and buy any sophomoric men's mag you desire. Clearly, they deserve a show of appreciation. And what do our GIs want more than anything else? A vacation. But after that? Um, probably beer. But a close third is all the *Maxim* they can pretend to read. Luckily, you can fulfill your patriotic duty by sending all those old *Maxims* cluttering up your shanty to our boys and gals overseas. Mail your mags to: **USO Kuwait, Camp Wolverine, APO AE 09336.**

MAXIM CLEANS THE OFFICE

RANDOM OBJECT SENT TO RANDOM PERSON

Object: 20 oz. jar of delicious Formosa Brand Pork Fu
Sent to: Mike Giordano
Durham, CT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LAUGH, STUPID!

THE $200 JOKE!

A Dirty Job

A Cherokee walks into a café with a shotgun in one hand and a bucket of buffalo manure in the other and orders a coffee. Minutes later the waiter returns with his brew.

The Cherokee downs his drink in one gulp, throws the manure in the air, blasts it with the shotgun, and walks out of the café.

The next day the Cherokee returns, again carrying a shotgun and a bucket of buffalo crap. He walks up to the counter and orders a coffee.

"No way, chief," says the waiter. "We're still cleaning up the mess you made yesterday. What the hell was that about, anyway?"

"Me training for management position," replies the Cherokee. "Me come in, drink coffee, shoot shit, leave mess for others to clean up, then disappear for rest of day."

—Tom Detwiler, Big Mount, PA

STAND-UP SPOTLIGHT

RICH VOS

He wrote material for this year's Oscars. Usually, he's hilarious—see?

Rich Vos: hates the hunchbacks

It's tough to meet a girl. I know that every girl I hit on is always with one friend who's gonna cock-block me.

"You can't go with him. Get his number. We came together; we're gonna leave together."

It's always the one with the fucking hump on her back, too.

"You can't leave with him. You promised you'd go up to the tower and ring the bell with me tonight."

I like animals, but I don't like animal rights activists. They're just self-righteous assholes. I wish somebody would spray-paint my fur coat. I'd throw it over their head and beat them like a baby seal.

I'm trying to quit smoking. I tried the nicotine patch—nicotine to quit smoking, right? You know, when I quit drugs I didn't tape a gram of coke to my leg.

I know cholesterol is bad. I smoke three packs of cigarettes a day, I breathe the air in New Jersey, and I have sex without condoms. A slab of butter is not gonna make that much of a difference.

There's always a new study, too. They try to compare cholesterol to drugs. Cholesterol is not like drugs. I never gave a strange guy a hand job for a mozzarella stick.

Visit richvos.com for tour dates and to check out his new DVD, cunningly titled *Vos*.

Q: What did one lesbian vampire say to the other?
A: 'I'll see you next month.'

Changing Room

An Amish boy and his father are in a shopping mall for the first time when they come across an elevator.

"What is this, Father?" asks the son.

"I have no idea," replies the father. "I've never seen one before."

The boy and his dad then watch an old lady in a wheelchair roll into the elevator. The doors close. One minute later the doors open and out steps a hot young coed.

The father looks at his son and says, "Go get your mother."

Street Smarts

Q: Why did God give blondes one more brain cell than horses?
A: So they won't shit during the parade.

Closed for Business

A woman marries, and in five years has five children. Her husband dies. She remarries and has seven more children before her second husband croaks. Again she remarries. She has another five children before her third husband passes away. Two years later the woman kicks the bucket.

At the funeral the priest looks at the casket and says, "Lord, they're finally together."

The woman's sister turns to her brother and asks, "Which husband do you think he means?"

The brother replies, "I think he's referring to her legs."

Slow Children Ahead

Q: What do you get when you cross a Cuban and a Polack?
A: Ricky Retardo.

Whack Job

Two men driving through Kentucky get pulled over by a cop. He walks up and taps on the window with his night stick. The driver rolls down the window, and the cop cracks him in the head.

"What the hell was that for?" he asks.

"In Kentucky we expect you to have your license ready when we get to the car," the trooper answers.

"Sorry, we're not from around here."

The officer then walks to the passenger's side, makes him roll down the window, and smacks him in the face with the stick.

"Why'd you do that?" screams the passenger.

"Just making your wish come true."

"What wish?" asks the passenger.

"A mile down the road you were gonna say, 'I wish that asshole tried that shit with me.'"

School Daze

Q: Which are the longest three years of a college football player's life?
A: His freshman year.

Read hundreds of jokes and submit some of your own at maximonline.com.

LATE NIGHT

TARGET: JACKSON

Is the King of Pop a child-prodding, creepy freak or simply a creepy freak?

Craig Ferguson: "At one point during the Michael Jackson trial, the judge called for a brief recess. Michael stood up and said, 'Oh, goody! Where are the kids?'"

Jay Leno: "Michael Jackson's ex-wife Debbie Rowe is considering suing Michael for custody of the children. Michael said, 'Look, you can have them when they turn 15.'"

Conan O'Brien: "In a recent interview, Corey Feldman said his childhood relationship with Jackson may not have been so innocent. More shocking: Someone recently interviewed Feldman."

Illustration, John Richardson

DO NOT MAKE EXTENSIVE EYE CONTACT WITH FULL THROTTLE.

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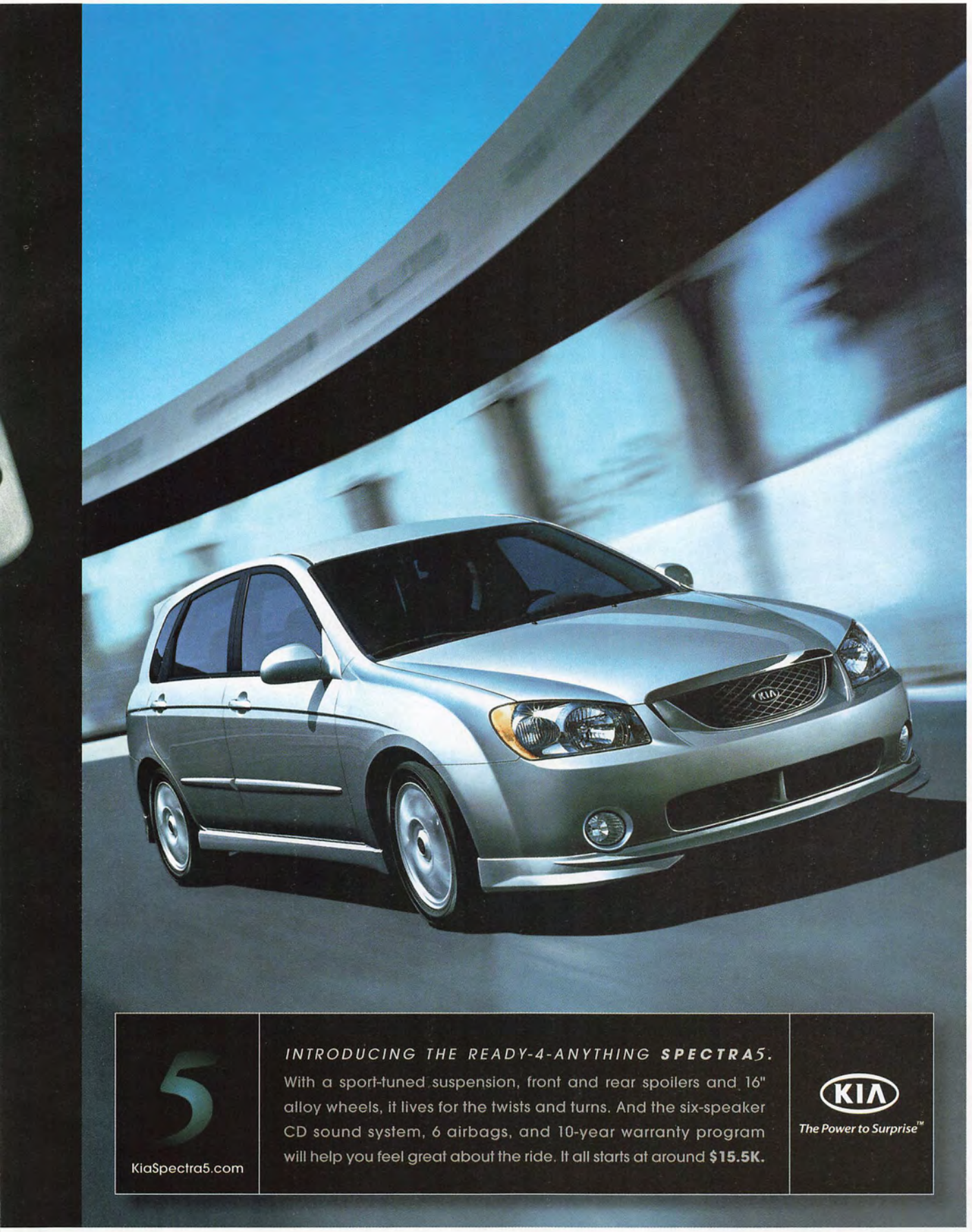
MSRP for base model is $15,690 including freight, excluding taxes, title, license, options and retailer charges. Actual prices set by retailer. See retailer for limited powertrain warranty details or go to kia.com.



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A Maxim View of the World

CIRCUS M

THE BIG PICTURE

COURTING DANGER

World's tallest tennis court, anyone? Splendid!

What does a country blessed with unbelievable wealth do for attention? If you're the United Arab Emirates, you build a tennis court 691 feet in the air on a grass-covered helipad, then have tennis stars Roger Federer and Andre Agassi knock around a few balls before the Dubai Tennis Championship. The court is perched atop the Burj Al Arab hotel and offers a stunning view of the pristine Persian Gulf as well as jet-set beach bunnies cooing over balding, wheezing oil barons. The sail-themed Burj Al Arab is the world's only seven-star luxury hotel, with 24-karat gold leaf fixtures and a fleet of Rolls Royces. Check it out the next time you're in the Middle East. ... Yeah, right. Back to work, fry boy.

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DRINK RESPONSIBLY

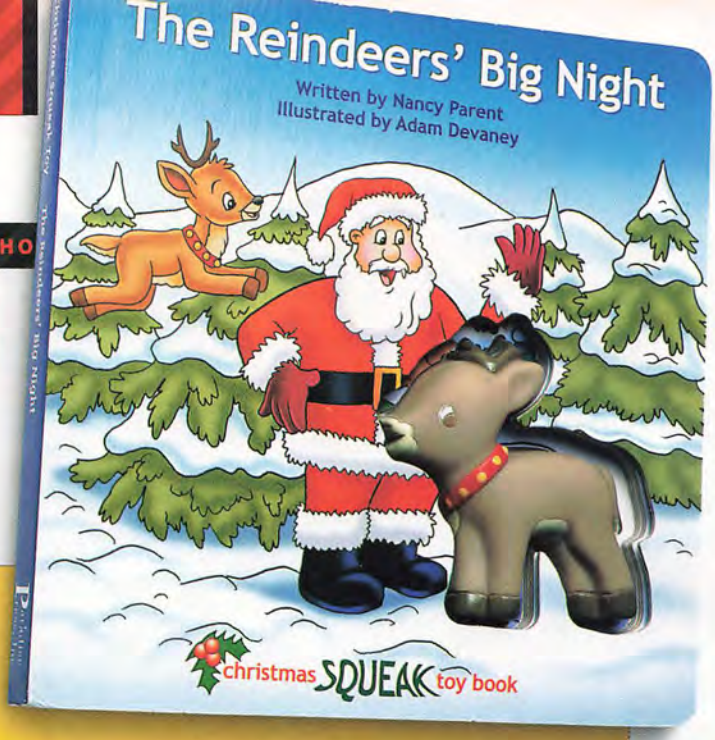
SEEMS WRONG SOMEHO

FOUND PORN

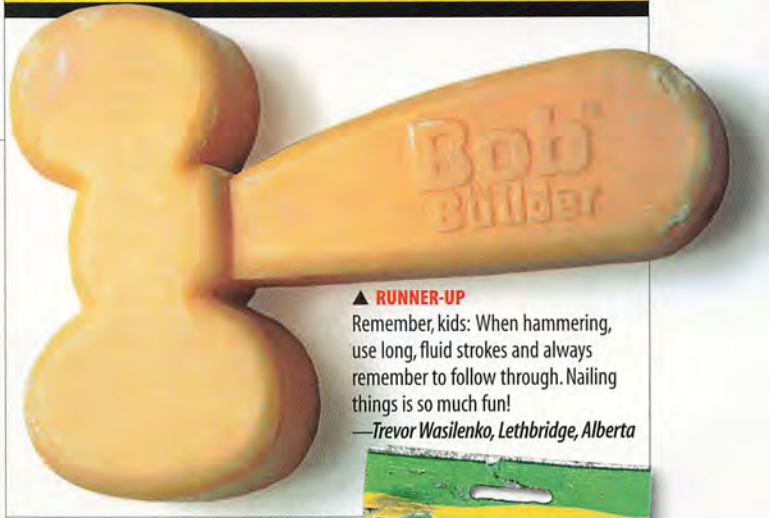
Somebody actually thought this stuff was innocent.

▲ **RUNNER-UP**
"There's a 75 percent chance of rain in the Midwest today, while the Northeast can expect an afternoon facial."
—Rich Stoner, Middletown, NJ

▲ **RUNNER-UP**
They might smell of Ben Gay and crab cakes, but Grandma's knit winter beanies sure are warm.
—Candie Radford, Salina, KS



▲ **THE $150 WINNER**
"You want to go back to hooking in Siberia for moldy oats, you ungrateful freak of nature? Then watch the horns and really go for it."*—Lance Hooper, Gold River, CA*



▲ **RUNNER-UP**
Remember, kids: When hammering, use long, fluid strokes and always remember to follow through. Nailing things is so much fun!
—Trevor Wasilenko, Lethbridge, Alberta

▼ **RUNNER-UP**
Ever notice that whenever your girlfriend goes out to get a burrito, she comes back walking funny?
—Joseph Keller, Killeen, TX

▲ **RUNNER-UP**
It took the makers of the electric handshake buzzer a while, but they finally updated their product line.
—Emily Gillam, Bowling Green, OH

HEY, PERV—SEEN ANY UNINTENTIONAL PORN LATELY?
If it turns us on, we'll send you $150! Mail your entry to: Found Porn, *Maxim*, 1040 Avenue of the Americas, New York, NY 10018. It's more fun than shaving your sperm bells while blindfolded.

Why pay to take a girl out for mini golf? **addictinggames.com/miniputt.html**

Photographs, Steve Cohen (reindeer book, Bob the Builder hammer)

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HOMETOWN HOTTIES

SEOUL SISTER

Korean native Naomi bucked her way into 2004's finals.

MAXIM's Hometown Hotties

On the benefits of peer pressure:
"My friends and I were watching the Hometown Hotties show on TV, and they said I should do it. I thought about it but backed out, and then one day my boyfriend told me to get off my ass, go shower, and we'd take some pictures. If he hadn't pushed me, I would never have done it."

On being thrown for a loop:
"I used to love carnivals. Then when I was a freshman in college, I rode the Zipper and puked nonstop. I thought it was a fluke, so I went on another ride and puked again. Kiddie rides used to be my favorite, but now I get motion sickness all the time."

On why Naomi could use a good spanking:
"I'm outgoing and silly. And I'm definitely naughty. I'm a very sexual person."

On why Stevie Wonder is a lucky man:
"I read once that being blindfolded during sex heightens all the senses and intensifies the sex. That advice was dead on."

On confirming your worst fears:
"A guy has to be good in bed, and it cannot be little. It doesn't have to be huge, but it cannot be little."

MAXIM ONLINE
Want to ride along with Naomi? See exclusive video at **maximonline.com.**

Styling, Emma Carlson; hair, Steven Lake for Alterna at Luxe; makeup, Hiromi Inoko for Luxe

PHOTOGRAPH BY WILLY CAMDEN

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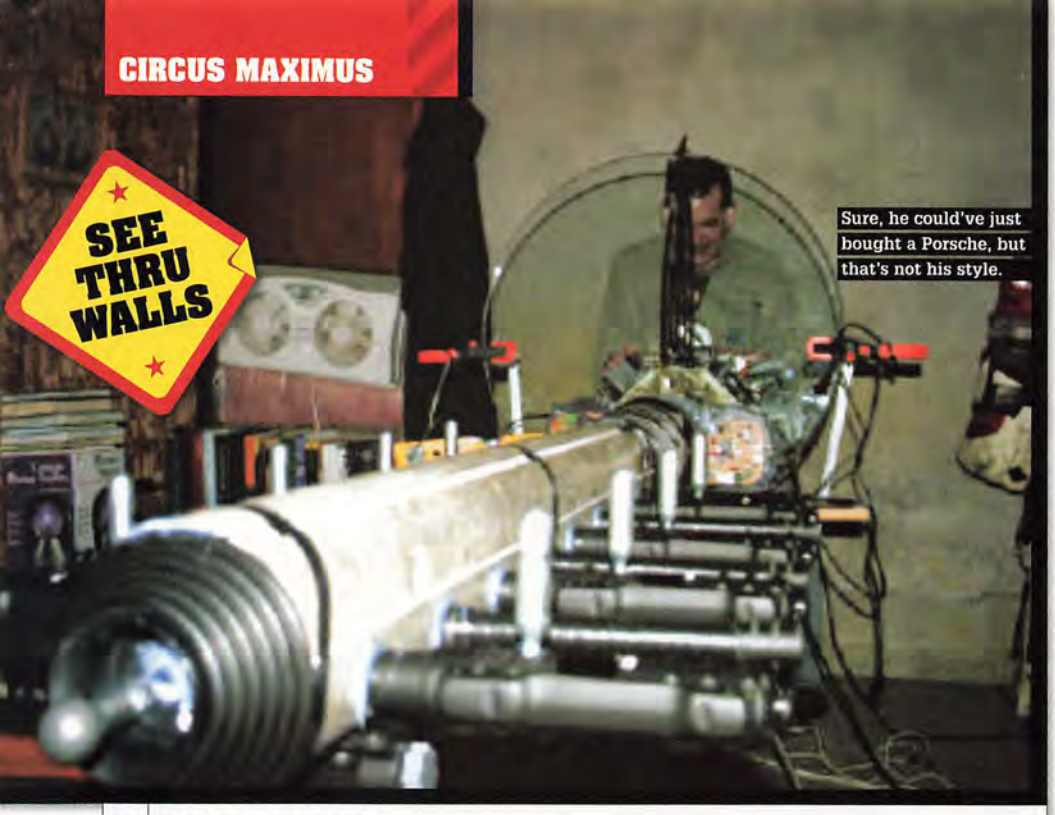


Sure, he could've just bought a Porsche, but that's not his style.

EUREKA JUNKIE

CRACKPOT & BARREL

Troy Hurtubise, the visionary Canadian inventor who gave the world a grizzly-bear-proof suit, has a new project—and it can see through walls in "real-time space."

MAXIM: The Angel Light idea first came to you in a dream?

HURTUBISE: Yeah. It's in the dream. The dream will tell me, "You need this…this…and this." I needed a plasma rod. Where the fuck do you get a plasma rod? I have to go to the black market to get that. And the scientific community, you know, they'll be like, "But, Troy—a third-year physics student would have a hard time putting this together. But I'm like, "Yeah, I already got it in my head!" When the Angel Light is finally completed, it will be 14 feet long and weigh a quarter of a ton.

M: But you say it's deadly?

H: I've lost the use of my left hand for almost a year now. I've only got about 60 percent of its functionality back, and I had my hand in front of the Angel Light for only three seconds.

M: What exactly would you use this for?

H: To see through walls. Think about 9/11. You have all these people trapped in the building; you can't see them. If people are trapped in a mountain, a mud slide, an avalanche, you can take a plane, fly overtop, turn on the Angel Light, and you'll find all the people.

M: But its side effects are deadly…

H: Yeah. It makes people sick right now. I talked to a Canadian doctor, and he said I should take the Angel Light and bury it in the backyard. This thing is so bad—it's worse than the atomic bomb. And I'm trying to decide if I'm going to sell it to France.

M: Any chance we can check it out?

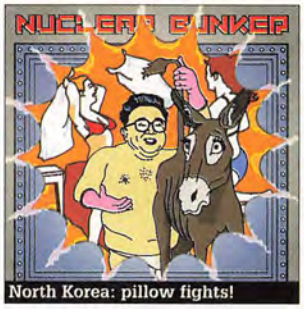
H: Yeah! Of course! I always say to people, "Come on down! I've got nothing to hide!" I've got nothing to hide!

PRACTICAL APPLICATIONS

SEEING IS BELIEVING!

We shone the Angel Light on three random locations—and the results we're just as we suspected.

Sorority house: pillow fights!


North Korea: pillow fights!

Slaughterhouse: pillow fights!

BAIT & TACKLE

FLAME WARS

Star Trek: Enterprise is canceled: time to punk a Trekkie message board. Set phasers to "mock."

TREKZONE
Commanderzorn – 3rd Year Cadet [MAXIM]
ENTERPRISE HAS BEEN SAVED! I can't say yet how I know…but trust me. THIS IS THE GREATEST NEWS EVER!!!
REPLY
Crimsonaro – Captain
I wish I could say I believe you, but I don't know who you are. REPLY
Trekkerj – 3rd Year Cadet
Some people insist on being idiots. Can we get a moderator to delete this thread? REPLY
Martok201 – Vice Admiral
No need to toss around any insults trekkerj. REPLY
Cougar – Admiral
SE is a nice forum. It's just that some people don't know how to stay friendly and follow the rules. REPLY
Cloak – Lieutenant, Junior Grade
If what you say is true, this is a time of great celebration! REPLY
Trekkerj – 3rd Year Cadet
I'm not trying to be hostile. If you seriously believe that the information on this thread has a chance of being accurate, then I publicly apologize for my outburst. Last year, during the *Angel* campaign, not a day went by when someone posted on a message board that the show had been saved, just to get a response out of it. I feel like you are all attacking the wrong person. I am only saying what I believe most of you are thinking. If not, then I again apologize, and maybe I'll go back to trekweb. REPLY
LadyTrekki – Moderator
Closing this thread due to emotional outbursts. REPLY

Contributors: Eric, Alt, Matt Christensen, A.J. Daulerio, John DeVore, Laura Gilbert, Cory Jones, Dan Kraus, Will Phung, Jon Wilde

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Dead to Rights II

LIE DOWN. PLAY DEAD. GOOD BOY.

New trailers, downloads and sweepstakes at: DEADTORIGHTS2.COM (code D64B)

MATURE 17+

M

CONTENT RATED BY ESRB

Blood
Intense Violence
Sexual Themes
Strong Language

PC CD-ROM SOFTWARE

PlayStation 2

XBOX

IN STORES THIS APRIL

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STATE OF BODY / STATE OF MIND
CLIMACOOL® BRINGS YOU TO A COOLER PLACE
IMPOSSIBLE IS NOTHING
ADIDAS.COM/CLIMACOOL
GOLD MEDALIST JEREMY WARINER, HEAD TO TOE IN CLIMACOOL

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MONDAY'S HOTTEST DRAMA.
AT ITS HOTTEST.
MAXIM
THE HOT 100
PARTY STARRING ON
LAS VEGAS
9/8 PM MONDAY MAY 9 NBC
NBC.com

CAUGHT ON TAPE

SLAMTRAK

A man set up cameras at a train crossing in Oxnard, California to gather evidence in a traffic dispute and...MOTHER OF GOD!

"Just me, a video camera, and a strawberry truck."

"Oh, look—a choo-choo train! Whee!"

"Did that locomotive just smash into that truck?"

"Sweet Jehovah! This is terrible! Oh, the humanity!"

"Merciful Odin! Those poor strawberries."

"The driver wasn't hurt? Oh, never mind."

GIFT IDEAS

MAKE HER MOTHER'S DAY

The assault-weapons ban expired—time to buy Mommy the arsenal her bunker deserves!

"Off my porch, mofo."

"The password is *not* 'Mommy, please!'"

RIFLE MOUNT
Mom says: "This mount lets Mommy unscrew a bayonet and snap a flashlight onto the end of my AR-15 assault rifle. I can then cut the crusts off your PBJs ...in the darkness of the approaching apocalypse!" *(makosecurity.com)*

FLASH SUPPRESSOR
Mom says: "If those suspicious bingo whores can't see your rifle's muzzle flash, they can't return fire!" *(advanced-armament.com)*

100-ROUND MAGAZINE
Mom says: "Ten times the rounds of average clips? I'll be able to take down twice the number of whoever's out to get me—like Bob Barker or that socialist beard Hillary!" *(betaco.com)*

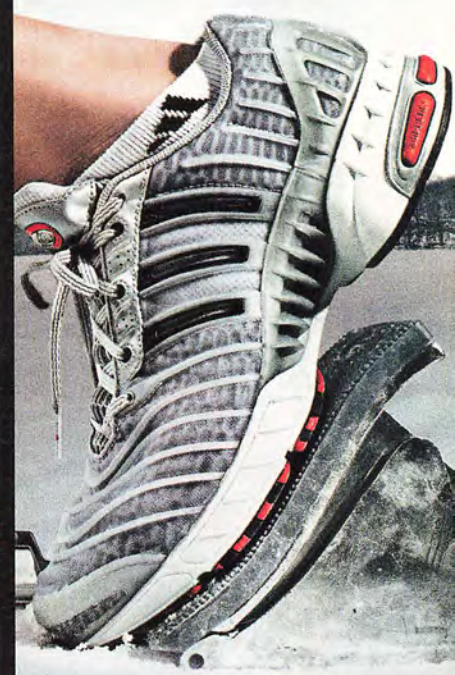
GRENADE LAUNCHER
Mom says: "When it's mounted on my M-16 rifle, Mommy will be able to lob grenades up to 350 yards. That extends my security perimeter—so I can frag terrorists from my porch rocker." *(army.mil/fact_files_site/m203/)*

M4-2000 SILENCER
Mom says: "My rifle will be as quiet as a mouse pissing on cotton. I'd like to see my doctor force me to take my meds now! Paranoia isn't an illness, it's a gift from the brain fairies." *(advanced-armament.com)*

Kills flowers dead

Want to purchase thunder sticks? Contact these sites, as state and local law may prohibit sales.

adidas



THE CLIMACOOL REVOLUTION SHOE

Foot Locker
SELECT STORES ONLY

FIVE QUESTIONS

SPEW MASTER

Fear Factor gourmet Scott Larsen loves to make his guests hurl.

Grossest stunt you've produced? Cow eyeball juice was a great idea. We thought, *What if you had to juice the fluid out of the eyes?* We almost threw up just thinking about it, so we knew it'd work.

What's worse to eat, live insects or animal viscera? The animal stuff, because bugs don't really smell. We have a lot of rotten fish, and it stinks through the bottles. If we had Smell-O-Vision, the show would be off the air.

What was the toughest "entrée" to prepare? The fly and maggot shake. The hard part was getting the flies in the blender. We had to put them in a freezer so they couldn't fly anymore, then dump them in.

Any vileness you're not allowed to use in stunts? We're not allowed to use horse rectum anymore. Advertisers didn't like it, and at the time the episode aired it was illegal to buy horse meat. But it's not anymore.

Ever concocted anything that no one would touch? Usually there's someone who'll eat anything—it's keeping the stuff down that's the hard part. Everyone threw up the fly and maggot shake.

"Dammit—who put the mayo on? Now, that's just gross."

Hippies in trees: easier to shoot

You can tell it's safe because it's held up by string

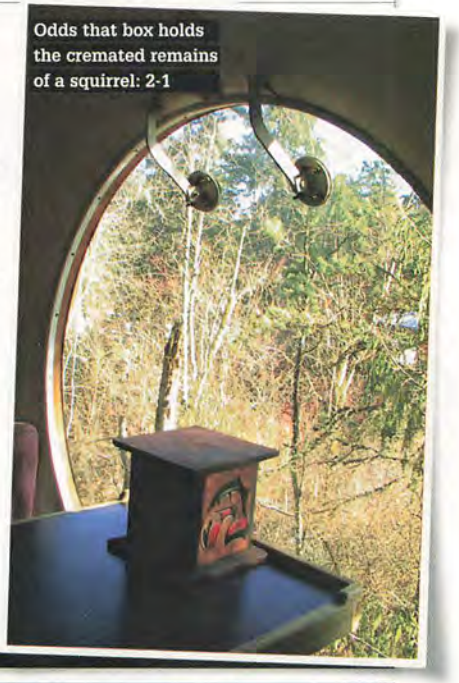
LIVE LIKE AN ELF!

HOUSING DEVELOPMENTS

AIR BALL

It's the tree house your father never loved you enough to build.

Sick of mom busting into the crawlspace while you defile yourself to amputee porn? Bask in depraved privacy with a Free Spirit Sphere, a tree house that dangles like a wooden testicle from any forest canopy. Designed to be tied to three different trees for stability, it'll take you and two friends/suckers a day of fun with pulleys, ropes, and a pickup to get the 500-pound, nine-foot-wide Free Spirit in the air. Then it's just two more days of hard labor to hang the accompanying bridge and spiral staircase, neither of which figures into the orb's $81,000 price. But for that kind of green you get a waterproof one-room ball with all the amenities of your creepy Uncle Skip's '72 conversion van: tables, upholstered seating, and a built-in double bed. "As a fiftysomething male, I like it for meditation and communing with nature," says Free Spirit Sphere builder Tom Chudleigh. "But it works great for getting laid too." Even better than your uncle's ride, since it doesn't smell of urine and old ham. *(freespiritspheres.com)*



Odds that box holds the cremated remains of a squirrel: 2-1

FUN FACT!

Each 15 oz. can of SpaghettiOs contains 1,750 *Os*—which spells out one helluva big orgasm.

WEB BYTES

Cap the cutouts or get capped: **www.mousebreaker.com/games/blazingsquad/play.php**

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BOURBON
WHISKEY

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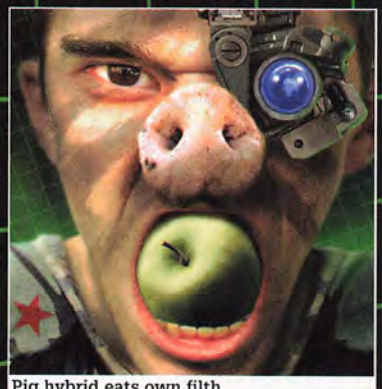
Uncompromising people drink responsibly.

GENE WARFARE

RED ARMY OF DOOM

Chinese docs play God with DNA. Surrender, round eyes!

It's not enough for China to have the world's fastest-growing economy; now the greedy Commies want to break the laws of nature. Ethically suspect scientists recently succeeded in splicing human cells with rabbit ova, an experiment so freaky that the Frankenstein embryos were destroyed. These Asian Dr. Moreaus claim they're harmlessly researching trans-species organ harvesting. But we know the truth: China wants an army of unstoppable half-human, half-animal commandos, like these...



Pig hybrid eats own filth

Newt hybrid can hide under rock

Octopus hybrid can open beer with anal beak

DEAD MAN SUMPTUOUS

Lesser nations look out on blood-soaked battlefields and see only the grim realities of war. But with these mutants, Chinese soldiers will be good for more than just absorbing enemy fire: They'll become delicious to eat. What better way to honor a fallen hero than a tasty rasher of back bacon carved from his tender body?

LOSE LEG, WILL TRAVEL

In the face of inescapable danger, these skittish troops detach an extremity. While the enemy pukes up his turkey surprise MRE at the sight of a wriggling leg spewing life juice from its severed femoral artery, the Newt Troop humps ass back to base camp. In six to 10 days, the limb regenerates, and he's ready to scurry into combat.

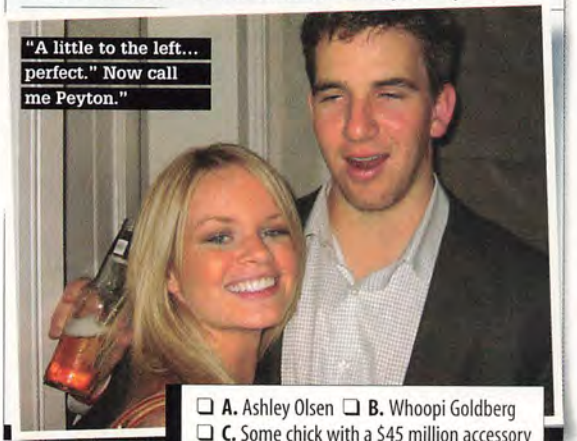
SOLDIERS IN ARMS (AND ARMS)

When a modern soldier's duties involve search-and-destroy sorties, administering emergency triage, and finger-blasting local whores, two arms just aren't enough. Added bonus: Hand-to-hand combat becomes a breeze thanks to Octo-Grunts' ability to ejaculate a thick cloud of ink from the navel. Nothing demoralizes the enemy more than drenching him in a murky, viscous spray of bodily secretions. And this soldier's entire body is covered in tiny suckers, turning any smooth wall into a comfy bunk.

PICTURE PERFECT

WHO'S THIS GIRL?

Can you name the hottie with the slack-jawed jock?



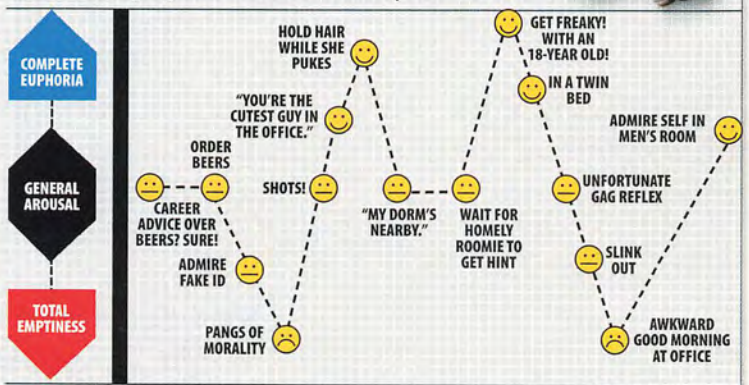
❑ **A.** Ashley Olsen ❑ **B.** Whoopi Goldberg
❑ **C.** Some chick with a $45 million accessory

Answer: C. 'Tis some total hottie and New York Giants quarterback Eli "Pickoff" Manning at a house party. *Burp!*

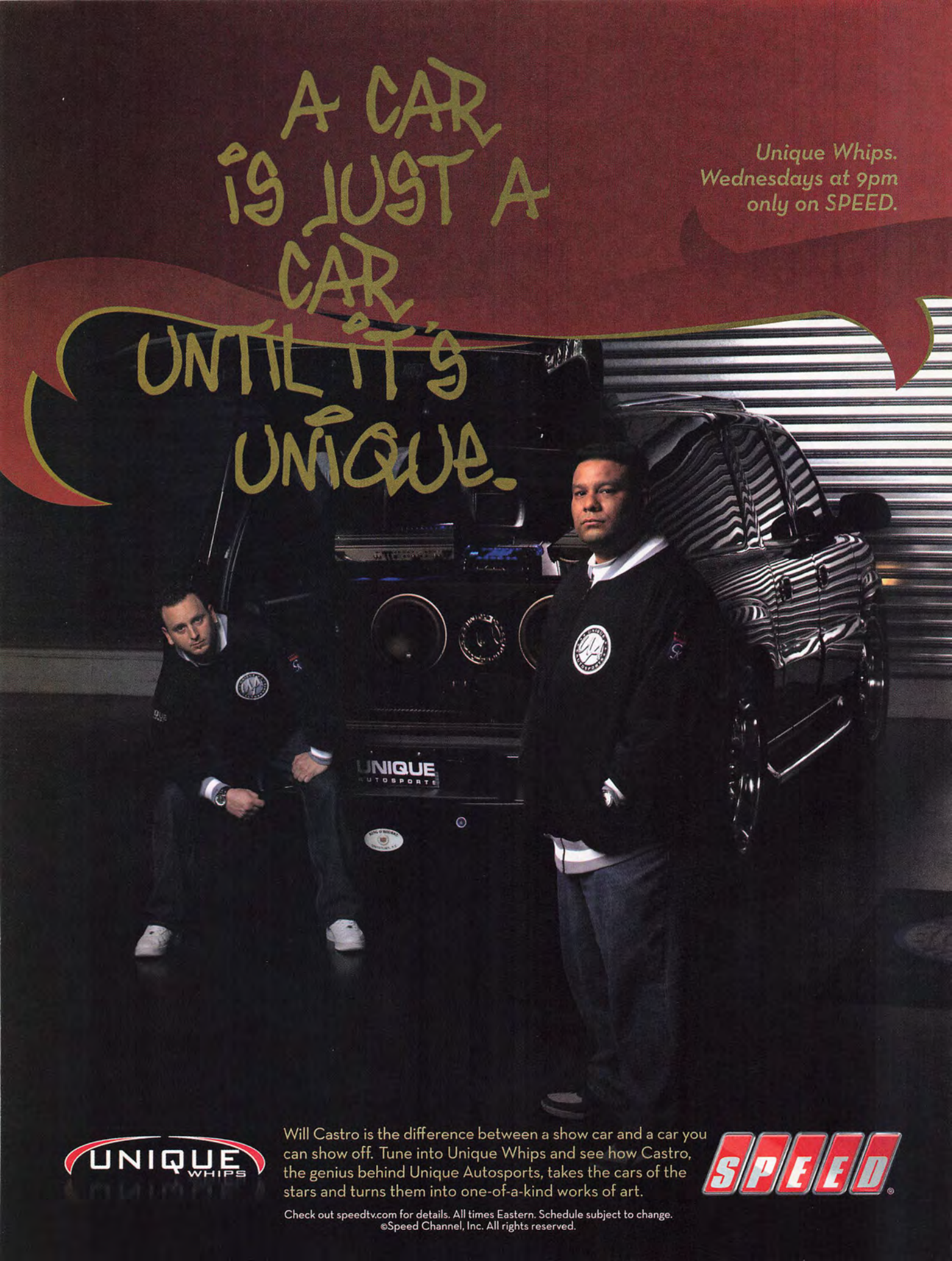
THE HALF-LIFE OF...

BOINKING THE INTERN

She's a naive go-getter. You're a bitter creep. Perfect.



Illustration, Big Sesh Studios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DREAMS COME TRUE

MEET THE FLOCKHARTS

If she's good enough for Indiana Jones, then she's good enough for us to objectify.

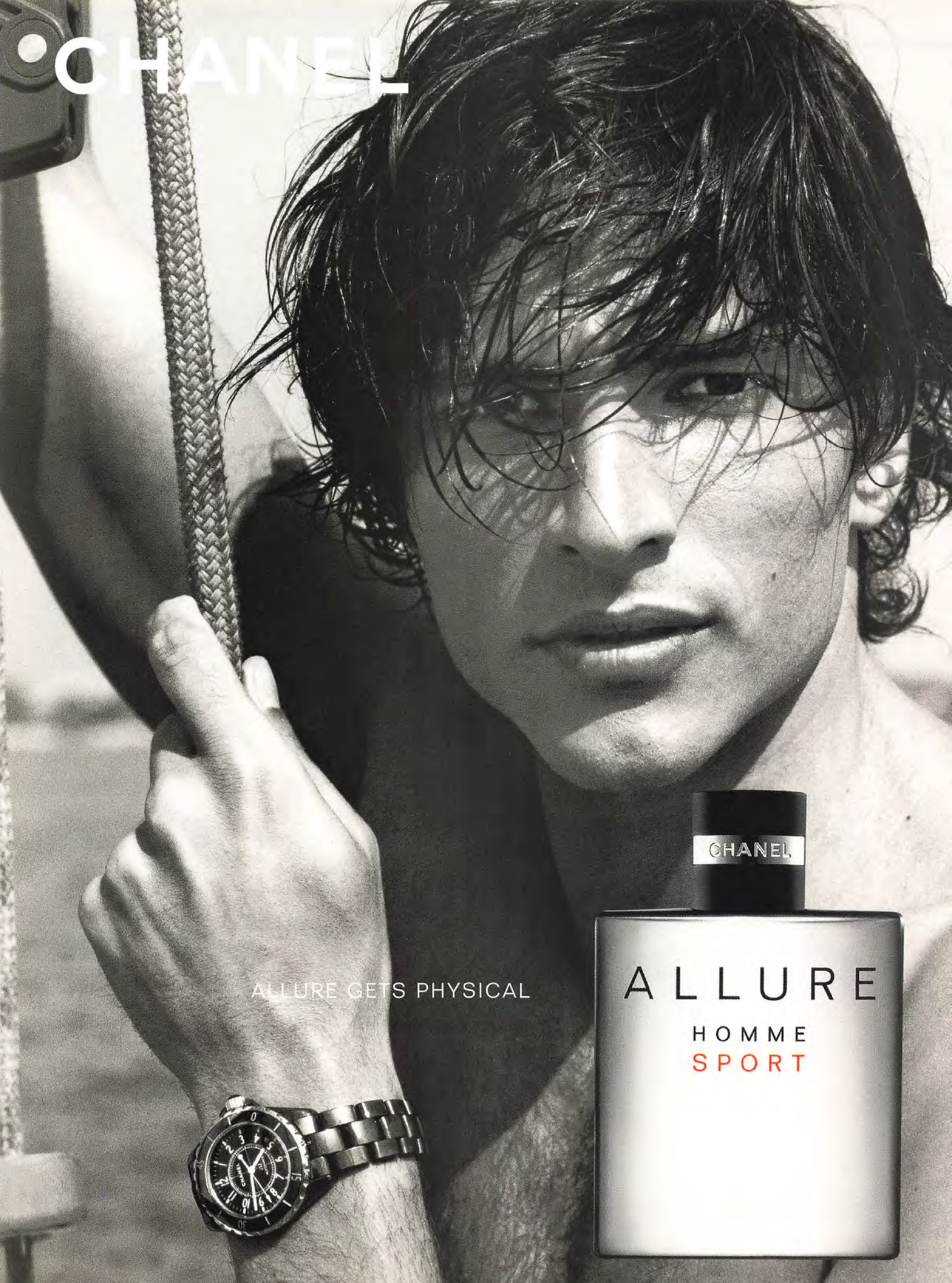
Step into our cultural time machine and journey back with us to 1999, a year when *The Matrix* ruled, the Y2K bug loomed, and an emaciated lawyer with severe emotional problems by the name of Ally McBeal had already stolen the hearts of millions of fair-weather feminists. Who better to play this icon of the last half of a forgettable decade than stage actress Calista Flockhart, whose Ally was a singular creation—a dizzy, borderline incompetent attorney whose skeletal frame and frequent hallucinations inspired in American women a neurotic desire to be unhealthily gaunt, adorably shallow, backstabbing ladder climbers.

Born in Illinois, Calista, or "Mr. Flockhart" to her AARP-eligible manservant Harrison Ford, has shunned the spotlight after *Ally McBeal's* five beguiling, terminally whimsical seasons. And only recently has man's collective unconscious begun to heal after being scarred by images of dancing babies, girl power pop tunes, and a legacy of freakish stick women, like Lara Flynn Boyle, the fucked-up Olsen twin, and Portia de Rossi. Yet, inexplicably, that most profound of questions has continued to prey upon our minds since the show's cancellation: What does she look like naked? To that end we concocted this PG-13 photo of Calista, in the hopes it may bring some sense of closure to us all.

It tastes a lot better going down...

PHOTOGRAPH BY PHILLIPE REGARD

Styling, prop styling, Cannon for Oliver Piro; hair, Giusi Sulis; grooming, Marisa Fazzina

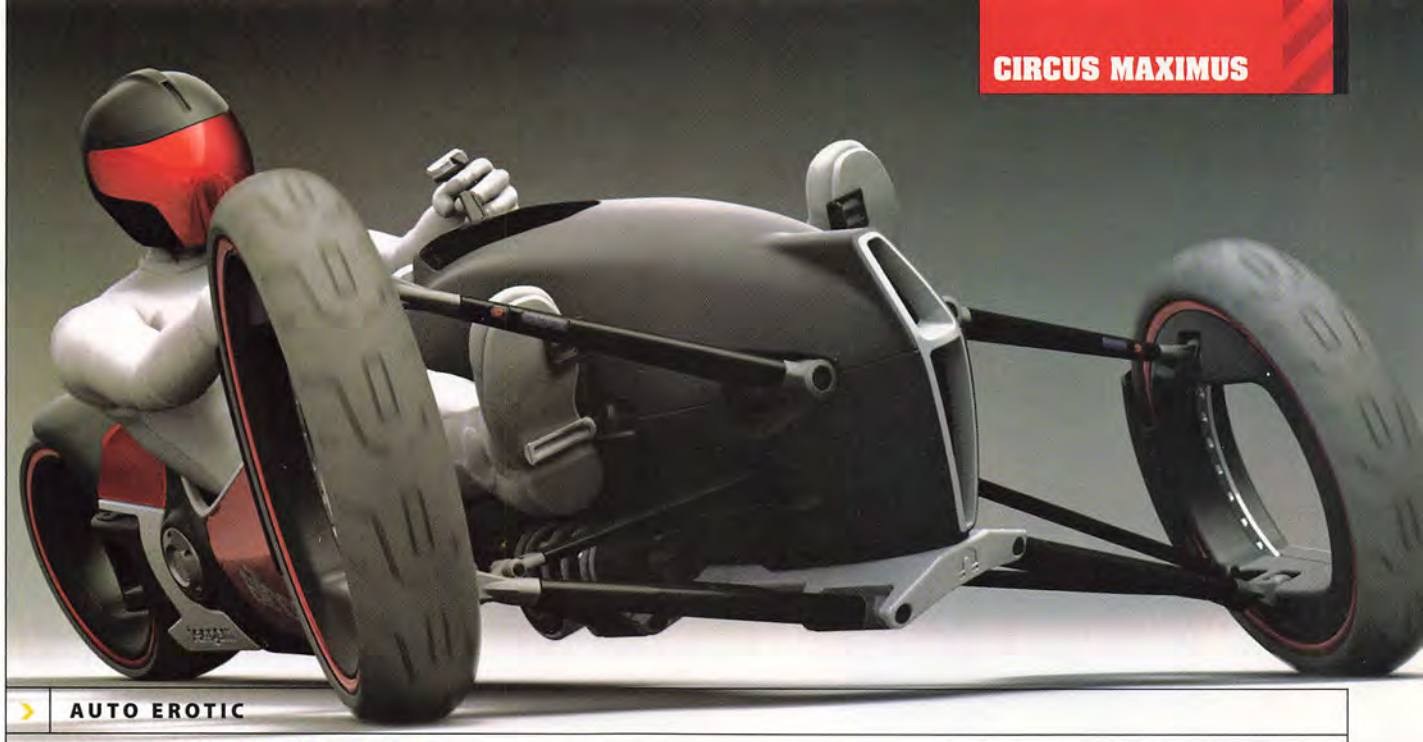

CHANEL
ALLURE GETS PHYSICAL
CHANEL
ALLURE
HOMME
SPORT

ALLURE

HOMME
SPORT

VIGOROUS NEW GROOMING ESSENTIALS
SPIKED WITH FRESH, SENSUAL SCENT.

BLOOMINGDALE'S

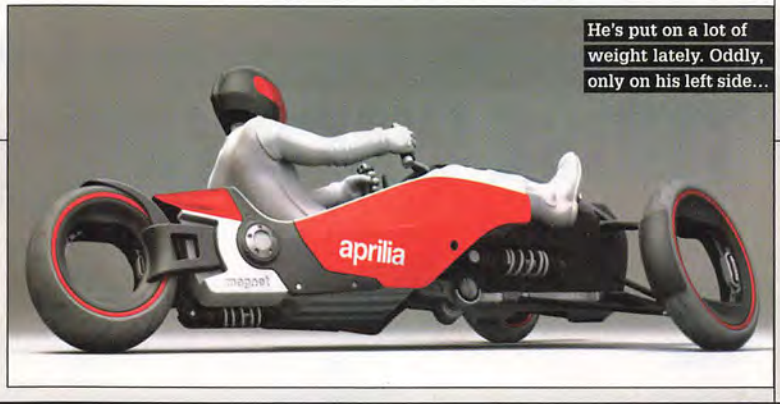


AUTO EROTIC

LOW RIDER

Seems the future of two-wheelers is...three wheels.

Rather than spend college tapping cheap kegs like everyone else, Finland's Heikki Naulapaa spent his time designing the next generation of badass motorbikes. The Magnet's name comes from the three electromagnetic engines—one in each wheel—that back up the main 85 hp, 550 cc V-twin engine. Drivers sit low in the mutant trike's body, allowing its trick suspension to tilt and carve esses as well as any two-wheeled ride. While the Magnet's all fairy dust and computer graphics for now, Naulapaa's new employer, Aprilia, says it could eventually be produced. Of course they're lying, but we're suckers for cool pictures and corporate bulldookie.



He's put on a lot of weight lately. Oddly, only on his left side...

THE PASSION OF THE CHRISTENSEN

POOR MAN'S LOBOTOMY

Three helmets, one brick wall. We force our editorial gimp to test a triad of sports noggin condoms. He suffers so you don't have to.

FOOTBALL HELMET

Beat-down: We sent Matt barreling into a brick wall wearing a helmet designed to stave off the inevitable brain damage that comes with being an NFL lineman. But unlike those sporting chaps, Matt started off mentally impaired.

Matt says: "I felt that in my fillings. This sucks."

Hurts so good:

BASEBALL HELMET

Beat-down: Matt questioned our journalistic standards, so we informed him that his ordeal would answer an age-old question: Who will win the war between man and wall?

Matt says: "Is seeing spots a bad thing? No, I can stand. After I sit."

Hurts so good:

HOCKEY HELMET

Beat-down: Head injuries are nothing to laugh at—unless the damaged cranium belongs to a whiny editorial diva. You just don't need brain cells to work on a magazine, especially this one.

Matt says: "Ow. I'm...dizzy. My favorite color? Pizza. I need to catch the bus *[dry heaves]*."

Hurts so good:

Photographs, Lego (Matt Christensen)

WORLD EVENTS

THOSE WACKY FOREIGNERS!

Proof the rest of the world's even more screwed up than we are.

ELEPHANTS HAVE DUMPS LIKE TRUCKS

Thailand Elephant handlers have installed giant toilets at a camp in Chiang Mai to help rid the tourist attraction of unsightly pachyderm poop. Having already taught their seven captive elephants to dance, paint, and play instruments, trainers made the logical leap into teaching the beasts to use a human-style throne, which they flush by yanking a rope with their trunks. The handlers, known as *mahouts,* are particularly keen on seeing the pachyderms master the art of porcelain-based relief because they'll no longer have to shovel the several hundred pounds of fly food pumped out daily by each ivory factory.

UNLAWFUL DRIVERS ALL HOPPED UP

India Motorists caught speeding in the state of Bihar are now forced to hop on the ground like frogs as punishment. Instead of issuing tickets or summonses, officers make speed freaks pull on their ears and hop for more than a quarter mile, all while chanting the name of their favorite government leader. According to police, the shout-outs make transgressors feel as if they've failed their political father figures—a guilt that, when combined with the Kermit act, is expected to result in fewer repeat offenses. That, and a new subgroup of Indian citizens who hate their backward, cow-shit-strewn country.

GRENADES LIVE, MAN'S BRAIN A DUD

Germany Police arrested a man when he set off a live hand grenade to prove it could explode. After downing a few brews, the 36-year-old Frankfurter showed pals three hand grenades he had purchased at a Bosnian flea market 10 years earlier. When his friends expressed doubts that the grenades could still actually go boom, the man pulled the pin on one of the death eggs and hurled it out his apartment window. Sure enough, it exploded, but no one was hurt. Police confiscated the man's remaining munitions, preventing the future news headline, GRENADE-TOTING DRUNKARD LIBERATES 7-ELEVEN HOT DOGS, MUSTARD PACKETS.

FAN GOES BALLS-OUT OVER TEAM'S WIN

Wales A drunk Welshman cut off his own testicles after his country's rugby team beat world champion England. Twenty-six-year-old Geoff Huish told mates at a bar in Caerphilly, "If Wales wins, I'll cut my balls off." When his team triumphed, 11-9, Huish walked home, lopped off his coin purse with a knife, then trotted nearly an eighth of a mile back to the watering hole to show off his impressive handiwork and newly detachable beanbag. Onlookers rewarded his stick-to-itiveness by calling him a ride in an ambulance, resolving to rename the sac-free Huish "Geoffy No-Nuts" once he recovered.

>FUN FACT!

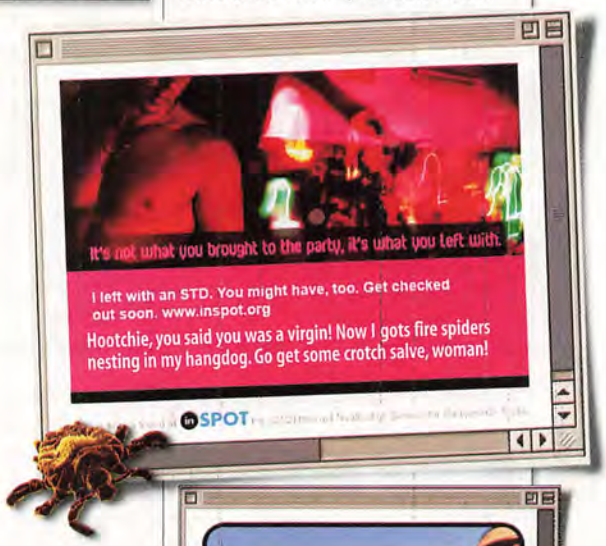
Brit Paul Hunn set the world record for loudest burp with a 118.1 decibel blast. A jet taking off 200 feet away cranks out 110.

PASS IT ON

YOU'VE GOT CRABS!

Let her know you gave her a lovely STD with a personalized e-mail.

In the days before the Internet, telling last week's sexual conquest she might have contracted genital critters from your BVDs meant an awkward phone call and praying to an angry God that the answering machine picked up. Times change: San Francisco–based nonprofit health group inspot.org has made this uncomfortable ritual moot—simply fill out a Web form, click your nasty sex scourge du jour, then send a "hip" e-mail anonymously to your ex. What to say? Leave the personalization to us...


It's not what you brought to the party, it's what you left with.
I left with an STD. You might have, too. Get checked out soon. www.inspot.org
Hootchie, you said you was a virgin! Now I gots fire spiders nesting in my hangdog. Go get some crotch salve, woman!
inSPOT

Heads up...
I caught an STD since we messed around and you might have too. Please take care of yourself. www.inspot.org
Let's play a game. I'm thinking of a word that rhymes with "merpes."
inSPOT

- Look on the bright side: Next time you and I can go bareback!
- Who'd have thought that a truck-stop glory hole could be so dangerous?
- I swear, I really did catch it from that bench press.
- At least it's not a yeast infection. Totally gross!
- Hewwo. I am berry sowwy for the itchy pee hole.
- Think of it as the gift that keeps on giving. XOXO
- Psych! Anyways, Happy Mother's Day, Mom!

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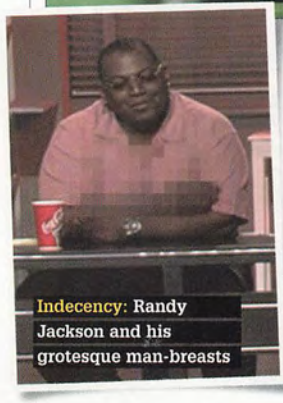
DECENT PROPOSALS

The FCC scared Fox into blurring the ass of a cartoon character on *Family Guy*. Thank you, federal government! Please blur these offending shows, too.

Indecency: Dog-show testes



Indecency: Randy Jackson and his grotesque man-breasts

Indecency: Oily, muscular men with spandex-slathered crotches

Indecency: Muppets shall not lie down together!

EXOTIC LOCALES

SAND TRAP

Welcome to Crescent Moon Lake, a dramatic natural oasis in western central China. Beautiful, huh? It's like Vegas—only without the glitter, puke, or whores.

Located about four miles south of Dunhuang and hugging the Echoing-Sand Mountain in the Taklimakan Desert, Crescent Moon Lake and the ancient Confucian temple parked on top serve as one of the most beautiful, exotic destinations in China—right after the birthplace of fried chicken nugget mogul General Tso and the demure spring break parties at Tiananmen Square. The oasis formed atop a natural spring that bubbles up between towering dunes. There one can enjoy a stroll through the Wenchang Temple or the Wuwei Museum, paragliding, dune surfing, camel riding, and the chance to build sand castles while flying monks sword fight overhead. Ideal for state-mandated one-child families.

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Do Everything Better (Except Coping)

HOW TO

MONEY BALL

HIT A CLUTCH SHOT

Sacramento Kings hot hand Mike Bibby holds court on how to bury the game winner. And it's good!

"I'll help you up in a moment, Derek. I'm a little busy right now."

1 CONQUER FEAR

"First, you can't be scared to fail," Bibby explains. "You have to want to take that shot. Guys will say they want to shoot it—'Oh, I'll shoot it, I'll shoot it'—but when it comes down to it, they can't handle the pressure. I always want to take that shot. It's a rush. I always tell my teammates, 'I'll score.' It's just confidence, you know, having the balls to take it."

2 GET FOCUSED

"I think sometimes I shoot better when the game's on the line, because I'm concentrating more. Put it in your mind that it's going in. Visualize yourself making the shot. I just tell myself, 'I'm going to make it.' And don't think about the dance you're going to do until *after* you actually hit the shot."

3 AIM HIGH

"As far as mechanics, you want to get some air under your shot. Get the ball up high, with a good arc, so that even if your shot hits the rim, it's still got a chance to go in. You don't want to shoot a line drive, because if it hits any part of the rim, it's going to bounce out. And snap your wrist on the release to give your shot rotation. It's not hard." Easy for you to say, Mike.

BACKBREAKER

THE PLAY

Bibby's favorite setup for big playoff games—or driveways.

"You take the ball out of bounds. Your big guy steps out from the foul line."

"You pass the ball to him and then make a break directly toward him."

"He passes it right back to you and then sets a pick on your man."

"You take one dribble, then knock down the open shot." And taunt mercilessly.

Text, Shawn Donnelly; illustrations, Graham Murdoch

The sequel *The Day After Oprah Eats Mexican* went straight to video

HELL ON EARTH

DETECT DISASTER

Just like your real mom, Mother Nature hates you, too. It pays to know when she'll strike next.

1 TORNADOS

These suckers are about as subtle as your flirting techniques. "The biggest sign is hail or debris falling on you," says David Gold, Ph.D., owner of Silver Lining Tours in Houston, a company that takes people out to look at storms. Still, "watch for a green, dark sky and a block of low-hanging, possibly rotating clouds under the storm. If you're in a car, drive away from the storm path at a right angle." If dust is swirling on the ground, a tornado is about to touch down. "Find the lowest spot and make yourself as small as possible," Gold advises. "Don't hide in an underpass; winds are stronger there." Anyone seen our ruby slippers?

2 EARTHQUAKES

Your sixth sense is useless here. "Earthquakes can't be predicted at all," laments Michael Wysession, Ph.D., a professor of Earth and planetary sciences at Washington University in St. Louis. But if you somehow survive the first jolt, endure the aftershocks by staying out of structures. "Earthquakes don't kill people; buildings do," Wysession notes. That said, animals can sense "electromagnetic resonance" days before a quake—which is why seismologists in China's quake-prone Liaoning province rely on a nearby zoo to foresee tremors. Keep that in mind when Fluffy furrows her cute little brow.

3 TSUNAMIS

The ocean's like your hairline: It's not good when it pulls back. "When a tsunami is coming, the water recedes from the shoreline rapidly, and fish will be flopping where there used to be water," explains Harold Mofjeld, Ph.D., a senior scientist with the NOAA Tsunami Research Program. "You have about three minutes before the wave hits. Get to high ground, at least a half-mile inland." As with a quake, it ain't over till it's over. "Tsunamis are actually a series of waves, and the first one isn't always the biggest," Mofjeld says. More are possible up to two high tides later, so stay high and dry for 12 to 24 hours. Then buy land in Utah.

PEST CONTROL

HANDLE A HORNET'S NEST

Destroy an entire community in minutes—for you are a vengeful god!

1 ASSESS YOUR NEST

Unlike other stinging insects, hornets bunk in gray, paperlike sacs hanging from branches and eaves. Unless yours is football-size or smaller, you might want to opt for an exterminator. Like the Yankee Stadium bleachers, a single colony can house 300 to 500 angry pricks.

2 DRESS YOUR BEST

At night (when your victims sleep), don long sleeves and gloves, says Ken Kukorowski, Ph.D., of pest controllers Bayer Advanced. Then use a 15-foot pump (from a hardware store) to spray the entry hole of the nest with pyrethroid insecticide. This is chemical warfare, soldier.

3 COMPRESS YOUR MESS

Revisit the scene the next morning and listen for buzzing or other signs of insect life. Then stomp any twitching survivors littering the ground beneath the nest. Retrieve your prize with a long-handled shovel, place it in a trash bag, seal it, and celebrate. Ma Nature loses *this* round.

Text, Jane Dryer (Disaster); Scott Steinberg (Hornet's). Illustration, Ollie Bland

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PIMP MY BRIDE

GET HER TO DRESS HOTTER

Slip your girlfriend into something more comfortable...for you.

She's got the body of a 21st-century fox—and the wardrobe of a 19th-century nun. Getting your girl to give up her turtlenecks and overalls is all about flattery. Here's what our office lovelies and one expert suggest.

THIGH-HIGH STOCKINGS

Spin an elaborate fantasy about meeting her for a drink. She's wearing a skirt, and you put your hand on her knee. Then, in an amazing move, she slides your hand up north to let you know what she's wearing. Check, please!

PUSH-UP BRA

Rave about her beautiful breasts, and "make sure she knows you think the fakeness of these bras is silly and fun," says Michon, "not a way of saying she's inadequate." In other words, lie.

EYE PATCH

Over soft music and a bottle of expensive wine, lay out your plans for making Thursday night "Pirate Night." Arrr!

MINISKIRT

When she wears a skirt of any length, give her legs an obvious approving look. Then ask if she owns any shorter ones, noting that her legs look fantastic and you'd love to see more of them. Sometimes the truth works.

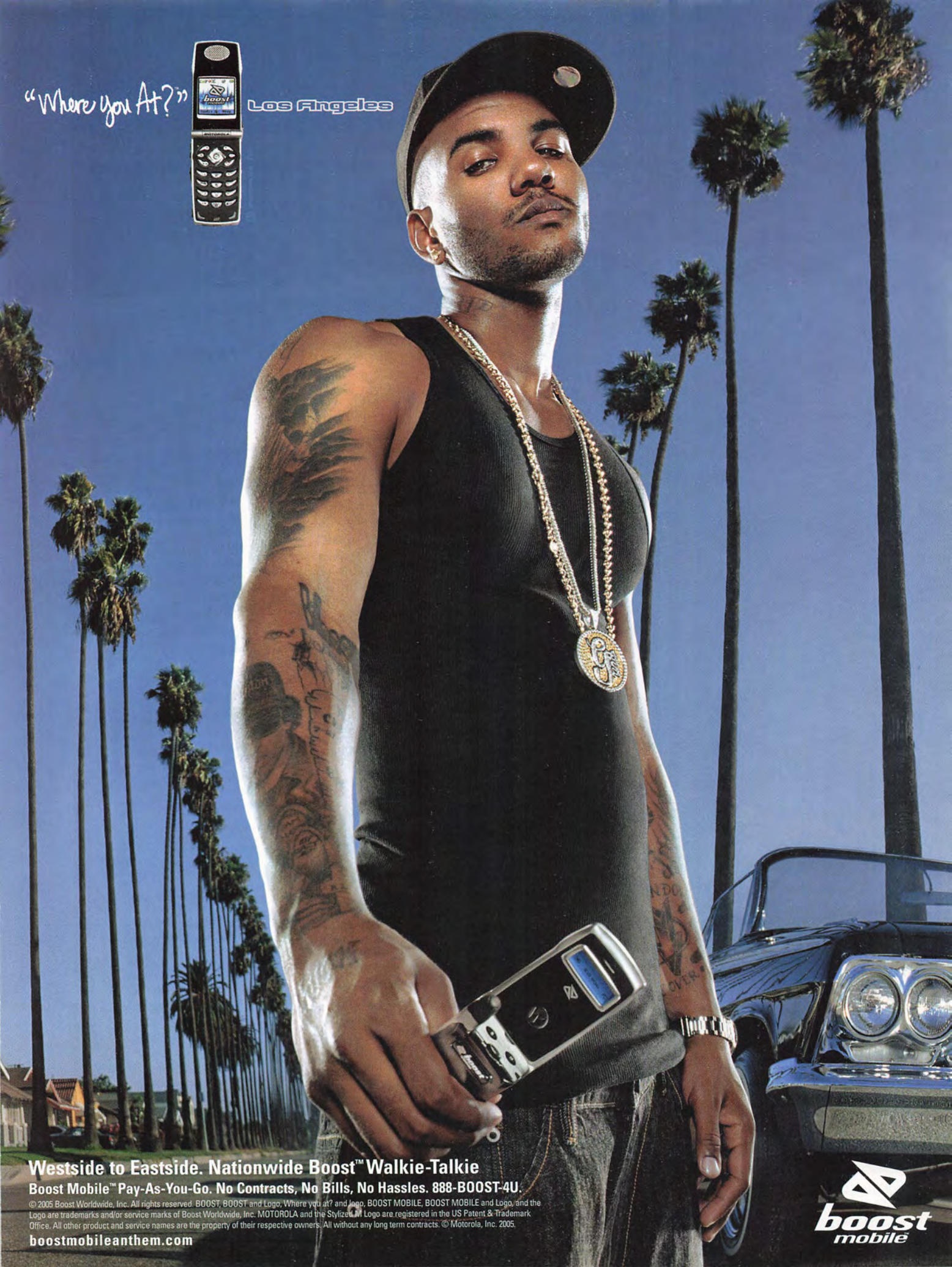
TIGHT T-SHIRT

"Just buy her one," advises Cathryn Michon, author of *The Grrl Genius Guide to Sex (With Other People)* and a columnist on iVillage.com. She'll wear it to avoid hurting your feelings. Make sure it's stretchy; it should cling, not cut off circulation.

BACKLESS SHIRT OR HALTER TOP

Give her a massage, and compliment all you see, from the small of her back to her shoulder blades. Then point out they're wasted under all that flannel. Or just say, "Baby, let the tats breathe tonight."

Photographs, Bradford Noble; styling, Megan Offners; market editor, Krisana Palma; hair and makeup, Lisa-Raquel for Cutler NYC/Redken at See Management. Text: Shawn Donnelly. Special thanks to Katie Claypoole, Jeanine Detz, Jane Dryer.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MAXIM HEAD EXAM

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THE QUESTIONS

1 A BUDDY INVITES YOU TO A PARTY. YOU:
(A) Wipe down the phone exactly 25 times, then call to accept.
(B) Call to accept. Call back and say, "It's Butch. Why wasn't I invited?"
(C) Desperately brainstorm lame excuses why you can't make it.
(D) Don't RSVP, but immediately start inviting other friends.
Answer: (A) (B) (C) (D)

2 ONCE THERE, YOU:
(A) Can't help but organize the contents of the refrigerator by color.
(B) Ask a friend to grab you a beer, then freak out when he hands it to you, insisting you don't drink.
(C) Panic that you're going to do something utterly embarrassing.
(D) Ask people with empty cups to take care of yours on their refill run.
Answer: (A) (B) (C) (D)

3 YOUR FAVORITE SONG COMES ON. YOU:
(A) Are unable to stop yourself from counting the beats per minute.
(B) Ask a fair maiden if she'd like to waltz with Wolfgang.
(C) Crap yourself at the very idea of dancing in public.
(D) Wildly grind against any female who happens to be within range.
Answer: (A) (B) (C) (D)

4 A CUTE BLONDE INTRODUCES HERSELF. YOU:
(A) Begin a rapid discourse on the historical significance of bandannas.
(B) Think she may be *the one.*
(C) Believe she's a Russian spy and prepare for a cavity search.
(D) Pretend to listen while blowing burps out the side of your mouth.
Answer: (A) (B) (C) (D)

5 SHE SAYS, "IT WAS NICE MEETING YOU." YOU SAY:
(A) "Call me later; I'll be up all night." Because you will.
(B) "You're a lying bitch. I hate you."
(C) "Pumpkin steak hamburger mouth!"
(D) "It was nice eating you, too," as you snicker and elbow your buddy.
Answer: (A) (B) (C) (D)

6 IT'S 3 A.M. AND TIME TO LEAVE. YOU:
(A) Promptly begin driving to Tulsa.
(B) Suddenly decide you're gay and that you want to be a welder.
(C) Strike and hold your best gorilla pose, refusing to move or be moved.
(D) Lie passed out on the couch, face covered with graffiti.
Answer: (A) (B) (C) (D)

YOUR SCORE

If you're relying on this bullshit quiz, you don't need a doctor to tell you you're crazy. But if you must know…

For 1–3, if you chose mostly:
(A) You might have *obsessive-compulsive disorder,* comprising obsessions (recurring and persistent thoughts that cause anxiety) and compulsions (repetitive behaviors or mental acts to reduce it—such as washing, counting, checking, or organizing things).
(B) You could have *dissociative identity disorder,* a.k.a. multiple personality disorder—two or more distinct identities that alternately take control of one's behavior, often leading to amnesia.
(C) You may have *social phobia,* a.k.a. social anxiety disorder. You fear social situations where you might be embarrassed—to the point of anxiety attacks just thinking about going to a party—and purposely avoid social functions.
(D) Congratulations! You're just a rude, crude opportunist. They can't put you away for that.

For 4–6, if you chose mostly:
(A) *Bipolar I disorder* may be cramping your style. Despite the term "manic-depressive," you technically only have to have a manic episode—a week-long period of elevated mood, racing thoughts and speech, inflated self-esteem, decreased need for sleep, and questionable judgment.
(B) You might have *borderline personality disorder,* characterized by chronic emptiness, self-abuse, and fear of abandonment as well as abruptly changing goals, values, sexual identity, and career plans. BPDers may swoon over someone in seconds, then quickly become angry that the other person doesn't care enough. Women!
(C) You could have the granddaddy of 'em all: *schizophrenia.* This is what we think of as a "psycho": delusions (often that you're being followed, spied on, or tricked), hallucinations like voices in your head, incoherent speech, and catatonic motor behavior (assuming rigid or bizarre poses and/or refusing to be moved). See ya at the ward!
(D) Good news. You're simply immature. Enjoy the magazine!

Photograph, Andrew Woffinden; text, Craig Better. Special thanks to Corey Goldstein, M.D., Rush University Medical Center (Chicago).

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HOT POCKETS

STUFF A BEAVER

Found a trophy worth mounting? Time to show off your game.

Trust us—you don't want to see step five

1 KEEP IT COOL

There's no need to be choosy with your first, but aim for a beav with a vibrant coat and a large tail. (Think J.Lo with buckteeth—and dead!) "Rub cornmeal on the fur to dry it out," advises Larry Blomquist, chairman of the World Taxidermy Championships. "This prevents bacteria growth and hair slippage." Then seal it up in an airtight bag and refrigerate for one to three days to preserve and make skinning easier. Spring for Ziploc.

2 MEASURE UP

Now decide your trophy's stance. "This determines where you make the incision to skin the animal," says Blomquist. If your beaver's on all fours, a belly cut is easy to conceal; if it's up on two feet, a back cut is better. Next, measure the carcass from the nose to the base of the tail and its stomach circumference. This'll help you pick which manikin (a dummy you place under the skin) to buy at a taxidermy supply store. Or, we're guessing, Wal-Mart.

3 SKIN TO WIN

Assuming you opt for the all-fours pose, place the beaver on its back and slice through the skin from the anus to a point between the front legs, then loosen the skin from the carcass. Peel off inside out to the skull, then delicately cut away from the face. Use a dull knife to scrape away leftover meat or fatty tissue. Next, dunk the skin in a tub of water with a bit of dishwashing liquid to clean off the blood. (Stop us if you've heard this before.)

4 MOUNT WITH CARE

Rinse your hide with clean water and squeeze—don't twist—the wetness out. Then rub Borax inside the skin to eliminate leftover moisture. "The Borax also acts as a preservative to protect the skin from insect damage later on," adds Blomquist. Stick a pair of glass eyes in the mannikin, then make a V-shaped cut through its stomach area, to create two interlocking pieces. Slide them inside the skin one at a time to prevent it from stretching. With the manikin in, insert wire and clay as needed to improve the shape of the body and tail, then sew up the incision using 20-pound fishing line. Once your beauty dries—in two weeks or so—clean around the eyes and nose, touch up with finishing paint, and place it on your mantel. But hurry—*Wild Kingdom*'s on!

"Jane? I told you not to call me at work."

SELF-PROMOTION

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1 VISUALIZE GREATNESS

It's not just for athletes and peyote trips anymore. On your morning commute, spend 15 minutes mentally noting everything you have to do that day. It'll help keep you on track once you get to the office—provided you don't give up and turn the car around.

2 DUMB DOWN YOUR A.M.

"Start your day with something easy to be successful with," says organizational development expert Susyn Reeve. "This will help get your momentum going." That "easy" thing could be the smallest of your five projects—or a quick round of Ogle the Dingy Intern!

3 UNSTRESS YOUR DESK

Sloppiness is actually OK. "Some people are pilers, others are filers," explains Pamela J. Holland, coauthor of *Help! Was That a Career-Limiting Move?* "You just need one clear work space that isn't cluttered with distractions." So the receptionist's exposed midriff is out, then?

4 SYNC YOUR SCHEDULE

If possible, line up the task you're doing with your level of juice. "Do monotonous tasks at a time when your energy is high," explains Reeve. On the flip side, tackle stimulating work—like planning the office wet pantsuit contest—when you're dog-tired.

5 HAND OFF BUSYWORK

The pricks who move up while still leaving early are the same pricks dropping work on *your* desk. Become one of them by telling a subordinate how impressed you are with how well he does mundane tasks. Then hand him yours. Look at you, nurturing young talent!

Text, Wes Milligan (Beaver); Wyatt Myers (Work); Illustration by Mick Coulas, coulaslourdes.com

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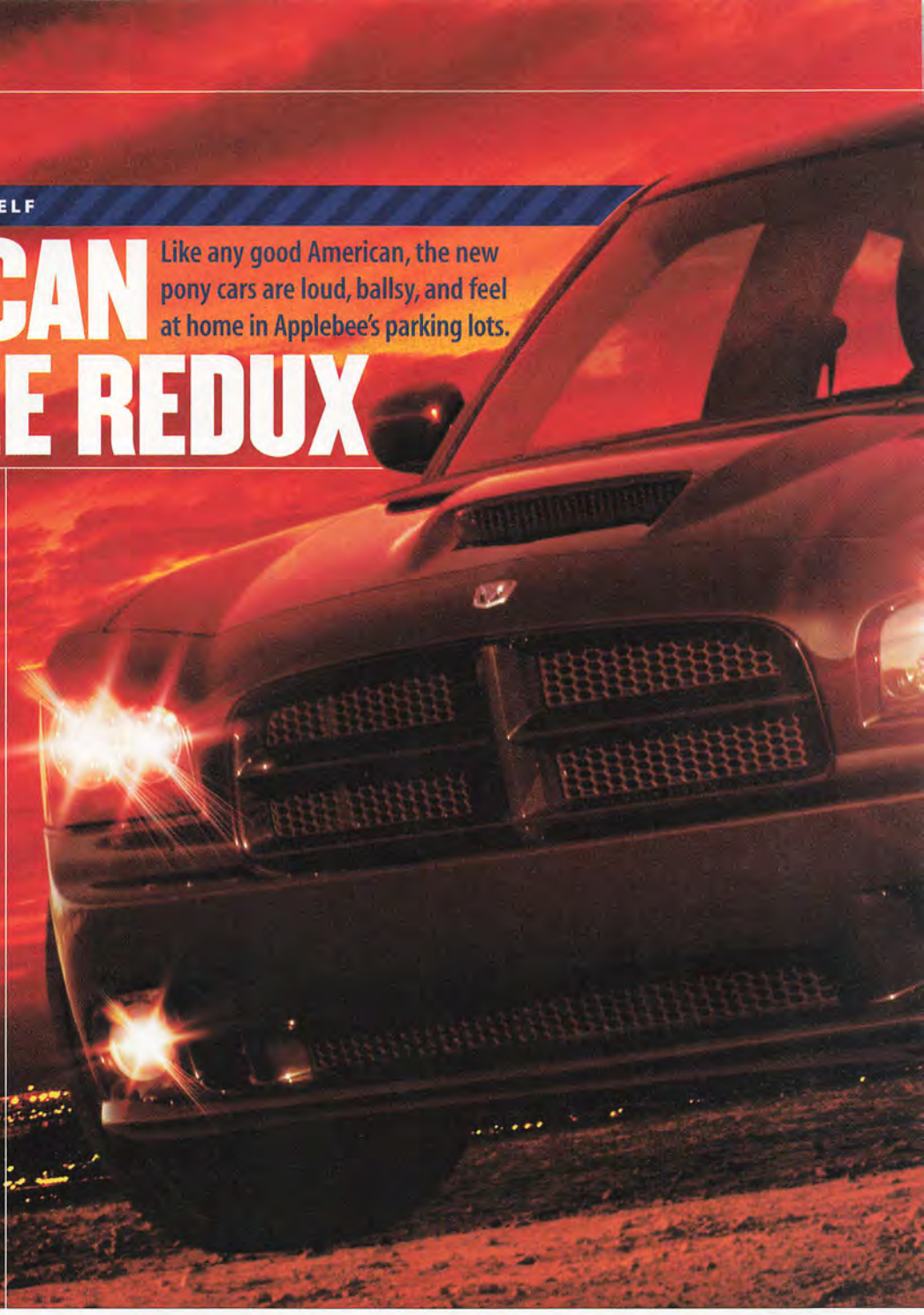

DODGE CHARGER SRT8

SPEC CHECK*

PRICE: **$37,000**

ENGINE: **6.1-liter, 425 bhp V-8**

0–60: **5.3 seconds** TOP SPEED: **165 mph**

Until this year, there were really only two Chargers: Monsters from the '60s that kicked ass at the drop of a hanky, and lame '80s K-cars that dribbled out as little as 109 bhp. For better or worse, the newest addition to the family straddles that divide. Push the 2006 hemi-powered SRT8 and it moves like its Rosco P. Coltrane—eluding predecessors of yore. (No wonder Dodge knighted the reborn Charger as its new NASCAR flagship.) But if it's the reincarnation of a revered coupe, why's the new guy sporting four doors and a face seemingly stolen from the Magnum wagon? "We want the best of both worlds," says Jim Yetter, senior brand manager for Dodge. "People find the Mustang's backseat isn't big. The Charger packages performance so that it's good for different kinds of people." Comfort *and* power? Great. Just don't let us catch a soccer mom trying to blow us off the line in one. **Drawbacks:** The 350 bhp Charger R/T is available now for about $30,000, but Dodge will make us wait a painful four months or so for the 425 bhp brute you see here. Not cool.

HOW WE GOT...MUSCLE CARS

The road to the quintessentially American automobile is paved with death, violence, and gigantic lizards.

65 million B.C.
The last remaining dinosaurs finally croak, fulfilling their biological imperative by decomposing enough to fuel our modern transportation with their delightfully carbon-laden corpses.

4000 B.C.
Asian nomads domesticate horses. Ill-fated attempts to ride 300 at once result in tragedy.

3500 B.C.
Inventive peons slap planks onto round pieces of wood and invent the first wheeled vehicle. Hauling hay, rocks, and the lifeless bodies of loincloth-clad tribesmen was never so easy!

1180 B.C.
In *The Iliad*, Achilles has a chariot race to commemorate the death of his friend Patroclus during the Trojan War. On the bright side, *People* votes Achilles the Sexiest Man Alive—*again!*

1496 A.D.
Columbus brings rubber to Europe after visiting the New World. Its usefulness on wheels and schlongs is soon discovered when Spaniards realize it tastes like shit in paella.

1776
America declares its independence from the British and their feeble, unreliable clown cars.

1885
Gottlieb Daimler creates a motor that becomes the basis for the modern gas-fueled internal-combustion engine. It's the last time Germany does something useful until Falco emerges.

*Price and performance specs are estimated.

DIGITAL IMAGING BY ERIC HEINTZ

RISE OF THE CHARGER

1966
The birth of the Charger. For an extra $1,000, it comes with a 426 Hemi pushing almost 500 ponies.

1979
The Dukes of Hazzard premieres, featuring a '69 Charger called the General Lee. Nice ride, boys.

1999
Dodge unveils a Charger concept car powered by a propane-fueled V-8. Sadly, it never gets made.

1923
Standard Oil of New Jersey, DuPont, and GM team up to make leaded gas, and deny its toxicity for years in the interest of smoother-running engines. Well done, gentlemen.

1955
In *Rebel Without a Cause*, James Dean leaps from a car to avoid an untimely death. Irony rules!

1963
John F. Kennedy is shot while riding in a convertible Lincoln Continental. A grieving nation demands the sniperproof safety of sturdy coupes that can peel out at a moment's notice.

1964
Pontiac creates the first muscle car by offering a $295 GTO performance option on the midsize Tempest. Non-bleeding genitals, and now this? It's so sweet to be a man.

1983
The minivan is introduced. The sound of testicles ascending rings out through suburbs nationwide.

2002
GM kills off the Firebird and Camaro, leaving the Mustang as the sole surviving muscle car. High school dropouts, hillbillies, and Burt Reynolds go into mourning.

2005
All hail the return of the pony car! For the first time in decades, power-hungry buyers can choose between a GTO, Mustang, or Charger. Let's hope the return of free love is next. ▶

NEED FOR STEED

MUSTANG GT

SPEC CHECK
PRICE: $25,225
ENGINE: 4.6-liter, 300 bhp V-8
0–60: 5.1 sec. TOP SPEED: 147 mph

With its first complete redesign in 26 years, the 'Stang is once again worthy of respect—even outside Jersey's guido enclaves. Its retro body rests on a wheelbase 5.8 inches longer than its predecessor's, improving on the last car's prison-cell-like interior room. The V-8 sounds like a NASCAR mill that went to finishing school and begs to unleash its 320 lb.-ft. of tire-vaporizing torque. Despite all that grunt and a live rear axle that's as technically advanced as a Roman chariot, the GT's suspension keeps the tires glued to the tarmac. . . unless you'd rather they weren't. "Driven beyond the limit, the GT won't bite you," says Mark Rushbrook, the Mustang's development manager. "You can hang it out and bring it back without getting *too* excited." Dead Man's Curve? Now it's just Soiled Pants Curve.
Drawbacks: The Mustang's steering is too loose. And while the V-8's rumble is music, too little sound deadening in the cabin kills the nuances of your Kenny G album.

The V-8 sounds like a NASCAR mill that went to finishing school.

RISE OF THE 'STANG

1964
Ford introduces the car—about 22,000 sell its first day, making it an instant classic.

1968
Steve McQueen tears up Frisco with a fastback in *Bullitt*. Grown men weep, then buy turtlenecks.

1974–2004
The car hits sad times (just 88 bhp in the base third-gen), with few highlights. Time for a change.

IT'S GOAT TIME

PONTIAC GTO

SPEC CHECK
PRICE: $32,995
ENGINE: 6.0-liter, 400 bhp V-8
0–60: 4.8 seconds TOP SPEED: 158 mph

When Pontiac waved the green flag on the retro-pony revival last year, the new GTO took a beating for looking as badass as your grandpa in leather pants. To atone, this year's Goat offers a measly set of hood scoops. . . and a serious boost in balls. Thanks to its new LS2 V-8 engine—the same mill found in the C6 Corvette—the sophomore edition of the reborn GTO pumps out 50 more horsepower than last year's model, netting it a 0–60 that's quicker than a $47,995 BMW M3 coupe's. "We also beefed up the drive train and put a better set of brakes on it," says GTO marketing manager Larry Pryg. "And the engine growl will still make a grown man weep." Sure, it won't turn heads sitting in your driveway. But, then again, you don't work out to look good for the guys in the locker room. We're assuming.
Drawbacks: Have we mentioned we're still not huge fans of the slab-sided design? Also, you can fit a set of golf clubs or a duffel bag of cats in the dainty trunk, but not both.

The GTO runs a 0–60 quicker than a $47,995 BMW M3 coupe.

RISE OF THE GTO

1964
Pontiac steals the name Gran Turismo Omologato from Ferrari for a souped-up Tempest LeMans coupe.

1974
The car dies off as an option on the Pontiac Ventura, putting out just 200 bhp. R.I.P., GTO.

1999
Pontiac debuts a futuristic GTO concept. Oddly, five years later the actual GTO looks like a Grand Am.

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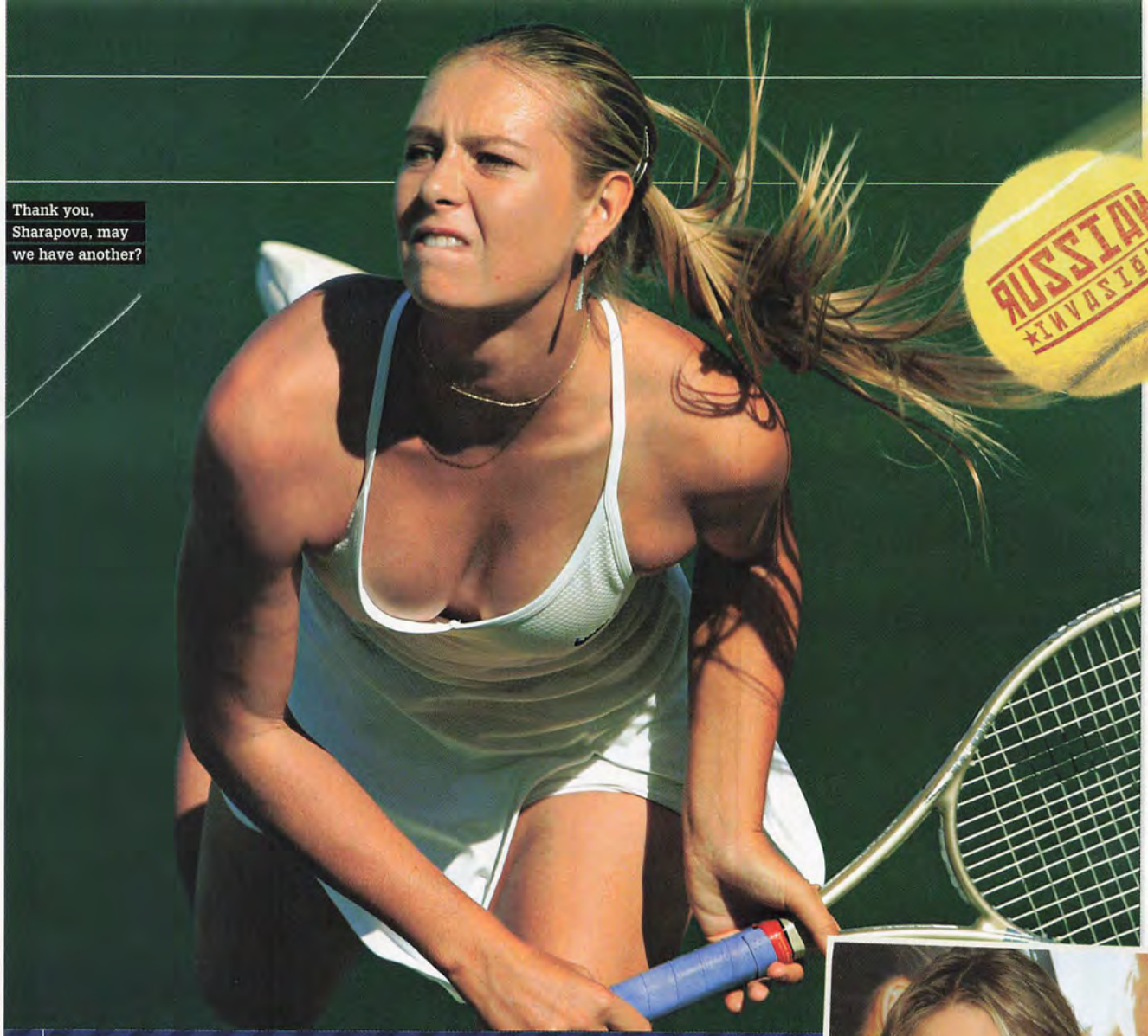

Thank you, Sharapova, may we have another?

NET ASSETS

WHITE-HOT RUSSIANS

Looking for one good reason to actually watch professional tennis? How about six: Myskina, Dementieva, Kuznetsova, Petrova, Zvonareva, and Sharapova.

BY DIANE HILL

Twenty-one games into a semifinal match at the WTA Tour Championships last November, things got nasty. Maria Sharapova and Anastasia Myskina were sweating it out in what should have been a celebration of the greatest year in the history of Russian tennis. But midway through the third set, a heckler in the stands began ranting so loudly that the chair umpire had to warn the man to stop. A rattled Myskina lost her cool as well as the match, 2-6, 6-2, 6-2. She later confessed she was afraid that "he might jump right on the court." Sharapova, who went on to defeat Serena Williams in the finals, didn't bat an eyelash: The nutjob was her father, Yuri.

That the Russkies have their own celebrity psycho dad to compete with Richard Williams and Peter Graf is just another example of how deeply they've invaded the upper echelon of women's tennis. Until last year it had been three decades since a Russian woman, Olga Morozova, had even played in a Grand Slam singles final—she lost to Chris Evert at both Wimbledon and the French Open in 1974. In 1984, three years before Sharapova was born, there wasn't a single Russian woman in the year-end top *100*. Now they make up half of the top 12. And while Anna Kournikova put her country on the tennis map, this new breed is doing something she was never able to do: win.

They did that a lot last year. Myskina (currently ranked sixth in the world) kicked things off by dropping her comrade, fifth-ranked Elena Dementieva, in the French Open final to become the first Russian woman to win a Grand Slam event. Less than a month later Sharapova, then ranked 15th, stole the stage, upsetting Serena Williams at Wimbledon. When seventh-ranked Svetlana Kuznetsova secured the hat trick by beating Dementieva for the 2004 U.S. Open title, the new Russian revolution was in full swing. And while there's no question they look fantastic in skirts, how in the name of perestroika did they get so damn good?

Ah, how we miss the Ural Mountains...

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Free birds

The easy answer is politics. For years the U.S.S.R. flexed its athletic muscles mostly in hockey, but in 1988 tennis returned to the Olympics as a medal sport for the first time since 1924. The Soviets, always hungry for international gold, started investing heavily in tennis R&D. Government support jumped again when Boris Yeltsin—an avid player, despite appearances—became president, in 1990. "I don't think all these Russian players believe they are the beneficiaries of state funds," claims Larry Scott, CEO of the Sony Ericsson WTA Tour. "But there's no doubt it has something to do with what we are seeing today."

Not surprisingly, the fall of Communism, in 1991, also helped, allowing players to suddenly train and compete far away from Red Square. "After the Soviet Union broke down, the borders opened up and people saw an opportunity to make a living in sports," explains 12th-ranked Nadia Petrova, 22. "Before, everything was controlled. Now we can do whatever we like."

Dementieva says, "Spell my name, get my number."

That's how Petrova spent part of her youth in Egypt, where her parents were track-and-field coaches. Kuznetsova, 19, better known as Martina Navratilova's newest doubles partner until she won the U.S. Open, began training at Barcelona's prestigious Academia Sánchez-Casal at age 14. And Russia's brightest star, Sharapova, won a scholarship to Florida's famed Bollettieri Tennis Academy at the ripe old age of nine.

Home brewing

While some of its phenoms were globetrotting, Russia's old sports machine started firing on all cylinders with tennis. The headquarters: Moscow's infamous Spartak Club, which has churned out Kournikova, Dementieva, Myskina, and 2005 men's Australian Open champ Marat Safin. In a place where snow blankets the ground half the year, six-year-old girls bundle up and battle for time on the club's only indoor tennis court. "The court hasn't been upgraded," explains filmmaker Phil Johnston, who visited the club last year while shooting his upcoming documentary, *Anna's Army: Behind the Rise of Russian Women's Tennis.** "So it's like a rubber green mat on the floor, and the net is just OK."

The Spartak Club began scouting for talent in kindergarten classes.

While the club organized tryouts, Spartak coaches began scouting for talent—in kindergarten classes. "They would test the kids to see who was quick, who was coordinated," says Johnston. "They would pick out the one with the bright eyes who could copy the movements, and then they would go to the parents and say, 'Your daughter would be good for tennis.'" For folks who had spent most of their lives standing in line to buy toilet paper, that had a nice ring to it.

Kuznetsova: Russian for "ball crusher"

Elena Dementieva's parents got her into Spartak when she was only seven, and her coach was one of the harshest—Marat Safin's mother, Rauza Islanova, who kept her students on the court for 12 hours a day. "She was very tough with all the kids, screaming at us, saying bad words to us," Dementieva, now 23, told *The Miami Herald*. "We were afraid to call her after bad matches." Eight years later Dementieva won her first pro singles tournament. Of course, it

Myskina: Think how cute she'll be when the braces come off

Dementieva: Any resemblance to a hot Swede is purely coincidental

*Details about Johnston's documentary can be found at bpitv.com.

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helped that she had a killer training partner: Myskina. The pair, who first played for a slice of pizza at age nine, had faced each other maybe 30 times in competition prior to battling over a much bigger pie at the French Open.

Playing dirty

Russian adults weren't the only ones scoping out teenage girls in skirts. Americans were, too. In the '90s sports marketing firms like IMG and SFX started sending scouts overseas to snatch up the next international serve-and-volley sex bomb. IMG's first big score was Kournikova, signed 15 years ago at age nine. Its second, in 2000, was Sharapova, then 13. That deal surprised no one, as she'd been "discovered" by Martina Navratilova at a Moscow exhibition in the early '90s, when she was six.

Zvonareva: "White is totally the new Red."

Petrova: "I'll teach you to peek, Yankee devil."

'I'm not the next Anna,' Sharapova insists. 'I want to win matches.'

On Navratilova's advice, Sharapova's father, Yuri (the aforementioned lunatic), scraped together some cash for a flight to Florida. Nick Bollettieri took over from there, and a decade later the gamble has paid off: Barely 18, Sharapova is ranked third in the world, has an international modeling contract, and earns $15 million a year in endorsements—to go along with the $3 million-plus she's won playing tennis.

"Kournikova went to the U.S. at a time when Russia was at a crossroads and many people wanted to get rich," says Alexei Nikolaev, an agent at SFX, which counts 11th-ranked Vera Zvonareva, 20, among its clients. "People came to the idea that if they can teach their children to play tennis, there might be a chance to get money." And get the hell out of Siberia.

That kind of drive, which all these women share, can make it hard for them to get along. Especially with the ones who've had the most success. "I'm not the next Anna Kournikova," Sharapova has insisted. "I want to win matches."

Meanwhile, Dementieva openly states that she has nothing in common with Sharapova and that when they cross paths, they "practically never talk." She and others have claimed Sharapova isn't really Russian because she came to the U.S. at such a young age. And Myskina once threatened not to represent her country in the Federation Cup if Sharapova showed. "If she joins our team next season, you won't see me there for sure," Myskina told the Associated Press in November. "I do not want to be on a team with people who don't respect me."

Russia's Fed Cup captain hopes the ladies can get along, but, really, can't they be forgiven for a little catfighting? Until they came along, Russia's finest export was vodka. Now, with some of its best players in their teens, that otherwise god-forsaken nation is poised to own the court for years to come. The revolution has only begun. M

Got comments or story ideas? E-mail Diane at **dianehill@maximmag.com.**

BLOWING UP

Female tennis players aren't the only Russian explosion. Just check out these would-be Chernobyls.

1908 High above the Siberian sticks, a strange explosion, with the force of 60 A-bombs, launches nearby reindeer herders skyward and flattens trees 10 miles away. One theory is that a huge meteor broke up in the sky. A competing theory, that God has cursed the shit out of Russia, seems to have more credibility.

1942 In an attempt to capture Stalingrad, the German army launches massive air strikes, killing 40,000 civilians in two days. Within five months the siege reduces 99 percent of the city to rubble and causes over a million deaths—but the remaining Russkies, refusing to relinquish their rubble, whip the Nazis.

1960 During a test of the R-16, a new two-stage rocket, in Tyuratam, Russia, a huge blast and resulting acid cloud kill 91—including Field Marshal Mitrofan Nedelin, commander of the Soviet Strategic Rocket Forces. A young Boris Yeltsin gets a vague contact high but complains that it needs a splash of lime.

1961 On the Arctic island of Novaya Zemlya, Russia detonates a nuclear device, later revealed to be 58 megatons (the equivalent of more than 50 million tons of TNT). Four thousand times more powerful than what we dropped on Hiroshima, it is the biggest man-made bomb ever . . . until, of course, *Alexander*.

2000 On August 12, a torpedo on the submarine *Kursk* misfires and triggers a second, larger explosion, sending the sub to the bottom of the Barents Sea with its 118-member crew trapped aboard. Amazingly, they're all saved by hyperintelligent talking dolphins! Just kidding. They all die.—*Paul Bibeau*

She has seen her brother's fate. Her fight is to ensure he never will.

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Rise of the Kasai

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NUGGETS OF WISDOM

CARMELO ANTHONY

The Denver Nuggets forward picks and rolls with your most pressing questions—and provides sound advice on getting your hair done.

Q If I go to a strip club and spend my paycheck on lap dances, is that technically cheating? I'm married.
J. McNulty, New York, NY

A Hell, yeah. Spending a paycheck—and you can't have one of my paychecks—that's too much. If you know you've got bills at home, and you've got a family or a wife to take care of, and you're going out spending all that money on another broad? That's just too much.

Q All my friends drink girly cocktails and hard lemonade. How can I get them to drink cooler drinks?
Nick Molander, Exeter, NH

A You can't force nobody to drink something that they don't want to drink, but I'd say Rémy Martin. It tastes smooth, and it's classy, you know?

Q Can I be interested in gardening and still think myself manly?
Ethan Hooper, Cheyenne, WY

A Gardening? No, not at all. No gardening for men. You can mow the lawn, but no planting flowers in your backyard. Pay somebody some chump change to do that.

Q My brother-in-law keeps buying me nice gifts. Problem is, he's a drug dealer. Is it OK to accept his presents?
Rhydwyn Davies, Washington, D.C.

A Keep taking the gifts, and don't worry about where he's getting them. If you ain't got the money, let him get them. What he does ain't got nothing to do with you. Let him spend the money, and you keep getting the gifts.

Q I've been dating a woman for a while and I think I want to marry her, but I just found out she has a life-threatening illness. What should I do?
Brad R., Baltimore, MD

A That's not tough. If you love her, and you know you love her, then go with it. You gotta stick with it. You can't just love her one moment and then another moment find out something's wrong with her and drop her. You just can't do that.

Q Any advice for throwing a really killer party?
Patrick McSweeney, Syracuse, NY

A First you gotta come up with a theme for the party. Then get the right setting. It can't always be a hip-hop party, and it can't always be a jeans, sweat suit, white T-shirt party. You gotta be versatile and switch it up. Then you gotta get hot people to come.

'Soccer ain't hard. You don't need any athletic ability to kick a ball.'

Q I think I have an STD. If I use protection, am I obligated to reveal this to every sexual partner I have?
Terry O., Trenton, NJ

A You've got an STD? Well, first you should go get checked out. Don't have any sex till you get checked out. If you have one, you've got to tell them. You don't want anybody walking around with an STD, especially if they're with multiple girls or multiple guys. You've got to be a good person, but sometimes it ain't even about being a good person. You just don't want nobody walking around with another disease.

Q I want to play a sport, but I suck at everything I've tried. What's a good one for someone with no athletic ability?
Cody Frost, Thibodaux, LA

A Soccer! Soccer ain't hard. All you gotta do is kick the ball. You don't need any athletic ability to kick a ball. Or try bowling. Or pool.

Q I have a really bad cold, and my nose just won't stop running. What should I do?
Brantley O'Neal, New Haven, CT

A Keep blowing it. You gotta *keep* blowing it. And use Vicks VapoRub twice a day.

Q My girlfriend is always angry with me for leaving the toilet seat up, but I say it's just as easy for her to put the seat down. Am I right?
Larry Proust, Sandwich, MA

A Exactly. That's something petty that you shouldn't argue about. Tell her, "I lift the seat up and you put it down. Don't come back and tell me I left the toilet seat up." Women shouldn't complain about it. If they see it up, they should just put it down.

Q My parents are always calling and visiting me. How can I get them to back off a little bit?
SK, Boulder, CO

A Tell them, "I'm getting older now—you know how old I am—and you can come visit, but you don't have to visit every day." You've got to be gentle. Start the conversation like this: "You did such a good job raising me, but I don't need your help as much anymore."

Q Is there any surefire way to get out of a speeding ticket?
Jeff Chen, Rumson, NJ

A First say, "Man, I'm sorry." Then try something like, "Somebody's trying to contact me!" Or, "Somebody's following me!" Or, "My mom just got off work, and she's waiting for me right now! I have to rush to pick her up!" Hit him with a quick excuse.

Q I've been friends with this girl for years, and I've fallen in love with her. I don't want to jeopardize our friendship, but I really dig this chick. What should I do?
JC, Norman, OK

A Tell her how you feel and see what happens. If she doesn't love you back, y'all are still gonna be friends. If you explain to a girl how you feel, even if she says no, she'll know on the inside how you feel. And she'll think, *He likes me; let me see if I like him back.* Eventually, she's gonna start feeling the same thing.

Q I hate my hairstyle. Whose hair should I copy?
Paul Anthony, Toledo, OH

A Mine. I have good hair. I had a 'fro back in the day; now I keep it braided. It takes an hour to get it done, and I have it done every Friday, same time. And I go to a professional.

NEED ANSWERS?

Want your very own quirky query answered by one of our cerebral celebrities? You got it! E-mail us at celebadviser@maximmag.com for your chance to win...nothing, besides having your silly name in print and getting mocked by your friends.

INTERVIEW BY STEVE MAZZUCCHI ILLUSTRATION BY THE BOY FITZ HAMMOND

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HOT ZONE

SITH BETTER BE GOOD

END TO WARS

Will* Star Wars Episode III: Revenge of the Sith *suck like the last two? Oh, you'll still go see it.

After devoting a minimum of 663 minutes of your life to the previous five movies, this thing had better be some kind of awesome…and it just might be. *Might.* Unlike *Episode I*, which was ruined by jive-talkin' Jar Jar Binks, and *Episode II*, which had the most unbelievable love story since Brigitte Nielsen got with Flavor Flav, *Episode III* is all about Darth Vader. (He's a bad mother…*Shut your mouth!*) Yes, this one could be another overlong digital diorama, but for the last *Star Wars* movie (in the foreseeable future, anyway), George Lucas is finally puttin' 'em on the glass. You've got Wookiee warriors, lava planets, hyperspace dogfights, lightsaber duels, an ass-kickin' Yoda, the rise of the dark side, and, well, the transformation of Anakin Skywalker into Darth *freaking* Vader. Hey, is that him breathing heavy—or is it us?

MAXIM MOVIE OF THE MONTH

Jeff's couch comes with a girl...standard

> DOING LINES

DARTH WAITER

Jeff Tweiten loves Star Wars so much he's been waiting in line...since January. We checked in on him.

Why are you waiting in line this early?
We go through life so fast that I look at this as a great time to sit back and enjoy one single moment. For me that's the *Star Wars* movie. I get to take in the whole experience of waiting and the anticipation building, which finally culminates in seeing the movie.

Um...cool! Tell us about your setup.
I have a nice little blue couch and I'm under an awning, so that pretty much keeps me dry. I go into the Pacific Science Center or the Seattle Center House to use the bathroom. One of the ticket people keeps an eye on my stuff. I can't get a colostomy bag, you know?

You don't feel like you're wasting five months of your life?
It's time well-spent because—let's face it—there's nothing better to do. The experiences out here are amazing and wonderful. I meet strange and unique people.

Birds of a feather do flock together...
Yeah. Some bathing suit models stopped by to have their pictures taken with me and sat on my lap—which was entertaining. Then, for pledge week, these sorority girls had to kiss me. I also met this interesting guy named Kenny, who was conceived in the back of a '57 Chevy to Miles Davis' "Bitches Brew." We talked about metaphysics and blues and jazz. That was a nice three hours of my life. Someone gave me about 12 of those little travel-size Scope bottles, and some homeless man drank them all in front of me.

This is the last *Star Wars* movie. What are you going to do with your life?
I think I'll probably go back to the casino, which I've been doing for the past year. I play no-limit Texas Hold 'Em—it's a great way to make money. This is going to be my last campout. I'm old enough, and my body is kind of wearing down, so why not make it a big one?

What do you expect from the last one?
It's all about Vader, baby. Vader!

All that, and they *still* couldn't find work for Billy Dee Williams

MAXIM MOVIE OF THE MONTH ★★★★

> MAIN ATTRACTION

KICKING & SCREAMING

We can laugh again! Will Ferrell has made another movie!

Out: May 13 **Director:** Jesse Dylan **Stars:** Will Ferrell, Robert Duvall, Mike Ditka

The story: Unsophisticated audiences might have trouble following the plot, but Will Ferrell plays Phil Weston, a hyper-competitive soccer coach who makes Bobby Knight look like Miss Manners. What else do you need to know? Will Ferrell plays a soccer coach! Sign us up.

The buzz: Formulaic sports comedies rarely have a pedigree, but *Kicking & Screaming* does. Bob Dylan's son, Jesse, directed the film, and Judd Apatow (*Anchorman: The Legend of Ron Burgundy*) produced it. Some things, like watching a man get kicked in the groin over and over, are inherently hilarious—and so is Ferrell fighting lesbian soccer moms, driving a Toyota Prius, and yelling at cute kids while wearing ball huggers.

We're guessing: ★★★★☆

"Senior citizens with walkers? Let's rumble!"

GET THIS!

> In the '80s, Adams tried to make *Hitchhiker's*...with ex-Monkee Mike Nesmith.

RATINGS:

- D CUP ★★★★★
- STANLEY CUP ★★★★☆
- WORLD CUP ★★★☆☆
- FRUIT CUP ★★☆☆☆
- PEE CUP ★☆☆☆☆

> ALSO PLAYING

XXX: STATE OF THE UNION

Out: April 29 **Director:** Lee Tamahori

In the *XXX* sequel, Ice Cube plays Darius Stone, a secret agent who has to save the U.S. government and make people forget Vin Diesel. Sounds easy.

We're guessing: ★★★☆☆

HOUSE OF WAX

Out: May 6 **Director:** Jaume Serra

What happens when hotties (Elisha Cuthbert, Paris Hilton) end up in a creepy wax museum? Another horror film whose only selling point is hotties!

We're guessing: ★★☆☆☆

KINGDOM OF HEAVEN

Out: May 6 **Director:** Ridley Scott

Take *Gladiator,* swap in Orlando Bloom for Russell Crowe, set it in Jerusalem, and you've got the best Crusades movie since, well, the last one.

We're guessing: ★★★☆☆

FOREIGN FILM

"Come back with my Thin Mints... or yer dead."

LAYER CAKE **Out:** May 13 **Director:** Matthew Vaughn

Most twisty British crime capers use bad accents and zany characters to disguise a plot that's thinner than Lara Flynn Boyle after six days in a steam room. *Layer Cake*'s different, with a hard-boiled plot, rock-solid performances, and an ending that's sure to make this flick a cult classic.

We're guessing: ★★★★☆

> NOW SHOWING

> DON'T MISS

THE HITCH-HIKER'S GUIDE TO THE GALAXY

It's the end of the world as we know it...and it looks fine!

Out: April 29 **Director:** Garth Jennings

Stars: Martin Freeman, Zooey Deschanel

The story: In the first six seconds of the movie based on the Douglas Adams book, aliens blow up the Earth (oops, we gave it away!) and disturb Arthur Dent's breakfast. Luckily, Arthur is beamed to safety on the alien spaceship and travels through the universe, meeting Marvin the paranoid android and a talking sperm whale. And they say Hollywood's out of ideas.

The buzz: Since 1978 the *Hitchhiker's* script has received more treatments than a 57-year-old divorcée with alimony to burn. But it's finally here, with a stylish adaptation by director Garth Jennings, of the music video collective Hammer & Tongs. As the movie says, "Don't panic."

We're guessing: ★★★★☆

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MAXIM THE ICE MAN RETURNETH

"Whoops, I dropped it like it's hot."

> XXX TALK

CHILLIN' WITH ICE

This month Ice Cube kicks ass and takes names in XXX: State of the Union. We...kick him some questions and take down his answers.

Tell us you're not playing the same character as Vin Diesel.
Naw. They weren't trying to make it a James Bond thing, where different people play the same dude. With *XXX*, every time out it's gonna be a new agent with his own set of skills. Vin Diesel was an X Games type of dude, but my character is a traditional black ops guy. He was locked away in a military prison for something he did back in the day, and they break him out to help solve this government coup. It's more of a Tom Clancy *Patriot Games* type of film.

Only lots of stuff blows up. What was your favorite stunt?
When I jump off the roof of the prison. I'm not going to say what happens, but I don't have a parachute or anything. I just jump off, full-speed running.

Weren't you scared?
When you put on a harness, dangle from a crane...everything above 20 feet high is scary. You have to be ready. I look at it like I'm a football player because you're gonna take bumps and bruises—you're hitting metal equipment. I was burned, scraped, and scratched.

No wonder you made that family flick *Are We There Yet?*
It's no piece of cake.

Do you consider yourself more of an actor than a rapper now?
Nope. I'm a b-boy at heart. I released an album with Westside Connection last year. I'm in the studio now working on my next album. But the movie career has been more visible.

After *AmeriKKKas Most Wanted* came out, you were hated by the American government—and now you're saving that government in a movie. How do you feel about that?
Well, I started doing records in 1985. The people who loved us when we were doing the NWA stuff were teenagers and twentysomethings. Now those twentysomethings are fortysomethings. The public grew up on Ice Cube. Everything has come full circle.

"OK, who's ready for a hot dog?"

Who are your favorite action stars?
I like the bad guys, like the Mack. I wasn't a *Shaft* man. I was more of a *Superfly* man. Shaft was one of the good guys. Superfly was a cocaine dealer who was trying to get out of the game. I was rooting for him to get away with his crimes.

If you had to pick the next XXX, who would you pick?
Uh, shit...me? Who else would you pick? Who else could play Ice Cube but Ice Cube?

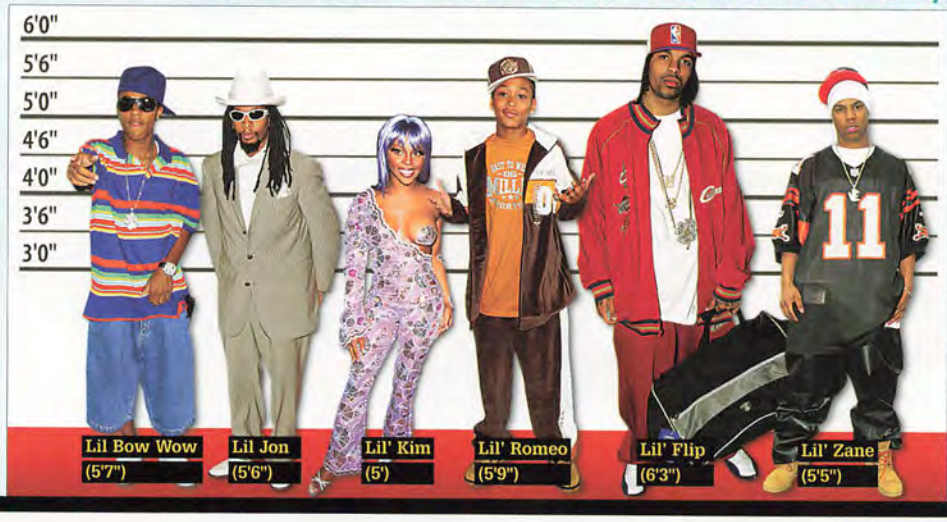
GET THIS!

> **Combined, Ice Cube's movies have grossed more than $660 million in the U.S.**

> SHRINKY DINKS

LIL' LINEUP

Rap's got its share of ice, like Ice Cube, Ice-T, and Vanilla Ice, but since the success of Lil Jon, we've had a veritable pygmy invasion.



Other Lil' rappers (too small to be seen in small print, of course):
Lil' 1/2 Dead, Lil' Blacky, Lil Blunt, Lil' Boosie, Lil Bo Peep, Lil' Cease, Lil Cuete, Lil' Cyco, Lil' E, Lil' Fame, Lil' Flex, Lil Head, Lil Italy, Lil' J, Lil Keke, Lil La La, Lil' Mo, Lil' O, Lil' Raskull, Lil Ric, Lil Rob, Lil' Rowdy, Lil Scrappy, Lil Soldiers, Lil' Troy, Lil Tweety, Lil' Wayne, and Lil Wyte.

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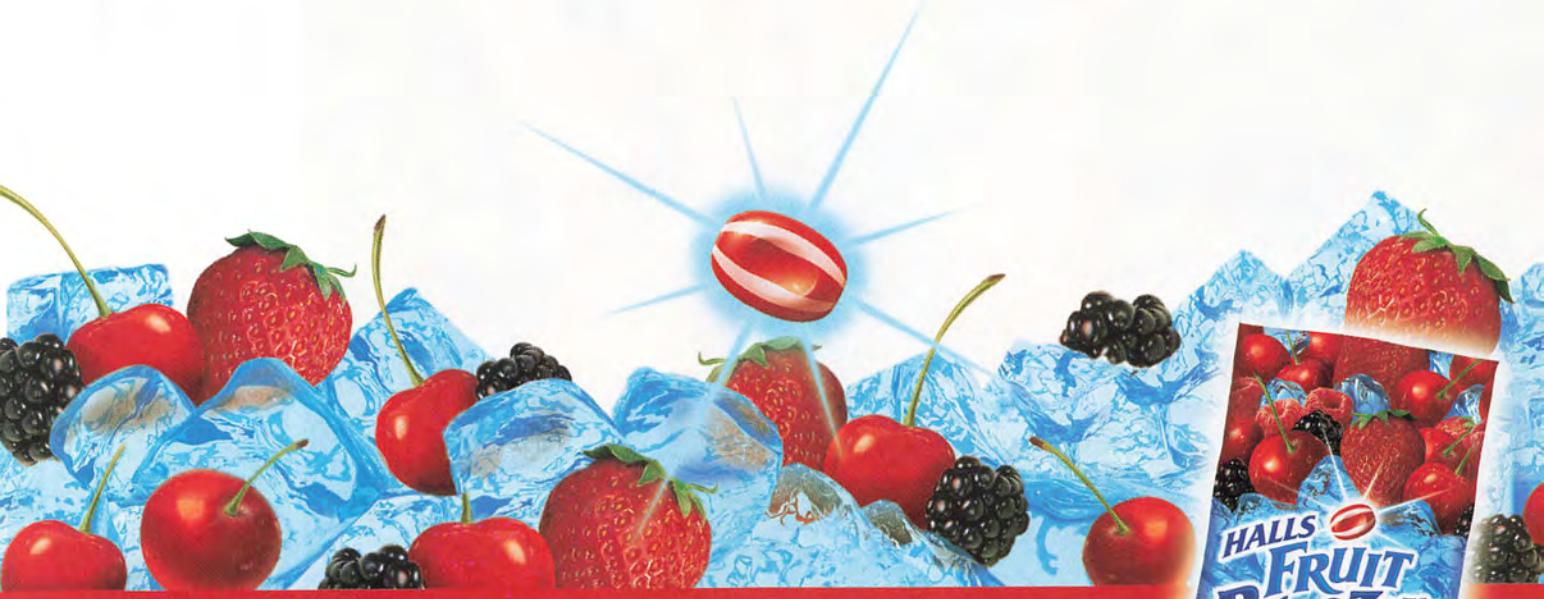

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› 'Comic book fans are interesting, gentle people.'

MAXIM LOUNGE
See more Mandy photos and video at **maximonline.com.**

HAVE YOU SEEN THIS GIRL?

Real name: Mandy Amano
Better known as: "That Pepsi girl from the Super Bowl commercial."
Her story: This Dallas-bred cutie launched 1,000 Web posts with a single appearance dancing in a Pepsi iTunes ad, inspiring nerds from Germany to Japan to create online odes to her beauty. "It's crazy," Mandy says. "I was on-screen for 13 seconds. I guess I owe it all to my Pepsi wiggle." (And what a wiggle it is.) But wait—it gets even better. The Wilhelmina model is a comic book freak, thanks in part to her father, who writes comics and raised Mandy on a steady diet of superheroes. "All my friends' parents had Georgia O'Keeffe on their walls," she says. "We had the X-Men." And on May 7 you can take Mandy home . . . for nothing! To celebrate Free Comic Book Day, stores around the U.S. will be giving away copies of *Ronin Hood,* featuring a character based on Mandy.

HIT IT!
› **Mandy's uncle is Dr. James Beckett, creator of the *Beckett* comic book price guides.**

Photograph, Antoine Verglas; styling, Angelina Jolin; hair, Christophe Saluzzo for cloutieragency.com using Matrix; makeup Agostina for cloutieragency.com using Giorgio Armani Cosmetics

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"White shoes after Labor Day? Get out of the band."

> NEW HOTNESS

RATINGS:

- FLAMETHROWER ★★★★★
- FIREBOMB ★★★★☆
- GAS GRILL ★★★☆☆
- CAN OF STERNO ★★☆☆☆
- WET MATCHES ★☆☆☆☆

HOT HOT HEAT

MAXIM ALBUM OF THE MONTH ★★★★

Elevator (Reprise)

On their last two records, Hot Hot Heat quietly smoldered in the indie underground, but their major label debut should come in asbestos packaging. (It's worth the cancer risk.) No one likes dancing in public, but with this record (and enough beers) you'll be rockin' out to their updated take on that "Wooly Bully" 1960s-era frat rock sound. Clocking in with 14 songs over 38 minutes, *Elevator* is a relentless rockathon with choruses that are anthrax-level infectious, driven by a killer keyboard-and-bass combo and—get this—lyrics you can relate to. Like in "Goodnight Goodnight," a breakup song for anyone who's told his chick to hit the bricks instead of crying about it over an acoustic guitar. Finally, someone told *our* side of that story.

***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★★

GET THIS!

> **Trent Reznor converted a New Orleans funeral parlor into his recording studio.**

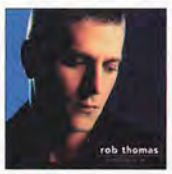
LIKE THIS? TRY THESE

Dogs Die in Hot Cars *Please Describe Yourself* (V2, 2004)

Elvis Costello *This Year's Model* (Rhino, 1978)

> RELEASES MAKING NOISE

OF MONTREAL
The Sunlandic Twins (Polyvinyl)
On their new record, these guys make the Polyphonic Spree look like a pack of depressed cultists. *The Sunlandic Twins* is filled with falsetto vocals, galloping bass lines, and enough pop sweetness to cause tooth decay. Sure, the record feels too long by about three songs, but some tunes (like "The Party's Crashing Us") are so catchy you'll be singing them to your girlfriend in the shower.
★★★★☆



ROB THOMAS
Something to Be
(Atlantic)
If you're short on skeet to shoot, consider picking up Rob Thomas' new record. Much in the same corny white-boy funk-pop spirit of Thomas' collabomination with Santana, *Something to Be* feels all the more intolerable knowing it'll be playing nonstop for the next year on Top 40 radio, in shopping malls . . . and on your mom's stereo.
★☆☆☆☆

NINE INCH NAILS
With Teeth
(Interscope)
Time in New Orleans got to Trent Reznor, judging by the zydeco perkiness on his new record. Just kidding—it's the same ol' Trent. You've got your dark industrial noises, existential lyrics about suffering—and Dave Grohl on drums! In the six years since his last record, *The Fragile*, Trent let everyone else catch up. Now he's taking back what they stole.
★★★★☆

SPOON
Gimme Fiction
(Merge)
Spoon's Britt Daniel is one tense bastard. After four albums of taut, jittery rock, you'd think his nerves would be frayed like an old shoelace, but *Gimme Fiction* yanks them tighter. Daniel yelps, whinnies, and woo-hoos, squeezing out furious guitar licks while keyboards, strings, and drums bring some serious groove. As he puts it on the wiry, potent "Sister Jack," "I can't relax." Let's pray he never switches to decaf.
★★★★☆

REVIEWS IN HAIKU

More new CDs, described in 17 syllables.

THE HOLD STEADY *Separation Sunday* (Frenchkiss) Clever lyrics and/biting sarcasm don't mean/your socks are rocked off.

ROBERT PLANT *Mighty Rearranger* (Sanctuary) Golden-locked rock god/Sucked for so long without Zep/But now much less so.

THE RAVEONETTES *Pretty in Black* (Columbia) If the Ronettes did/Some nasty drugs with Lou Reed,/It might sound this cool.

EELS *Blinking Lights & Other Revelations* (Vagrant) Eight years of hard work:/This moody, sprawling opus/Was worth the effort.

CAESARS *Paper Tigers* (Astralwerks) Their iPod ditty/"Jerk It Out" is better than/the rest of their songs.

NEW ORDER *Waiting for the Sirens' Call* (Warner Bros.) You *love* New Order?/Then you'll like this. Don't know 'em?/Try their greatest hits.

New Order? Well, that's half right

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Blood and Gore
Intense Violence

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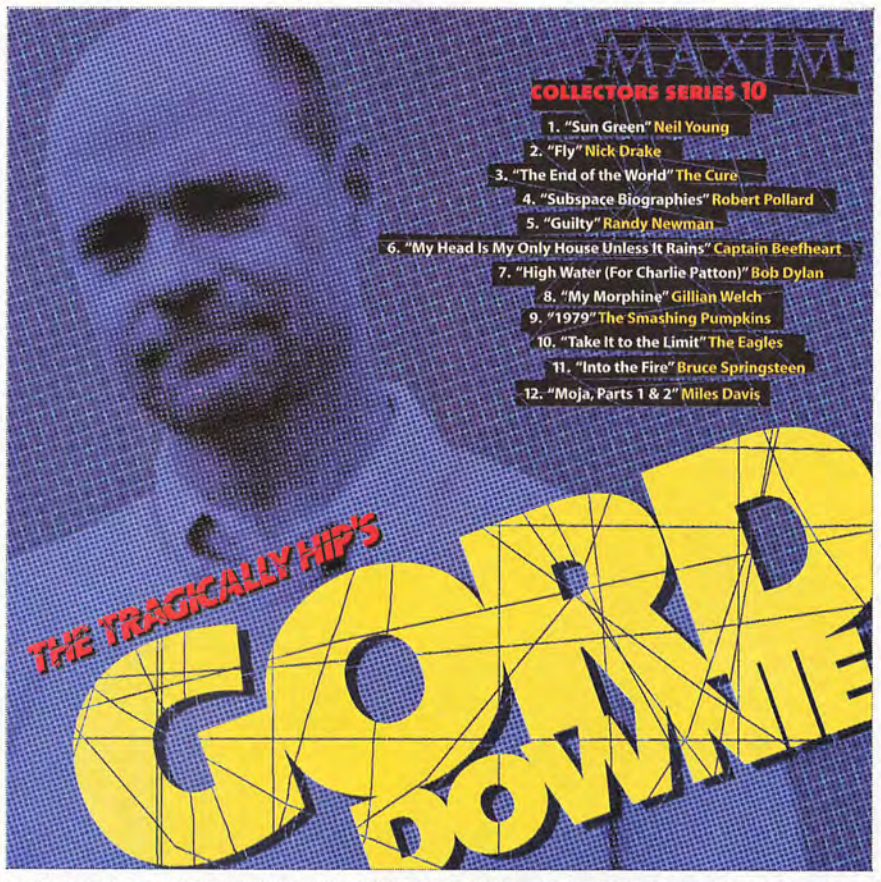
CUT OUT AND KEEP


MAXIM
COLLECTORS SERIES 10
1. "Sun Green" Neil Young
2. "Fly" Nick Drake
3. "The End of the World" The Cure
4. "Subspace Biographies" Robert Pollard
5. "Guilty" Randy Newman
6. "My Head Is My Only House Unless It Rains" Captain Beefheart
7. "High Water (For Charlie Patton)" Bob Dylan
8. "My Morphine" Gillian Welch
9. "1979" The Smashing Pumpkins
10. "Take It to the Limit" The Eagles
11. "Into the Fire" Bruce Springsteen
12. "Moja, Parts 1 & 2" Miles Davis
THE TRAGICALLY HIP'S
GORD DOWNIE

> PRIVATE MIX

GORD DOWNIE'S

BURN THIS!

The Tragically Hip frontman waxes on his favorite tracks.

1. "Sun Green" Neil Young
"I saw Neil lay *Greendale* on Toronto. I was with 18,000 people laughing, crying, witnessing."

2. "Fly" Nick Drake
"A supremely haunting, beautifully singular recording. . . though one might want to think right around this stuff. It can get to you."

3. "The End of the World" The Cure
"Robert Smith has an economy with his words that writers (and lovers) strive for. The Cure are a very heavy band."

4. "Subspace Biographies" Robert Pollard
"Adventurous, funny, ever-instructive, inspiring. Pollard's like that favorite teacher you had."

5. "Guilty" Randy Newman
"The kind of self-loathing you just can't get anymore. Randy Newman has always gone a little further into the emotional frontier than most."

6. "My Head Is My Only House Unless It Rains" Captain Beefheart
"A sweet guitar line frames Van Vliet's resolute proclamations of love, longing, and desire."

7. "High Water" Bob Dylan
"Dylan's voice sounds like one of the elements: a beautiful instrument, timeless and true."

8. "My Morphine" Gillian Welch
"A love's-end song of dreamy dependence and cooling prospects. It's a slow betrayal set in the postwar 'peace' a soldier knows."

9. "1979" The Smashing Pumpkins
"Every time I hear this, I really love it. The 'We don't even care' chorus makes a strangely uplifting, portable malaise."

10. "Take It to the Limit" The Eagles
"I almost collapsed in line at a liquor store when I heard this. It hit me so hard that I shudder to think where I'll be and what I'll be doing when I hear it again. Hopefully, not driving a bulldozer."

11. "Into the Fire" Bruce Springsteen
"A hymn for gone, guileless heroes and those left waiting, stuck in a darkly nurtured dream."

12. "Moja, Parts 1 & 2" Miles Davis
"This is live from Carnegie Hall. It rocks so hard, so insistently, that it almost creates a vacuum."

GET THIS!
> Downie's godfather is Harry Sinden, president of the Boston Bruins.

> 10 GALLONS OF FUN!

AMERICAN HAT DANCE

They've got the lowdown, boogie-woogie, honky-tonk blues. . . and no hats. Match 'em up!

☐ Garth Brooks

A Scala "Outback"

☐ Tim McGraw

B Stetson "Rancher"

☐ Kenny Chesney

C Stetson "Carson"

☐ Alan Jackson

D Stetson "Tyler"

☐ Toby Keith

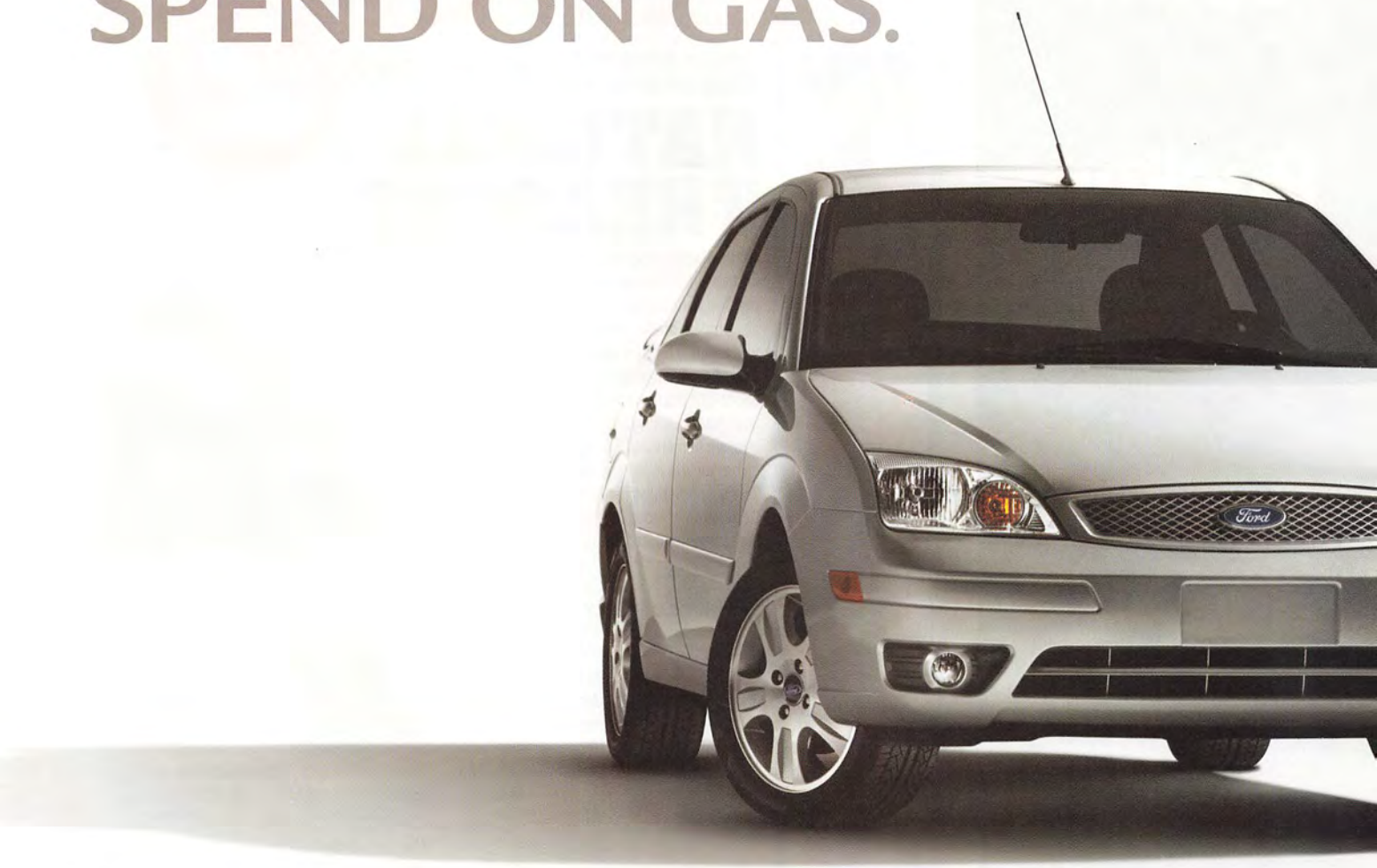
E Palm leaf cattleman

☐ Clint Black

F Black shantung hat

Answers: Garth Brooks, D; Tim McGraw, F; Kenny Chesney, E; Alan Jackson, B; Toby Keith, A; Clint Black, C.

ONCE SHE'S GONE, YOU'LL HAVE MORE MONEY TO SPEND ON GAS.



2.3-liter engine. Performance-tuned suspension.
100,000-Mile/5-Year Powertrain Coverage.*
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THE FOCUS ST. IT BEGS TO BE DRIVEN.

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FOCUS
Built for the road ahead.

fordvehicles.com

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Chow down.

Pucker up.

BREATH DEFYING

Movie:

Special features:

MAXIM FIND THAT BOOTY!

> WORTH WATCHING

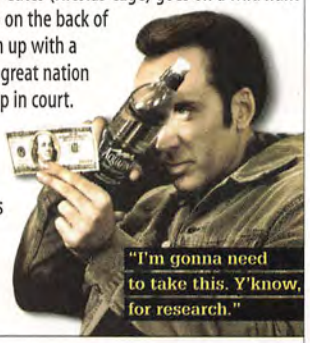
NATIONAL TREASURE

Release Date: May 3

After discovering clues on a dollar bill, Benjamin Franklin Gates (Nicolas Cage) goes on a wild hunt for treasure hidden by the Founding Fathers, who left a map on the back of the Declaration of Independence. Naturally, Gates must team up with a government official (Diane Kruger), steal the document this great nation was founded on, and take home the loot. Yeah, that'll hold up in court.

Extra! While enjoyable, the movie was as predictable as a dot-to-dot puzzle. Thankfully, the extras are a bounty of goodness, including a mini-documentary on real-life treasure hunters and a feature on cryptography—and that's *before* you get to the standard extras.

Trivia: Something really *is* written on the back of the Declaration of Independence: "Original Declaration of Independence dated 4th July 1776."


"I'm gonna need to take this. Y'know, for research."

> ALSO PLAYING

KINSEY

Out: May 3

This biopic of the pioneering sex researcher features a stellar cast, including Liam Neeson as Dr. Alfred Kinsey. Moving, sure—but about as much fun as a sex ed unit in health class.

***Maxim* rating:**

OCEAN'S TWELVE

Out: April 12

They spent $110 million to send a fleet of big-name actors to Europe to make a sequel to *Ocean's Eleven*. . . where they had such a blast they forgot to make an actual *movie.*

***Maxim* rating:**

HOUSE OF FLYING DAGGERS

Out: April 19

If "ninjitsu rhythmic gymnastics" were an Olympic sport, then Ziyi Zhang's character in this artsy chopsocky flick would be the gold medalist.

***Maxim* rating:**

THE STEVE McQUEEN GIFT SET

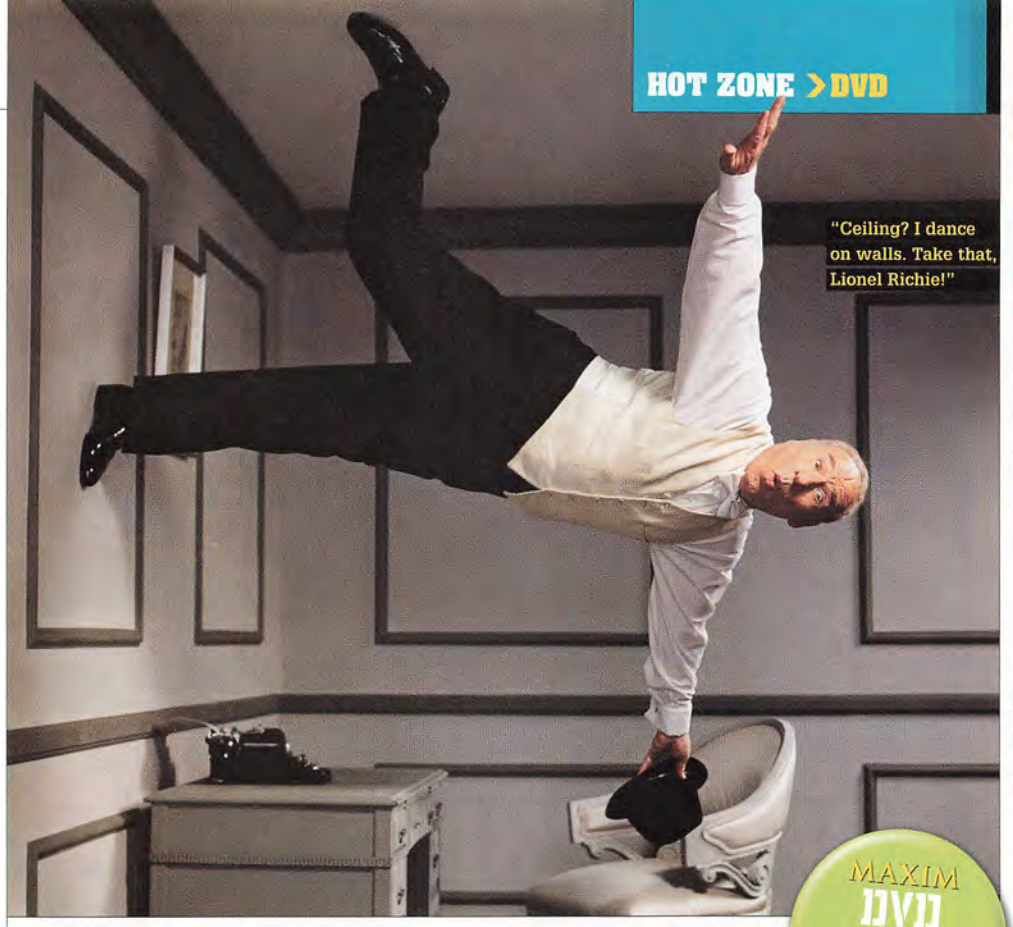
Out: May 17

His last name was McQueen, but he was the ultimate man. Evidence: *The Great Escape, The Magnificent Seven, Junior Bonner,* and *The Thomas Crown Affair.*

***Maxim* rating:**

GET THIS!

> **Steve McQueen was on Charles Manson's list of people he wanted to kill.**



"Ceiling? I dance on walls. Take that, Lionel Richie!"

MAXIM DVD OF THE MONTH

> USE THE SCHWARTZ!

HIGHWAY TO MEL

A long time ago (OK, 18 years), in a galaxy far, far away, Mel Brooks' comedy classic Spaceballs *hit theaters. This month it comes out in a two-disc collector's edition DVD.*

What's it like to look back on *Spaceballs*?
It's been, what, 30 years, 50 years? I'm amazed that it's still funny—and still works as a little fairy tale in space about a ne'er-do-well bum who flies around in a beat-up old space Winnebago, marries a princess, and they live happily ever after... You know, *Spaceballs II* should really be about the divorce.

The special effects hold up well, too. You didn't just use a tennis ball and a string...
I didn't want to get sued by George Lucas. But Industrial Light & Magic did a lot of the special effects and all our postproduction, including the music mix.

So George Lucas worked on a movie making fun of George Lucas?
Yeah! He loved it. He said, "It's really hysterically funny, but it's also touching."

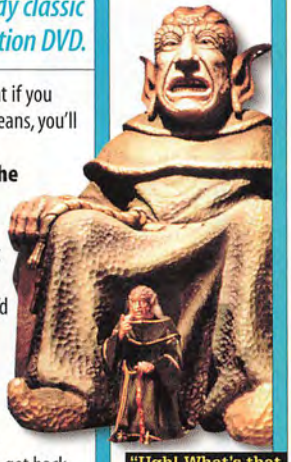
Didn't you have an allergic reaction to the makeup used to turn you into Yogurt?
My skin broke out from all the gold! Ha! I guess I'm allergic to gold. I hated putting on that green-gold makeup every day. And my eyes turned red from the makeup used to make them Paul Newman blue.

That must've been a fun day on the set.
Yeah, I was on my knees and had these little gold shoes sewn to my costumes that kept going the wrong way, so I hid them with my little green skirt. The whole thing bothered me personally.

How do you think your movies hold up to today's satires?
I don't know if *Blazing Saddles* could press the same buttons today. Do the kids know that if you swill black coffee and eat a lot of baked beans, you'll fart?

If they don't, they'll have to learn the hard way. So what is this about a *Spaceballs* television show?
There's an animated *Spaceballs* TV concept in the works. I told them I'll be happy to look over the scripts and do some voices. I'd love to play President Skroob—he's the perfect president—or Yogurt, the sweet little spiritual, magical man.

Hey, no need for makeup!
I'm crazy. I'm liable to get into that makeup again when I record the voice—just to get back into the character. OK, now *that* would be stupid.



"Ugh! What's that awful smell?"

> SPACEBALLS: THE REVIEW

SPACEBALLS COLLECTOR'S EDITION
Out: May 3
With more one-liners than a Catskills comedian, *Spaceballs* is a classic satire that makes space-kebabs out of *Star Wars*. (And if you haven't seen it yet—what's *wrong* with you?) Sadly, this DVD set doesn't include *Spaceballs: The Flamethrower*, but it has so many extras you'll know more about the movie than Mel Brooks does.
***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★★

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Eat risky.

Get frisky.

BREATH DEFYING

FRUITY COCKTAIL?

Parrot Bay Breeze

1 1/2 oz. Captain Morgan's Parrot Bay Coconut Flavored Rum

2 oz. pineapple juice

2 oz. cranberry juice

Combine in a glass over ice. Stir well.

Pineapple Cosmo

1 1/2 oz. Captain Morgan's Parrot Bay Pineapple Flavored Rum

1 1/2 oz. cranberry juice

1 squeeze of lime

Combine ingredients in mixing tin with ice. Shake vigorously. Strain into martini glass.

Mango Madras

1 1/2 oz. Captain Morgan's Parrot Bay Mango Flavored Rum

2 oz. cranberry juice

2 oz. orange juice

Shake over ice. Pour into glass.

Captain Morgan's PARROT BAY

SINCE 1548 RUMS of PUERTO RICO

RUM CAPITAL OF THE WORLD

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"No, it isn't Grandpa... Guess again!"

GAME ON!

TOM CLANCY'S SPLINTER CELL: CHAOS THEORY

MAXIM TOP PLAY!

"I'm Larry from Domino's. Your pizza's ready!"

Ubisoft [PS2, Xbox, GameCube, PC]
It's 2007, Japan is engaging in information warfare, and it's up to you to save the world. (Again.) The latest edition in Clancy's stealth gaming series has enough gadgets to give Q a chubby, like thermoptic camouflage suits that make you invisible, electronic jamming doohickeys, and heartbeat detectors. All the classic lone-wolf solo adventures are there, but the multiplayer co-op and adversarial modes let you decide whether to help your friends or screw 'em. (Screw 'em!)
The trick is to stay unseen and unheard, which is why there are no girlfriends in the game. A handy noise meter lets you know when you're causing too much of a ruckus, spoiling your chances to snap someone's neck. (Sing it with us now: "The sound of silence...") And with the headset functionality, you can taunt your friends before you kill them. Need we say more?
***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★★

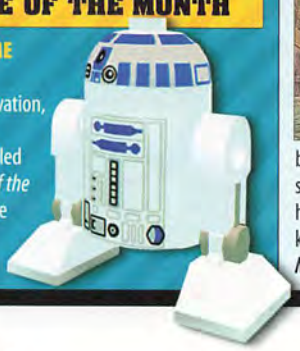
BLIPS ON THE SCREEN

EMPIRE EARTH II
Sierra [PC]
Everybody wants to rule the world, but only you can subjugate it. (And perhaps kill Tears for Fears for writing that damn song.) Control 16 civilizations, build robot armies, and battle through the ages. Extensive online multiplayer options make it one for the history books.
***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★½

JADE EMPIRE
Microsoft [Xbox]
Ancient Chinese secret: You don't have to be a chronic masturbator to master *The Way of the Exploding Fist.* Instead, create a character and immerse yourself in an epic adventure where martial artists mete out justice with swords, spells, and spinning kicks. *Kii-yai!*
***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★½

WEIRDEST GAME OF THE MONTH

LEGO STAR WARS: THE VIDEO GAME
Eidos [PS2, Xbox, PC]
In the latest cracked-out fan-boy innovation, Eidos' game tells the tale of *Star Wars* Episodes I through III in a Legoverse filled with cylindrical blockheads. *Revenge of the Sith* just won't be the same once you've kicked ass with a plastic Chewbacca.
***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★★



RED NINJA: END OF HONOR
Vivendi Universal [PS2, Xbox]
Sashay through shadows as Kurenai, who seduces guards before slitting their throats. The camera system sucks, but it always manages to show her panties peeking out from under that red kimono. Coincidence? Who cares!
***Maxim* rating:** ★★★½

THE PARROT IS CALLING

Drink Responsibly-
Captain's Orders!

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MAXIM BOOK OF THE MONTH

HURT WORDS

HAUNTED

By Chuck Palahniuk (Doubleday, $25)

How's this for an opener? The first story in *Haunted,* the new book from *Fight Club* scribe Chuck Palahniuk, is about a teenage boy who masturbates while sitting on the suction pump at the bottom of his family's pool. Naturally, this underwater onanism goes horribly wrong, and by the time the story sorts out the franks from the beans, you'll either be laughing or vomiting. (Or some of both, given that audiences have been fainting at readings of the book.) And so *Haunted*'s 23 stories unfold like a game of "can you top this?"—a slow descent into murder, rape, self-mutilation, and torture. When this vile thrill ride lurches to a halt, you'll feel slightly ill and oddly satisfied—like when you look down your best friend's mom's shirt.

***Maxim* rating:** ★★★★★

READING IS FUNDAMENTAL

CHUCK ON UPCHUCK

Palahniuk's new book hasn't just left 'em rolling in the aisles—it's left 'em puking, passing out, and heading to the hospital. He gives us the lowdown.

What's the deal with all these people fainting? Is that marketing bullshit?
Oh, it's true. A total of 67 people have passed out while I was reading the story "Guts." Seriously. The most recent one was in Boulder, Colorado. A guy fell and banged his head on the floor and started bleeding. An ambulance came and took him off.

Don't you worry about lawsuits?
People send me their emergency room papers, and I just autograph them and send them back. People get a kick out of it. At one reading this one guy actually started breathing in his own vomit. Two people at Columbia University passed out, and one started making these terrible animal sounds on the floor. We had to call the medics on that one too.

Chuck loves hugs, kitties, and bile

You don't feel bad about this, do you?
Oh, no. It makes reading such a joy. There's nothing worse than being up there reading something that doesn't work. It's funny, because people laugh so much at the beginning of a story, and then the second half comes and they're just *sick.* By the end they're euphoric that they've survived this ordeal. I'm not even the one who's doing the best job. In Italy they hired an actor to read it in Italian, and he had six people go down in Milan.

What *can't* that Roberto Benigni do? Maybe you should warn people?
I did—and people were still fainting. There's a history of people fainting during readings. People used to faint when Charles Dickens read the strangulation scene of *Oliver Twist.* People would pass out when John Irving read the kitchen table abortion scene from *The Cider House Rules.* I'm not sure if a warning helps or hurts.

Did you intend for this to happen?
No, but it's a vile jewel, isn't it? I wanted to do a collection of stories that Edgar Allan Poe would address—the unacknowledged horrors of everyday lives. I'd be writing, and I'd think, Let's see them make *this* into a movie. Movies are easy, but with books you can go places that no other medium can. It's chickenshit if you don't go to those places. You might as well just do a Lifetime TV movie.

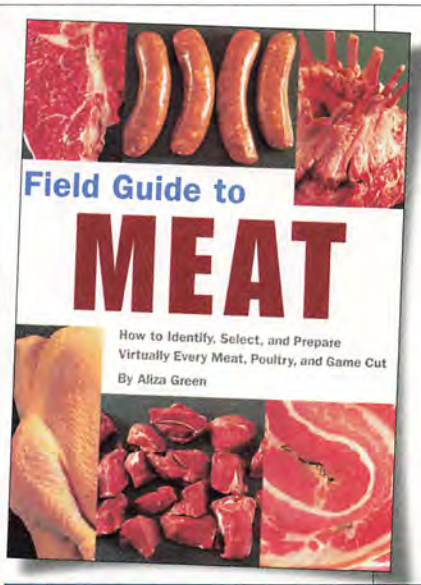
You certainly go there—a guy chokes and dies on someone else's severed penis. Are you just trying to gross us out?
My readership wants an intense amount of action and plot points and sensation; they don't want a lull. I get complaints when I pause to draw a breath in my books. My readers want the same sensation from my books that they get from a video game or a movie. I have to compete with those diversions.

Oh, admit it. You get a kick out of it.
I do it for them, but I also do it for me. I have a fantastically low level of boredom. To keep my interest through all the different rewrites, I keep pumping it up to stay invested.

Thank you for not making us pass out.
You're welcome.—*Will Leitch*

GET THIS!

> Until 1998 Palahniuk was a diesel mechanic at Freightliner Trucks.



MYSTERIOUS MEATS

FLESH PARADE

Spam ain't scary. Try these extreme edibles from the *Field Guide to Meat.*

TRIPE
It's not: A crunked-out gangsta rapper.
It *is*: A cow's stomach lining.

SWEETBREAD
It's not: Sweet. Or bready, for that matter.
It *is*: Random animal thymus glands.

SCRAPPLE
It's not: A mystery-solving cartoon dog.
It *is*: Scraps. Like animal face parts.

CAUL
It's not: A tool you'd find in a kitchen.
It *is*: The lacy fat lining a pig's stomach.

HEAD CHEESE
It's not: Cheese. It's absolutely not cheese.
It *is*: Basically, animal head-flavored Jell-O.

ELK PIZZLE
It's not: Something Snoop Dogg would say.
It *is*: An elk's penis. OK? Are you happy?

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Baseball. Down to the smallest details. Welcome to MLB® 2006, where an arsenal of new features like Play Maker Fielding, Release Point Pitching and enhanced Franchise Mode quickly separate the pros from the pretenders. Not to mention the only Career Mode where you can control your destiny by negotiating your salary or demanding a trade to an October contender. MLB 2006. Nothing is more true to the game.

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TAKEN IDENTITY

Identity fraud is the fastest-growing crime in America. . . and you could be next.

HOW YOU GET TAKEN: TRICKS OF THE TRADE

1 SKIMMING Your waiter swipes your credit card through a reader that looks like a Palm Pilot (about $175 online). But it's a skimmer, and it just recorded everything he needs to get the best tip of his life.
Don't get burned: Keep tabs on your credit card statements. Thankfully, most companies put low limits on your liability for unauthorized use of your credit cards.

2 SHOULDER SURFING You line up at an ATM or type a credit card number into a pay phone, barely noticing the man yapping nearby on his cell. He's using the camera in the phone to record your digits, and his video of you is worth more than any Paris Hilton sex tape.
Don't get burned: Be more paranoid than Howard Hughes whenever entering your PIN at an ATM.

3 PHISHING You get an e-mail from a respected company that says your account will be canceled. You follow a link to what looks like a genuine Web site and provide info to avoid losing service. Hit "Send" and some bastard will take your credit rating for a ride.
Don't get burned: Big companies never ask for account information over the Web. Call them instead.

4 PAPER CHASE Some guy pilfers trash cans and mailboxes with the flag up. Jackpot! He's got your pay stubs, credit card payments, and all your vital bank information. Just to see what he can get, he files a change-of-address card for you.
Don't get burned: Shred important paperwork and pay bills online. When you go away, call the post office to hold your mail.

5 PRETEXT CALLING Pretending to be a landlord checking you out, the scammer dials up your credit history. Now he has enough information to rack up credit in your name.
Don't get burned: Check your credit rating with regular reports. Thanks to a new law, you'll soon be entitled to a free report each year. Also, get yourself on the credit bureaus' opt-out lists.

IMPORTANT CONTACTS For credit reports: equifax.com; expedian.com; transunion.com; annualcreditreport.com. To opt out of preapproved credit cards: 888-5-OPTOUT.

BY PAUL BIBEAU ILLUSTRATIONS BY COJO, ARTSUCKS.COM

STOP THE BLEEDING

WHAT TO DO IF IT HAPPENS TO YOU

Our advice: Don't play pocket pool with strangers

CHECK THE DAMAGE

First call SCAN. They collect info about checks that aren't approved for payment, and they'll be able to help you determine if a thief has been passing bum checks in your name. Then, to further secure your accounts, call your bank and the major check verification companies: TeleCheck and Certegy.

SOUND THE ALARM

Put a fraud alert on your credit report. Call one of the big credit report companies and the other two will be notified automatically. Then keep ordering credit reports just to double-check. Close out any credit card or bank accounts the bad guys got to, and fill out a fraud dispute form or send them an I.D. theft affidavit from ftc.gov.

CALL THE FEDS

The Federal Trade Commission doesn't just hogtie corporations for cheating the public; they're also responsible for compiling information about identity theft. Be sure to file a report with them. Then alert the Social Security folks to safeguard your dwindling retirement funds, and call the IRS to find out if the dirtbag used you to dodge taxes. If someone has diverted your mail, contact the U.S. Postal Inspection Service. Finally, file a report with the SEC if you think your securities or brokerage accounts have been tapped.

FILE A REPORT

Local cops might argue that they can't take one, but make them; you need a police report to prove you're not a deadbeat. If they tell you identity theft isn't a crime in your state, ask for a miscellaneous incident report, and get them to search the FTC's Consumer Sentinel database for complaints similar to your own. You could also file an impersonation report and have the police confirm your identity by taking your picture and prints. Also, call the local DA's office and check for your name in criminal records. Once the cops have verified who you are, the schmuck who stole your name should be listed under his real name or as John Doe. This presumes, of course, that you're an upstanding member of society. If you aren't, you might consider "disappearing" for a long while.

THE UGLY THINGS THEY'LL DO WITH YOUR I.D.

6 SPENDING SPREE It's easy for a good con artist to drain your savings or buy a car on your credit. A teenager was recently accused of raiding mailboxes in his area and using the info to issue himself credit cards in his neighbors' names. **How you'll find out:** You apply for an auto loan or a mortgage, and your credit rating makes the bank show you to the door.

7 CLEARANCE SALE When the thieves sell your info to a large operation, the trouble really starts. In 2001, Taiwanese police seized more than 60,000 forged credit cards. The ring churned them out at a rate of one every 10 minutes and sold them on the street for about $300 each. **How you'll find out:** Collection agents put you on their holiday card list.

8 FRAME-UP If an I.D. thief is involved in other criminal stuff, he'll gladly give your name to the cops if arrested and skip out on the court date. Recently, a woman investigated on domestic terror charges used a false identity to trick authorities. **How you'll find out:** Her victim didn't hear about it until the FBI showed up at her door. Pack your bags for a trip to Cuba!

9 BIG SCORE Two years ago thugs broke into a Phoenix health care company used by the U.S. Department of Defense. They stole computers containing vital information on half a million military personnel and their families. More than 63,000 victims sent fraud alerts to their credit bureaus. **How you'll find out:** Your hospital bills you for a lovely set of new knockers.

10 INSIDE JOB A New Yorker who worked as a help-desk clerk for a company that had access to information at major credit bureaus sold client information to accomplices, who made dummy credit cards with the victims' names. **How you'll find out:** Your new Triple Platinum Visa is not only approved but pretested. You get the statement to prove it.

Check verification companies: SCAN, 800-262-7771; TeleCheck, 800-710-9898; Certegy, 800-437-5120. FTC: consumer.gov/idtheft. Social Security: 800-269-0271. IRS: 800-829-0433.

BIKINI BRIEF

Known as God's gift to a yellow bikini in *Son of the Beach,* Leila Arcieri plays your typical "kidnapper with a heart of gold" in the upcoming *King's Ransom*. Where can we sign up to be a hostage?

BY ERIC ALT PHOTOGRAPHS BY WILLY CAMDEN

So who exactly is the lucky guy shackled up in *King's Ransom*?
We kidnap Anthony Anderson, who plays Malcolm King. We have a group—there are three of us—and we're kind of a comedy Charlie's Angels. I'm the only one in the group with any kind of moral standards.
Ah, the weak link.
No, no . . . just the only one with a conscience.
Since you guys are in the Charlie's Angels mold, do you have any special skills?
My character is actually a Bible-toting freak. So I guess my skill is . . . um . . . I don't know.
Prayer?
Yeah, praying! I have a nice distraction technique, though—I usually have a lot of cleavage showing. Because, of course, most Bible-toting women do.
You also have a movie coming out called *A Perfect Fit*. Tell us it's not about shoes.
A Perfect Fit is much more dramatic. I play a lonely woman living in New York and looking to find the man of her dreams. One of her friends suggests she try online dating, and she meets this guy who is the perfect man . . . at first. Like all men are. Later in the film we find out he's got some very deep psychological issues.

'I have a nice distraction technique, which is to show a lot of cleavage.'

As all men do. In addition to movies, you have a recurring role on the UPN series *Kevin Hill*.
Yeah, I play Monroe McManus, who is essentially *Kevin Hill*'s Mr. Big—like the character on *Sex and the City*.
Doing *Son of the Beach* meant you got to be on *The Howard Stern Show* a lot. What was the strangest thing he made you do? Toss a dwarf? Talk to Fred?
The craziest thing that ever happened with Howard was . . . we had dinner. Nobu sent, like, eight bags of food up to his apartment in New York. Oh, let me tell you that his bachelor pad is fantastic. He's got the views of God.
What was the best part of making *Beach*?
There was this scene where Jamie Bergman and I had to oil-wrestle! I can't tell you how much fun oil-wrestling is!
Yes, yes you can. You can tell us slowly.
They put us on this platform. We were on the beach, so the platform was sloped, and we ▶

GREAT TASTE.
LESS FILLING.
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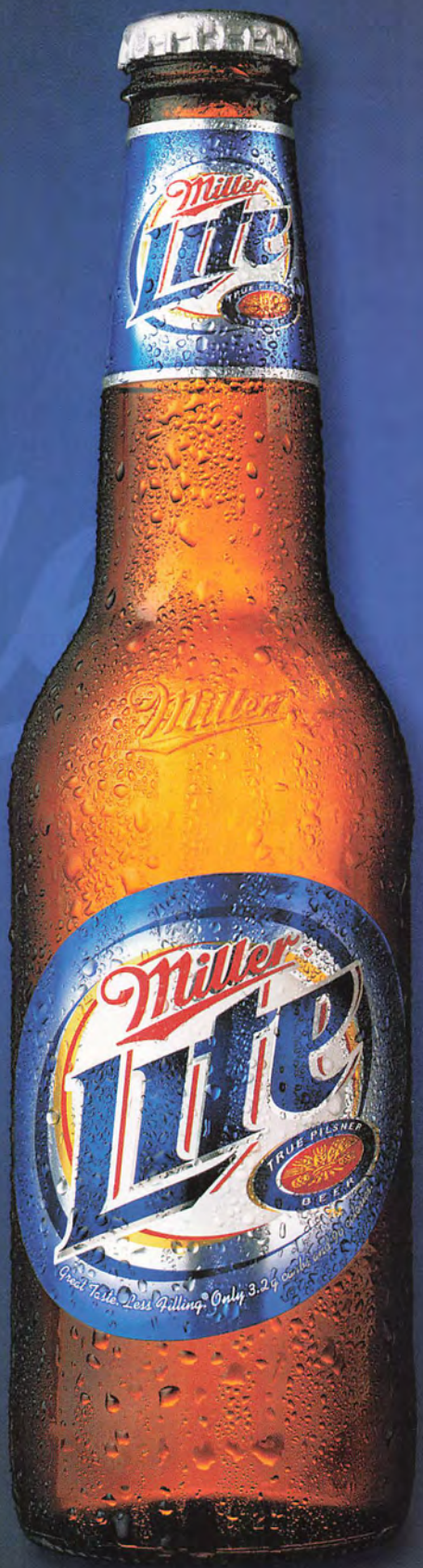
BEFORE, DURING AND AFTER
THE CARB CRAZE.



Great Taste. Less Filling.

Miller Good call.

Live Responsibly Miller

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were sliding and slipping. They never got more than three seconds' worth of straight faces because we were laughing so much.

You're also a former Miss San Francisco.
That was a fluke that I even did that. I'm not a pageant girl at all.

So no catfight stories?
I was a cheerleader in junior high. We used to fight all the time about routines.

You hail from Northern California. Any advice for guys on selecting a good wine?
If you go out to a fancy restaurant and want to impress a woman, when she gets up to go to the

'I had to oil-wrestle. I can't tell you how much fun oil-wrestling is!'

bathroom, ask the sommelier to suggest a wine for you and give you some catch phrases to spout out at the appropriate time.

Does wine knowledge impress you?
I like men who know things about things. So it would be a bonus if he knew about wine.

How do you deal with guys who, let's say, don't impress you?
I give them a little "La-La."

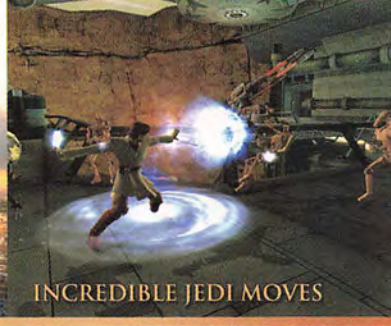
That sounds like a reward rather than a punishment.
La-La's what my friends and I call this one part of my personality. There's Leila, who's fun and nice to everybody—we like her. But La-La is the one who'll say things you want to say but don't.

Is there any indication when La-La's about to come out? Flaring nostrils? Bat wings?
I get a little louder and a little more brash. And funnier, at least to me. Much more entertaining.

What are you trying to say?
Do not mess with La-La! M

THE MAXIM LOUNGE
See exclusive Leila video and photos at **maximonline.com.**

Styling, Karen Shapiro; hair, Christophe Saluzzo for cloutieragency.com using Matrix; props, Kyle Kannenberg; makeup, Gina B



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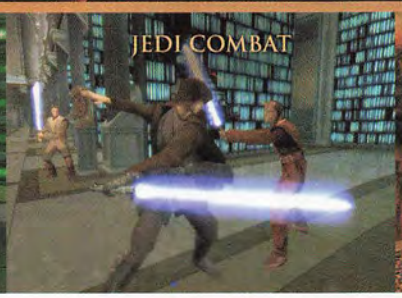

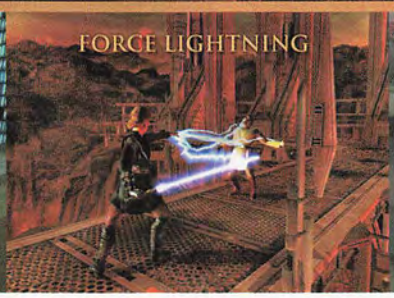

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I'm the college kid who bought new rims instead of a new computer.

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MAXIM'S ULTIMATE VACATION GUIDE FOR HOME AND ABROAD

Some vacationers are passport-waving globetrotters; others take the credo "America rules" to heart. Either way, we've gone cross-country and around the globe to find the primo destinations.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DONALD MILLER

"That's OK, I'll spike my own drink, thanks."

NIGHTCLUBBING

INSIDE: MIAMI BEACH

You know you're in a party town when an event hosted by Miami Heat cheerleaders is the night's third-best bash. So it goes in Miami, where the hoi polloi (that means you) hone velvet-rope skills at clubs that don't close till 6 A.M. Opium Garden (136 Collins Ave.; 305-531-5535) and B.E.D. (929 Washington Ave.; 305-532-9070) rock, and if you hit Crobar (1445 Washington Ave.; 305-672-8084), check the party in the bathrooms. Hey, we don't know nothin'.

She didn't know the trombone was rabid

OUTSIDE: RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL

If America's party scene has a failing, it's the lack of nightclubs near topless beaches filled with sizzling South Americans. Fortunately, Rio's disco drag along Avenida Atlantica is a plane hop away. After tanning hours are over, the brightest lights come from "the greatest disco in the world," Discoteca Help (Copacabana Beach, near Othon Palace). The throbbing fleshpot's dance floor is mobbed with tourist girls gone wild and voluptuous "independent women" eager to meet out-of-towners.

SCUBA DIVING

INSIDE: FLOWER GARDEN BANKS, TEXAS

Most underrated shark and Spider-Man villain? Hands-down, the Hammerhead. Run like hell from the latter, but the former is surprisingly docile, at least during its annual January-April schooling at Flower Garden Banks National Marine Sanctuary (979-846-5942). In the summer months, whale sharks patrol this northernmost coral reef in the Gulf of Mexico, 105 miles off the Texas coast. Austin-based Tom's Dive & Swim (512-451-3425) runs two-day trips for $388. See, you're not such a pussy after all.

In Jellyfish Lake, millions of stingless jellyfish swarm like friendly silicone implants.

OUTSIDE: KOROR, PALAU

At the crossroads of three major ocean currents, the world beneath the 343-island nation of Palau is a tropical acid trip—1,300 species of fish, 700 types of coral, and a massive collection of WWII wrecks. And you won't need a wet suit to immerse yourself in Jellyfish Lake, a landlocked marine lake where millions of stingless jellyfish swarm like friendly silicone implants. Sadly, everything returns to normal once you leave. Sam's Tours (+680 488-1062) will take you there and get you back.

"Omigod, is that Corey Feldman?"

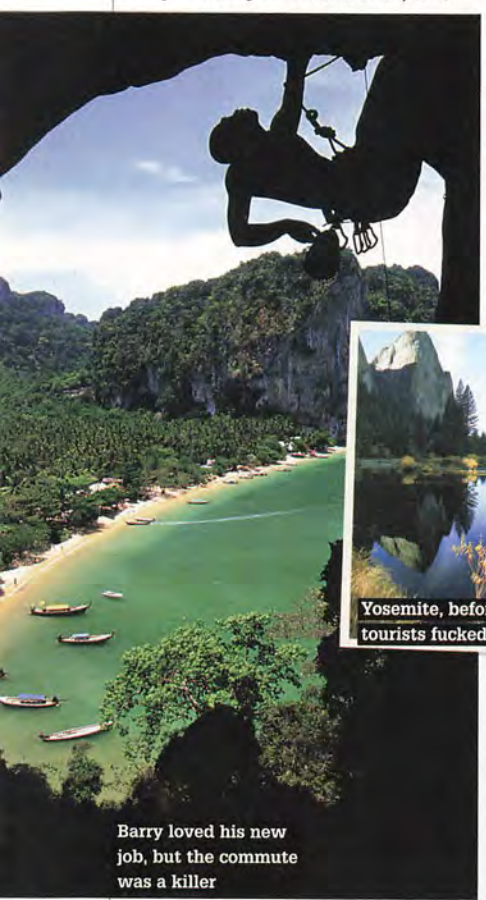
CLIMBING

INSIDE: YOSEMITE NATIONAL PARK, CA

Modern rock climbing was practically invented on the fear factor granite faces of Yosemite (nps.gov/yose/). Nothing says death wish like scaling Half Dome and El Capitan. Drop your bivi sack among the boulder fields, ponderosa pines, and hardcore climbers who populate the 10-acre Camp 4, historic HQ for the badasses who invented the techniques that helped make the sport famous during the post-WWII golden years of rock climbing—when men like Yvon Chovihard (who later created the Patagonia brand) built climbing tools on an anvil at the base of the mountain.

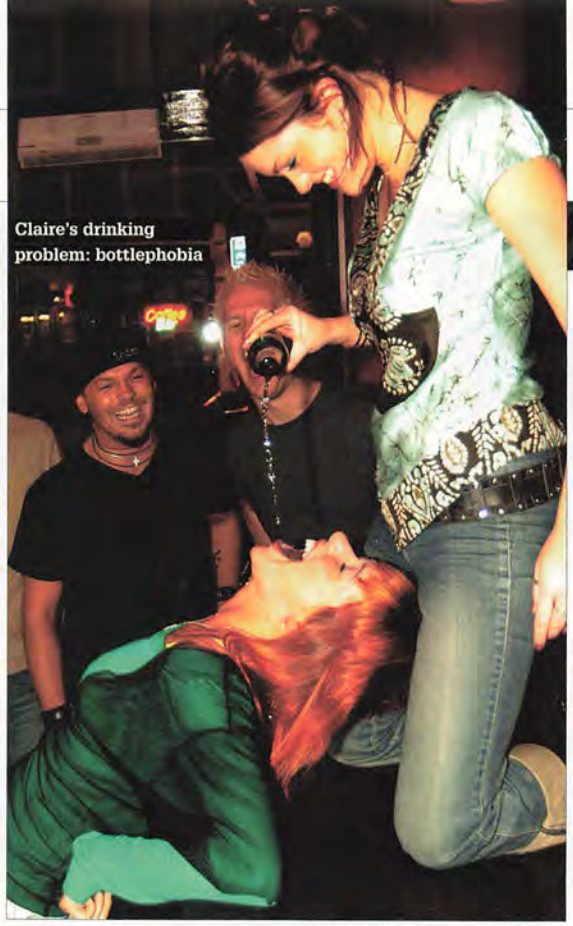
OUTSIDE: KRABI, THAILAND

The best part about Krabi's legendary Railay area? Is it the surreal limestone cliffs, stalactites over the crystal-clear Andaman Sea, or pock-marked walls that look like the side of Edward James Olmos' face? Is it the 650 bolted sport-climbing routes ranging from beginner 5a's to insane 8c's? Is it the gorgeous Thai women who can watch you plunge to your death? All of the above. Come for the climbing and stay for the reliable 80-degree temperatures, urine-like Singha beer, and first-rate guides. (King Climbers, info@railay.com)



Barry loved his new job, but the commute was a killer

Yosemite, before tourists fucked it up



Claire's drinking problem: bottlephobia

DRINKING

INSIDE: NEW ORLEANS

How can you *not* love this zydeco maze of bars, phenomenal live music, and plates of greasy grub? Heck, you don't even have to yell "show us your tits"—the year-round humidity practically forces women to doff their halter tops. After the obligatory stop to Pat O'Brien's (718 St. Peter St.; 504-525-4823) for hometown Hurricanes, knock over some tourists en route to Harper's R&B Club (617 Bourbon St.; 504-523-7588) for some serious boozin'. Just remember to save some singles for the titty bars.

OUTSIDE: LONDON, ENGLAND

There are 3,500 bars in London, and if you want to hit 'em all you'll have to get an early start—they close by 11 P.M. No worries. It's a mere choob ride to all-night clubs like 24,000-square-foot Fabric (77a Charterhouse St.; +44 020-7336-8898), whose trademark (outside of nubile raver chicks) is a "sonic dance floor," which vibrates with bass so heavy it can loosen dental work.

There are 3,500 bars in London, so you'd better get an early start—they close by 11 P.M.

GOLFING

INSIDE: BARNSLEY GARDENS RESORT, ADAIRSVILLE, GEORGIA

The trouble with kick-ass courses like Pebble Beach is that they kick your ass—in full view of the dozen people waiting to tee off. Problem solved by "the General," with the most impressive par 3s in the South, carved out of the lush Blue Ridge Mountains. Which ain't to suggest that the General's easy—just a stand-up friend to the privileged few who know him well. Greens fees run $100 in the peak season and $75 in the off-season at Barnsley Gardens Resort (877-773-2447).

OUTSIDE: ST. ANDREWS, SCOTLAND

Obvious pick? Sure. But nothing beats the bragging rights that come with draining a birdie putt on the Old Course at St. Andrews (+44 01334-466666; $215/$150 in summer/winter). The 370-yard first hole at golf's 600-year-old shrine has been called the most intimidating opening drive in golf. Since there's no sense hauling your bag all the way to a country the size of South Carolina (but with 500-plus courses, stranger accents, and better hooch), Golf International (800-833-1389) will supply clubs and a caddie for your tour of the top links.

A treadmill for fat executives

"Outta the way! I was cloned first."

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THE NEW LONGER LASTING AXE EFFECT.

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GAMBLING

INSIDE: LAS VEGAS

You can play slots anywhere, but the original boulevard of broken dreams and show girl sex remains the Vegas Strip, which packs 30 million visitors a year onto open-container-friendly streets. After your epic stand on the blackjack tables at New York-New York Hotel & Casino (3790 Las Vegas Blvd. S.; 888-696-9887), where better to blow your last $20 than the mission-control-style sports book at Caesars Palace (3570 Las Vegas Blvd. S.; 877-427-7243).

OUTSIDE: MONTE CARLO, MONACO

In 1879 the esteemed C.H. Spurgeon praised the Casino de Monte Carlo (Pl. du Casino; +33 377-92-16-20-20) as the "pest-house of Europe...an abomination which reeks before high heaven." Some abomination: The French Riviera's grandaddy of gambling was built in 1863 out of marble, gold, and stone and is gaudier than Liberace's rec room. There ain't no $1.99 prime rib buffets here, bub.

KAYAKING

INSIDE: SAN JUAN ISLANDS, WASHINGTON

Who needs dopey river kayaking when you could see a giant killer whale breach 30 feet in front of you? Test the sunny San Juans, where the sheltering Olympic Peninsula is drier than soggy Seattle, about 75 miles southeast. Washington State Ferries (206-464-6400) can get you to the major drop-offs, while Sea Quest Expeditions (360-378-5767) provides tours.

OUTSIDE: FUTALEUFU RIVER, CHILE

Home of the sickest white water churn on the planet, the Futaleufu blasts 27 miles through Chile's northern Patagonia and features insane sections like Infierno Canyon, a Class 5 widow-maker where black basalt walls ensure there's no easy way out. Expediciones Chile (888-488-9082) leads the charge. R.I.P., suckers.

Infierno Canyon's basalt walls ensure that there's no easy way out.

SKIING/SNOWBOARDING

INSIDE: COPPER MOUNTAIN, COLORADO

Like Taco Bell's chili cheese burrito, Copper Mountain (866-841-2481) is a shockingly underappreciated gem overshadowed by shinier attractions. Aspen without the crowds of rich assholes, Copper's 2,400 skiable acres average 280 inches of snowfall during the season. And if you listen to the U.S.A. Snowboard Association—which held its 2005 championships here in April—Copper's snowboard terrain shreds with the best. Just try not to die on the Superpipe, a 430-foot-long behemoth with 18-foot walls and 16-degree pitch.

OUTSIDE: ZERMATT, SWITZERLAND

For centuries the snaggletoothed specter of the Matterhorn struck terror into European outdoorsmen. Now that it's been conquered by gondolas, chairlifts, and an "Alpine Metro" (a lift that bores through the mountain), it's the open-all-year *pièce de résistance* of Old World skiing and new-school snowboarding. If the bunnies aren't coupling in Zermatt's legendary après-ski clubs (Zermatt Tourismus; +41 27-966-81-00), try your luck (or at least some pasta) in Breuil-Cervinia, Italy, a unique border-crossing ski run across Klein Matterhorn.

GREAT ESCAPES

CUBAN SANDWICH

In December 2002, Victor Molina stowed away in the landing gear of a DC-10 aircraft. Here's how.

Clad in nothing more than a windbreaker, Molina sneaked onto a runway in Cuba and climbed the landing gear. His destination? Freedom! Er...Montreal.

At 35,000 feet, temperatures inside the cramped wheel well reached a frosty -40°F. Good thing Molina had that warm pipe nearby, or else he'd be a refugeesicle.

They say the fall doesn't kill you—it's the landing. And that's especially true here, where Molina had to hang on to avoid being splattered all over the runway.

▶ Illustration by Graham Murdoch

DRIVE A TANK

INSIDE: THE EXPERIENCE STORE, NEW YORK

Why lie around like a beached whale when you can pretend you're in a Schwarzenegger film? Call the Experience Store (866-737-2670) for a day of simulated combat ($1,249) that puts you behind the controls of a British Chieftain tank. Don't like tanks? The company also arranges zero-gravity flights on a puke-inducing 727 jet ($3,750) and Ferrari racing ($1,750).

OUTSIDE: KUBINKA TANK MUSEUM, RUSSIA

The Nazis lost World War II, but Russia kept their tanks...and collected them in Kubinka, 40 miles southwest of Moscow (off M1/E30; +7 95-544-8611; $20 admission). For $500, take a spin in a WWII-era Red Army T-34, German Panzer, or a contemporary tank. Take note: The museum is connected to a Russian Federation military post, so reservations are required, comrade.

"Yo. Taco Bell. Three o'clock."

"I'll have the number two. Supersize it!"

"Dude. I'm gonna totally need the *big* bag of Fritos, OK?"

The Nazis lost WWII, but Russia kept their tanks. You'll find 'em in Kubinka.

GETTING HIGH

INSIDE: VANCOUVER, B.C.

The tolerant (but not officially legal) paradise that spawned the likes of Tommy Chong suffered a blow last April when the beloved Blunt Brothers pot den burned down. But exhibiting a fortitude rarely seen among the smoker set, the centerpiece of Canadian doobery was reborn as the New Amsterdam Cafe (301 W. Hastings St.; 604-682-8955), forming the cornerstone of Vancouver's "Pot Block" of toke-happy establishments on West Hastings Street. Bonus: Quality weed tends to give hippie chicks a case of the thigh munchies.

OUTSIDE: AMSTERDAM

Ah, Amsterdam. The rich man's Vancouver, where the bongs-away spirit and contact highs from potent strains like White Widow, Hawaiian/Haze, and Dutch Moonshine almost make you forget about the infamous red light district. (Almost.) There was something really important we were gonna tell you about "coffee shops" like Cannabis Cafe Dampkring (Handboogstraat 29; +31 20-638-0705) and some other place (Jonge Roelensteeg 12-14; +31 20-625-5763), but we totally can't remember or something. Bummer.

SURFING

INSIDE: NORTH SHORE, OAHU

The argument for the world's top surf begins in Haleiwa, Hawaii and ends 10 puka-shelled miles north up Highway 83 at Kawela Bay. This stretch features the most famous names in the sport—Waimea Bay, Sunset Beach, Pipeline, Banzai Beach—where ungodly 50-foot waves can kill a goofy footer...or win him a pro tourney. Haleiwa-based pro Karen Gallagher (808-638-5914) will teach you to kamikaze (or just surf) for $65 a pop.

"This is way better than the wave pool!"

OUTSIDE: AUSTRALIA

The shark-infested Dungeons in South Africa may be worth surfing, but Down Under has Foster's oil cans and better surfing, Bodhi. Start near Sydney, where the aptly named Manly hosts bodacious waves, before outbacking to West Australia, where the summer surf is 80 degrees. Wind down with six-foot barrels along Queensland's Sunshine Coast, then find your inner self by breaking some Lonely Planeteer's didgeridoo over his dreads. Call WaterWays Surf Adventures (888-669-7873).

Listen closely—you can actually *hear* the surfboard crying

ASK ANYTHING

Q Can you get trapped inside an airport, like in *The Terminal*?

A Yes and no. Sure, *The Terminal* was set in the U.S., but like Tom Hanks' relationship with Catherine Zeta-Jones in the movie, it's mostly fiction. "It would never happen in the U.S.," says a U.S. Customs official at Logan Airport. "That movie was totally ludicrous." That's not to say it can't happen abroad. In Paris, where garbage collectors go on strike and armies surrender to the Nazis, you could be trapped for years—Merhan Karimi Nasseri has been living in Paris' Charles de Gaulle airport since 1988. America lets the occasional foreigner crash on an airport couch, but we send them packing pronto. Last fall Wong Racom, a Vietnamese, had to sleep in Los Angeles International Airport for three and a half weeks after losing his travel documents, until the folks at LAX replaced his papers and sent him home. Damn foreign devils.

Man, this is so *existential*

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"Hey, those girls are, like, copying us."

BEACHES

INSIDE: ORANGE COUNTY, CALIFORNIA

Yeah, the O.C. can be strip-mall shitty, but the stretch of Pacific Coast Highway between Huntington Beach and Corona Del Mar has the sweetest collection of tanned tail this side of Rachel Bilson. Pick up her look-alike at a bar like Yard House (1875 Newport Blvd., Costa Mesa; 949-642-0090) or try bodysurfing at the Wedge (Newport Beach, south end of the Balboa Peninsula). Welcome to the O.C., bitch!

OUTSIDE: HARBOUR ISLAND, BAHAMAS

Picking the best of the Bahamas' 700 islands may sound tough, but miles of pink sand and Dr. Evil–style transportation (golf carts) put Harbour Island over the top. There's not much to do except lounge in the sand, forget your soul-crushing debt, and order more rum. Rooms at the Landing (242-333-2707; $230 a night) in Dunmore Town feature panty-dropper touches like mahogany-stained four-poster beds.

HIKING

INSIDE: LAKES BASIN, WALLOWA MOUNTAINS, OREGON

What park rangers consider porn

Before some marketing genius started calling them "the Oregon Alps," the local Nez Perce Indians were sending adolescent boys deep into the bear-, cougar-, and elk-infested Wallowas on vision quests. Straddling Oregon's wild Hell's Canyon border with Idaho, the towering peaks and rushing rivers remain a virgin wilderness. And that walk up Eagle Cap (9,572 feet) delivers pants-crapping views in all directions (Wallowa Mountains Visitor Center; 541-426-5546).

OUTSIDE: INNSBRUCK, AUSTRIA

Local legend Franz Klammer made Innsbruck famous for nabbing gold with his suicidal downhill run in the '76 Winter Olympics, but you should hit this section of the Austrian Alps in summer. Hikes from this city start with a cable car ride up the mountain with loads of places to refuel with suds and sausage and admire the Edelweiss. Small and white, clean and bright. . . sorry, got lost in the moment. Hit the panoramic Zirbenweg trail (4.3 miles) first, then call the Innsbruck Alpine School (+ 43 0512-546000) for guides, maps, and information.

FISHING

INSIDE: WESTERN ALASKA

You'll fight more tourists than fish on the Kenai River, which makes Western Alaska *the* place to hook trophy salmon without annoying snot-faced kids and "Made in China" wampum shops. Former Iditarod musher Jerry Austin's humble lodge (Austin's Alaska Adventures; 877-923-2419; $1,995 all-inclusive per week) in remote St. Michael ain't the Four Seasons, but world-class Arctic Char practically leap from the Golsovia River right into your ice cooler. Never heard of it? Exactly.

"Maybe I'll catch a friend."

OUTSIDE: CABO SAN LUCAS, MEXICO

Chesty señoritas administering mouth-to-mouth Jell-O shots at El Squid Roe (Lazaro Cardenas at Boulevard Marina; 624-143-0655) aren't the reason Bisbee's Black & Blue Marlin Jackpot Tournament is held in Cabo. (OK, so that's *part* of the reason.) With more than 875 species of fish, the Sea of Cortez is one of the world's most fertile fishing grounds. Try calling El Budster (858-483-3771; $400 a day) to get your fish on.

TRAVEL ADVISORY

KOOKY CRUISES

Think shuffleboard with retirees is a bad trip? Check out the floaters.

JET-SETTING

Can't get enough *Top Gun*? Live out your flyboy fantasies on Crystal Cruises' trip to St. Petersburg, Russia. Once there you can fly in a MiG fighter for 30 minutes. And let's face it: Moscow probably looks better from 80,000 feet. *(crystalcruises.com)*

LAND, HO!

Eight days at sea can be monotonous, but not with Silversea Cruises' Spirit of Exploration voyages, which forgo deckside limbo contests for. . . lectures! Set sail with explorers like Dr. Don Walsh, veteran of 55-plus polar explorations. *(silversea.com)*

WONKS AT SEA

If you masturbate to C-SPAN, then MSC Cruises' 11-night Caribbean boondoggle is for you. Each cruise features a former ambassador, so you can share swim time with an egghead who had a geopolitical dustup with Condi. *(msccruises.com)*

HEART ATTACK

If you're on the Love Boat Cruise for Relationship Workshops, consider jumping overboard. A team of relationship experts will help you "break the destructive cycle of hurtful communication." What the fuck? *(relationshipcruise.com)*

YOU'RE FIRED!

Reality stars don't die; they end up shaking hands on the Apprentice Legend Cruise. In addition to banal chitchat with the show's losers, passengers get business classes and a masquerade ball, to hide their faces in shame. *(expedia.com)* M

Styling, Bashie; prop styling, Eric Archer for Photogenics; grooming, Jacqueline Shepherd for Photogenics; digital work, Eric Heintz

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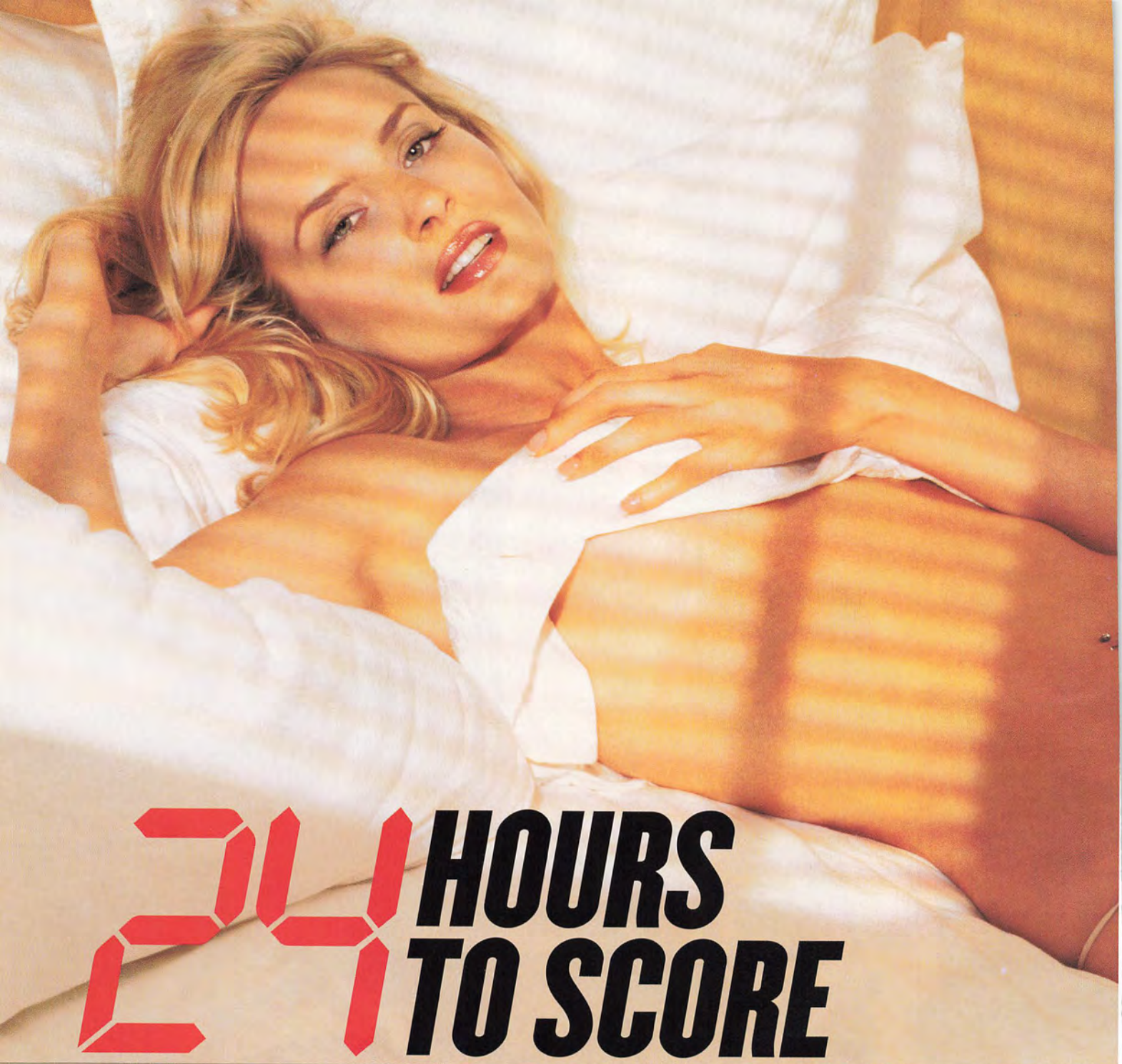

24 HOURS TO SCORE

Girlfriend not in the mood? All it takes is one day of planned romance to take her from headache to bedroom.

7:00 AM SERVE HER GRUB

It's a paltry investment: Brew a fresh pot of gourmet joe before she wakes up. Then dunk some bread in eggs whisked with a capful of vanilla extract, fry the slabs in a pat of butter, and serve them up with powdered sugar. It'll start her day off right—and a woman's sweet tooth is directly tethered to her clitoris. Julie, 28, confirms: "We wound up on the kitchen table, covered in egg batter. I think I got salmonella."

7:30 AM SOAP HER UP GOOD

Sneak into the shower with her and give her a preview of the carnal acrobatics in store later . . . but leave her wanting more. This is R-rated water sports only—offer to wash her hair and make her momentarily forget she's about to trudge off to the salt mines. This will convince her that you have more on your mind than just sex, that you're a sensual, sensitive guy. And you are . . . if sex is involved.

8:00 AM SAY GOODBYE

While she's primping in front of the mirror, pounce—with a reverse hug. This embrace is much more of a turn-on than your friendly, full-frontal grapple because it incorporates the element of surprise, says Debbie Mandel, author of *Turn On Your Inner Light: Fitness for Body, Mind and Soul.* It also gives your hands plenty of places to wander . . . but then leave her wanting, so she can think about that all day.

11:00 AM DROP HER A LINE

Out of sight isn't out of mind. Send her a semiromantic e-mail or text message, or tell her you got caught in a meeting daydreaming about her, just to prove she's always on your mind. It will pay dividends later, as she's tallying up her day and realizing you were thinking about her. "This would never be a mistake," says Michelle, 27. "But my guy once wrote 'I can taste you' over IM just as my boss walked over."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHARLIE LANGELLA

1:00PM SPOIL HER ROTTEN

Sneak a gift certificate for a manicure, massage, or facial into her purse for a quick lunch hour of pleasure; you'll get much more bang for your buck than you would blowing cash on something slinky. Explains Sarah, 27: "A gift of lingerie would never work for me, since the motivation behind it is too clear: He wants sex." She reasons: "An act or gift that focuses on *my* needs will, ironically, get me more in the mood."

5:00PM DRESS FOR SEX-CESS

When a woman wears her finest, she pretty much expects it'll end up on the living room floor. So ask her to meet you for a drink at a swanky bar, where you'll also be dressed to kill. Trust us, her clothes won't stay on for long. Wear a shirt made out of suede, silk, or even high-thread-count cotton and your girl will be saying, "Wow, your shirt is so soft!" Now persuade her to check out what else is soft. . . and what isn't.

5:30PM MASK YOUR STINK

Odors are powerful memory triggers that can train a woman to crave sex on command, claims Laurie Frankel, relationship expert behind lauriesloveologic.com. The next three or so times you go horizontal, wear one specific cologne. Soon, her subconscious will start linking that scent to sex. To cash in, all you need to do is wear that love potion again and you'll have her panting like one of Pavlov's dogs.

6:00PM REVISIT OLD HAUNTS

Bring back the honeymoon phase, when you spent more time naked than clothed, by taking her to the bar, movie theater, or other place where you first met or had one of your first dates. It'll trigger plenty of sexy memories (your first kiss, the time you made her laugh beer out of her nose) that'll drown out all the not-so-savory info she's found out since then (e.g., that you have bunion-festooned beast feet).

"OK, but you have to untie me first."

6:30 PM SPEAK SOFTLY

Whispering makes any conversation instantly sexier—maybe it's the combination of your proximity, your breath on her ear, and the fact that you're sharing something with her alone. Whisper all the romantic, our-love-will-last-forever crap that melts her loins—by doing this you create a new sphere of intimacy that will make her more willing to grab ankle. Erin, 30, agrees: "If he says the right thing, he can turn my spine into custard." Mmm . . . custard.

ASK ANYTHING

Q Is it true that some women can never achieve orgasm?

A Only your poor girlfriend. *Zing!* Yes, there are some women who will never experience the glorious waterfall of Earth-shattering shagging. Even after you've learned where your girl's "love button" lives and have judiciously serviced it orally, manually, or electronically, she may still be unable to achieve orgasm due to a psychological or physiological problem. Ian Kerner, Ph.D., sex therapist and author of *Be Honest: You're Not That Into Him Either*, says clinical studies indicate a tiny percentage of women are unable to achieve orgasm at all. Psychological reasons like moral hindrances, sexual abuse, or trauma can cause anorgasmia, which shrinks refer to as female orgasmic disorder (FOD); it can often be treated with therapy. But physiological ailments like sickle cell anemia, multiple sclerosis, and spinal cord damage can also block the female orgasm. If your girlfriend can't pinpoint what's wrong, there are people who can help. "If a woman has never experienced orgasm, there are clinics for female sexual health that will do a full psychophysiological exam," Kerner advises. Or just call *Maxim* at 212-372-3845 and ask for Scott.

"Mind if I smoke during? I'm a hopeless jerk."

7:00 PM TEASE HER TO PLEASE

Women use this tactic mercilessly on men, so turn on the passion when she least expects it. She'll feel like you're truly attracted to her all the time, not just when you want to satisfy your own urges, explains Los Angeles–based psychologist Yvonne Thomas. Emily, 25, says, "I had this boyfriend who used to randomly stop me while we were walking and push me up against a wall 'just for a kiss,' but it guaranteed I was in the mood once we got home."

8:00 PM LIGHT HER FIRE

Here's an excuse to avoid spending money on an expensive dinner: When a woman sees a candle, she shifts instantly into romance mode. It doesn't matter if it's Chinese takeout or your specialty Hamburger Helper Français; that just makes your small effort more endearing and worthy of some post-prandial genital slapping. Jenn, 22, is a sucker (uh, for this): "Candles set a mood . . . not to mention that kind of lighting makes everyone look hot."

9:00 PM SWEET TALK

Too much raving about her smokin' bod and bedroom techniques and she'll start wondering, Is that all I am to him? So make sure to notice some of her inner qualities, suggests Laurie Puhn, author of *Instant Persuasion: How to Change Your Words to Change Your Life.* For example, say, "Every time I'm with you, I'm amazed by your _____" (insert *kindness, intelligence, lobster-trapping prowess,* etc.). Don't worry, mush mouth, she'll be touched by the effort.

9:30 PM MAKE HER LAUGH

It may sound junior high, but tickling will actually induce a state of "physiological arousal" (increased pulse, flushed face, adrenaline rush) that bears a striking resemblance to how she feels when she's turned on. "Even though we feel different mentally when we're excited versus turned on, the body processes these emotions in a similar manner," explains James Houran, Ph.D., of online matchmaker true.com. Just stop short of making her pee her pants.

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10:30 PM SHUT YOUR PIE HOLE

Eventually, talk is overrated. Instead, give her a penetrating look, as though you can see straight through to her soul or aura (or whatever). This silent approach often works for Randi, 26: "My boyfriend and I talk a lot, so sometimes it can be so sexy when he says nothing and just carries me to the bed." And telling her what you want with your body is preferable to your normal foolproof lines like, "Wanna make squishy-squishy?"

11:00 PM GO FOR THE THROAT

One surefire move is to nibble her near her vagus nerve (no, that's not part of her secret anatomy). Found in the neck, it's a major erogenous zone, says Eve Marx, author of *The Goddess Orgasm: Empowered Sex for Today's Woman*. "Some women have even been known to have an orgasm from having their vagus nerve stimulated," she says. And if she isn't immediately shouting "Yahtzee!," it'll at least warm her up to the idea.

11:30 PM RESIST SEALING THE DEAL

If you make the moves and she still shoots you down, don't give up yet. Just say, "Don't worry, I don't really want to have sex—I just wanted to be close to you." This does the job for Sarah, 27: "Reverse psychology mixed with a challenge usually ensures I'll be aroused and determined to change his mind." Removing the pressure to perform and turning on your sincerity—as fake as it may be—could make this gamble pay off.

12:00 AM TURN THE TABLES

Don't tell her what *you* want. Instead, say what you want to give *her*, suggests Carole Altman, Ph.D., author of *Electrify Your Sex Life*. Yes, the simple act of rephrasing your filthy desires can result in a blessed exchange of zipper fluids. Just compare "I want to give you the most amazing orgasm you've ever had" to "I want to place my penis inside you, then proceed to noisily eat a bag of Doritos in bed, OK?" See the difference? Uh, think about it.

"Star light, star bright, wicked-hot tat stars I see tonight..."

SEX PERPLEXED

MOODY BLUES

She still doesn't want to play "naked cowgirl." Here's why.

■ SHE'S ON THE PILL

According to the medical journal *Contraception*, 87 percent of women who stop taking their birth control pills do so because their sexual desires dried up or their moods plummeted—a result of hormonal changes caused by the pill.
Solution: She should see a doctor about switching to a low-dose monophasic pill such as Alesse, which maintains a steady dosage of hormones through her miraculous and mysterious cycle.

■ SHE'S ON ANTIDEPRESSANTS

It may be counterintuitive, but there may be a price to pay for taking antidepressants—a low libido and diminished arousal. According to a study published in the journal *Clinical Pharmacology and Therapeutics*, 73 percent of women and men on these types of drugs experience a drop in sexual desire, as well as inhibited arousal and orgasms.
Solution: She should talk to her doctor about these issues and whether going on a "drug holiday," brief respites from taking her meds, might help.

■ SHE'S DRUNK

Sure, one drink might lower her inhibitions and turn you into a somewhat tolerable-looking human being, but you don't want her to drink much more. Women report that it has a numbing effect on them (not unlike your clumsy attempts at conversation). Simply put, too much booze can put out the fire.
Solution: While *Girls Gone Wild* looks like fun, they're the type of chicks who pass out in your bathtub. Pace yourself and drink plenty of water, and she'll follow—hopefully straight to your sweet futon. M

"Oh, do whatever! Just clean up afterward."

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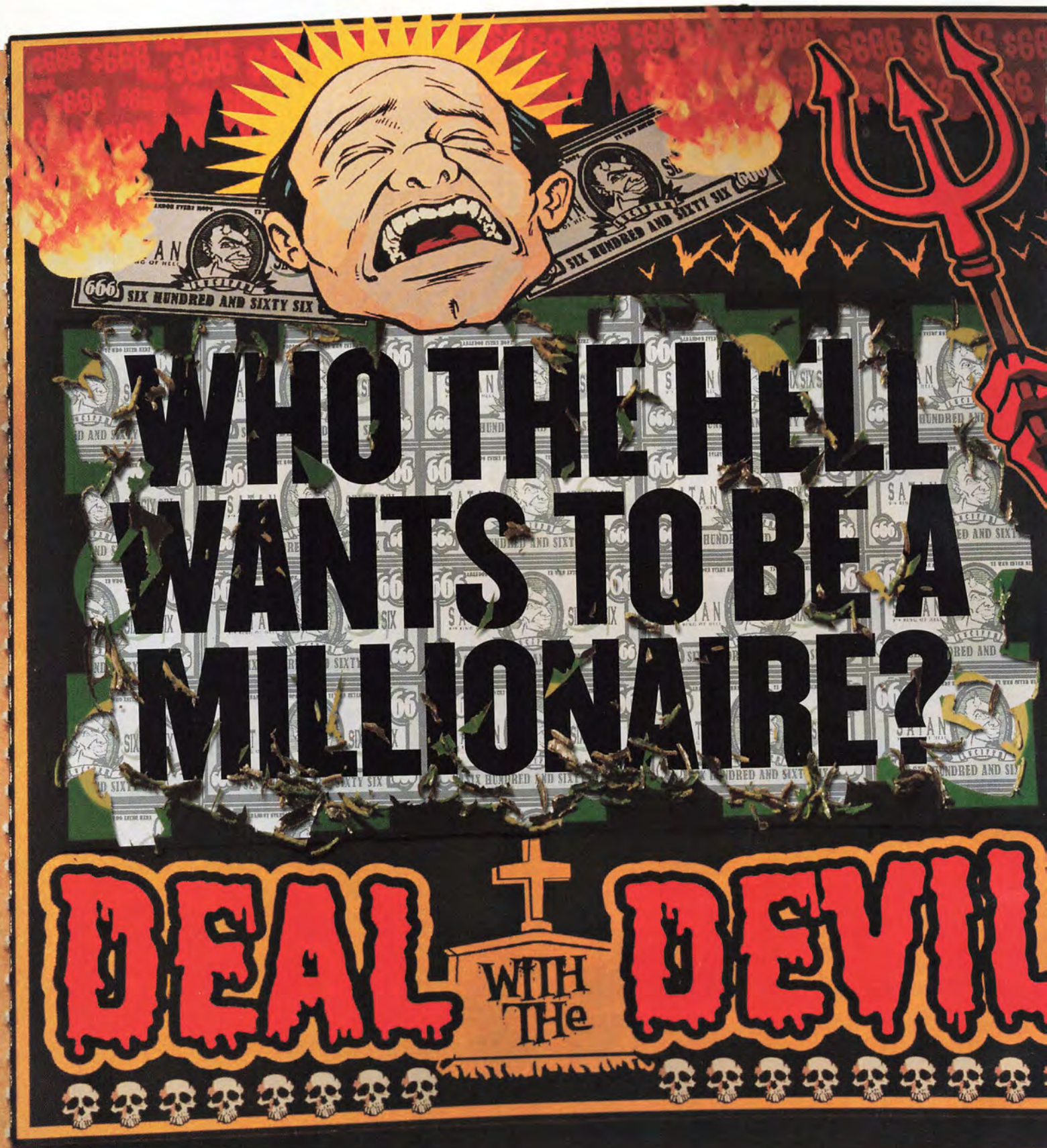

Scratch all you want—it'll only add to the pain

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSH BERNSTEIN AND STEVEN CIANCANELLI PHOTOGRAPH BY SATOSHI

6

Winning a multimillion-dollar lottery jackpot should be a dream come true. Then why do so many winners wish they'd never won at all?

BY STEVE KANDELL

It's the single greatest moment of your life, so surreal you can't believe it's actually happening. You check your lotto ticket a hundred times, and unbelievably, the numbers you picked match the ones on the news. Suddenly you are being introduced to the world: WINNER. MULTIMILLIONAIRE. PUBLIC FIGURE. You stand in front of TV cameras and blazing lights, proudly holding an oversize check that'll never fit into an ATM slot, no matter how many times you fold it. On your left is a grinning representative of the state lottery commission, eager to trot you out as the system's most recent success story. Flashbulbs pop as the questions come at lightning pace:

"What are you going to do with all that money?"

"How did you pick the numbers?"

"Will you quit your job?"

"What *are* you going to do with all that money?"

You feed the wolves and toss out a couple of clichéd lines about buying your folks a new house and donating to the Red Cross or Save the Whales, all while smiling wide for the cameras. Anyone in his right mind would kill to face these questions, and since no one can ever truly be prepared for a multimillion-dollar windfall, don't feel bad that you lack any real answers. Most importantly, remember how you feel right now, at this very moment, in the face of all this adulation and good-natured envy. Because you will remember this as the precise moment your life completely and utterly turned to shit.

After Jack Whittaker (top) won $114 million in Powerball, he began to help people. Then he was robbed and arrested.

THE OUTLAW

No recent jackpot winner faced the press more memorably than 55-year-old Andrew Jackson "Jack" Whittaker. When the gregarious West Virginia contractor won a record-breaking $315 million Powerball prize on Christmas Day 2002, his Southern charm made him a national media darling. Even after Uncle Sam took an ample bite from the winnings—Whittaker took the lump sum payment option and was left with a mere $114 million after taxes—it was the single-largest undivided prize ever awarded in the United States. Looking half Johnny Cash, half Jed Clampett, Whittaker accepted the bounty wearing his trademark black suit, black cowboy hat, and devilish smirk. Despite his outlaw appearance, he promised to do noble things with his winnings, first cutting a check for $17 million to the Church of God and then using the rest to take care of the people closest to him. "It's really going to excite my granddaughter and daughter," he told the gathered reporters. "They're the ones who are going to be spending the money. I get my enjoyment out of that."

Unlike most lottery winners, who make a point of disappearing after the obligatory press conference, Whittaker couldn't stay out of the headlines. He developed a bad habit of carrying large sums of cash with him everywhere he went, forcing police in his hometown of Scott Depot to spend much of their time trying to track down thousands of dollars repeatedly stolen from his home, his office, and his SUV. One night in the summer of 2003, Whittaker passed out at a strip club called the Pink Pony, and his briefcase—filled with $545,000 in cash—was taken. Cops recovered the money and arrested an ex-stripper and the Pony's manager for robbing Whittaker when he was unconscious. ▶

Whittaker with his late granddaughter, Brandi, and wife, Jewel

Then Whittaker began racking up his own charges. In January 2004, police arrested him for assaulting a local bar manager, whom he also apparently threatened to kill. Then he was arrested for drunk driving—twice. Finally, three female racetrack employees filed a suit claiming Whittaker had fondled them between pulls at a slot machine. (He denies all the charges.)

By September 2004, things started getting weird: While Whittaker was out of town, cops investigating a reported break-in at his house found a body inside—it was a friend of his granddaughter Brandi, dead of a drug overdose. Three months later, Brandi herself went missing. Eleven days after that, her body was found wrapped in plastic behind a van. Whittaker's pride and joy, the girl he'd named his company's building after, was dead at 17 under mysterious circumstances, her body apparently dumped by her panicky boyfriend. "I wish all of this had never happened," Whittaker's wife, Jewel, cried to a local newspaper. "I wish I would've torn the ticket up."

'I wish I would have torn that ticket up,' lamented Whittaker's wife.

It's a feeling shared by lots of unprepared jackpot winners, and while Jack Whittaker's story is by no means typical, lottery activists think it sets an important example—and may not be entirely his fault. "He has a chance now to educate people about the reality of the lottery," says Dawn Nettles of the Texas-based *Lotto Report*, a newsletter she started to keep fellow lottery enthusiasts apprised of winning numbers. In 1999, after the state of Texas announced it would add four extra balls to its 50-ball lotto drawing, Nettles began to take a closer look at how the states conduct their lottery operations. It seemed to her that state lottery commissions were taking advantage of players who didn't bother to read the fine print on the backs of their tickets and were using fuzzy math to determine how much to pay winners.

These are just two of the reasons why she is currently helping to prepare a lawsuit against the Texas Lottery Commission on behalf of 13 winners who allege they were "cheated." (Reagan Greer, executive director of the Texas Lottery Commission, refused to comment for this article.) The *Lotto Report* has become a one-woman crusade against what Nettles now sees as a morally corrupt con game that ruins more lives than it saves, and she regularly hears hard-luck stories about winners who have been ripped off or have otherwise hit the skids. "Everyone who wins has some sort of problem with their family or friends," she says. "It's a known fact."

"I CAN'T TRUST ANYBODY"

There was a time when "Bugs," a 38-year-old oil field laborer, would blow $300 of every paycheck on the lottery. He realized his spending had gotten out of hand, so he eventually weaned himself down to an occasional ticket purchased on a whim. On one of those whims five years ago, he accidentally picked the number 50 when he meant to mark 40. It was a simple mistake that earned him an $8.9 million one-time payment. The money allowed him to quit his ▶

Ticket illustrations, numberfoundation.com

> MISERY-LOVING COMPANIES

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If you can't wait 25 years to collect your fortune, companies like Stone Street Capital and Prosperity Partners will come to the rescue. These firms hunt down winners and try to convince them to sell out. "We get their names from the state lotteries' Web sites and track the people down," a researcher from one of the firms anonymously admits. One in 10 winners shows interest right away; the other nine are called again...and again. Critics claim these companies prey upon winners' most irresponsible instincts by providing heavily discounted one-time payments in the name of instant gratification. Some reports on these types of firms have put compounded interest rates on their loans as high as 35 percent, and if you're not careful, the results can be devastating. One woman who won $4.2 million in Virginia in 1993 now owes more than $100,000 to a loan company. "Those kinds of companies are the worst thing that can happen to winners," Dawn Nettles says. "If they can't handle their newfound yearly income, how will they handle a lump sum payment?" We suggest you deal with your money the old-fashioned way: Bury it.

"...then I'm gonna buy a lap dance with extra grind..."

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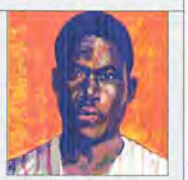

LUDGER SYLBARIS This con was sitting in his cell on the isle of Martinique in 1902 when he caught a break: A volcano erupted, killing 30,000. But those sturdy prison walls kept Sylbaris safe (he was the only survivor). Things got even better when he was pardoned.

SCOTT BAIO He admits he's not "the best looking guy," but he's still bagged Pam Anderson, Nicolette Sheridan, Denise Richards, Heather Locklear, and an assortment of Playboy bunnies. "People should know, I'm so fucking lucky," Baio declares. We got that much.

WAYLON JENNINGS When is it lucky to lose something? When it's a seat on Buddy Holly's airplane. At the last minute, Jennings gave his place to the Big Bopper. Despite the crash, he went on to write the most life-affirming song ever: the theme to *The Dukes of Hazzard.*

WINTON DEAN James Dean was never close to his old man, most likely because Daddy sent him to live with relatives at age nine. Still, when Jimmy died, in 1955, his next of kin was...you guessed it! Pops got filthy rich and proved that outliving your children isn't so bad after all.

GEORGE W. BUSH He spent his youth drinking "too much," and by 1986 he'd failed at business and had a DUI arrest. But in 2000, despite getting fewer votes than Al Gore, he was prez—proof that anyone with a little grit (and a powerful daddy) can achieve greatness.

Richard Krenzer won a cool $25 million in the New York Lotto. Four months later he was stabbed six times.

'I'd hear people say, "Why should I ever pay him back? He's a millionaire."'

backbreaking job and become a benefactor to his friends and family—only to have them promptly turn around and exploit him.

"I'd loan people money when they needed it," Bugs says. "Then I'd hear them say, 'Why should I ever pay him back? He's a millionaire.'" Financial entanglements and poor investments led to ruined friendships and strained relations. His phone rang so often, he tore it off the wall and has yet to replace it.

"Don't get me wrong—I love being able to help people," he says. "But I went too far and now I have more problems than I did before I won the money." After he won, his ex-wife suddenly wanted to reconcile after years of estrangement, and he says he desperately wants to have a family. But even this modest goal seems unattainable. "My lawyer tells me that if I have a kid, I'd have to pay $40,000 a year in child support," Bugs says. At this point he's too cynical to believe a woman would be with him for any reason other than to milk him dry. In fact, he has grown so paranoid, he refuses to let us reveal any potentially distinguishing characteristics about him for fear of attracting more unwanted attention. All this multimillionaire will admit is that he lives alone in a trailer. It's a single-wide. "I just want to be happy," he says, "but it's not gonna happen. I can't trust anybody." If he had to do it all over again, Bugs claims he'd rather not have won the jackpot. But he still buys lottery tickets on a regular basis.

"Well," he says with a shrug, "it's something to do."

FALLING APART

"Everybody resents you, everybody has their hands out, and you become totally isolated," Nettles says about the ill-prepared lottery winner. "Either that's where the drinking and drugs come in, or you go broke helping everyone else. The pressure is mind-boggling...look at what happened to Billie Bob Harrell."

In 1997, the 47-year-old Harrell was struggling to support his wife, Barbara Jean, and their three children on a Home Depot shelf stocker's paycheck in Harris County, Texas. He pinned all his hopes for financial salvation on the one-in-47,000,000 odds of winning a lotto jackpot, because, well, somebody has to be that one. On June 28, Harrell won $31 million.

Like Whittaker, he used the money to buy extravagant gifts and cars for his friends and family. But the demands for handouts from acquaintances and strangers alike never stopped, even after he changed his unlisted phone number seven times. He always had checkbook in hand to help parishioners of his church, and he quickly realized that $1.2 million a year wasn't as much money as it seemed. Less than a year after winning the lottery, his family was in shambles and Barbara Jean filed for divorce. Desperate to get his hands on more cash, Harrell arranged to sell 10 years' worth of future winnings—upwards of $6 million—to a Maryland-based firm called Stone Street Capital for $2.25 million, against the advice of his family, his lawyer, and anyone who could grasp that six is a bigger number than two and a quarter.

As his life continued its downward spiral, Harrell became depressed and lost 50 pounds. He tried to reconcile with Barbara Jean, but she wasn't interested. She did agree, however, to a family dinner at her house. So Harrell arrived at her place on the afternoon of Saturday, May 22, 1999. He was early, and no one was there.

When his children came home that evening, they found their father's naked body in the master bedroom, dead from a shotgun blast to the chest. Despite the autopsy report and three suicide notes found near his body, Harrell's parents suspected foul play. The money from Stone Street mysteriously went missing, and Harrell's heirs couldn't afford to pay the estate taxes. It's little wonder, then, that shortly before his ▶

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death, Harrell had confessed to a financial adviser, "Winning the lottery is the worst thing that ever happened to me."

ARE YOU PREPARED?

Much of the turmoil that comes from winning large sums of money stems from the fact that lotteries are overwhelmingly played by people with lower incomes who aren't prepared to take on such enormous financial and emotional burdens. Even calling the lottery a "game" is misleading. Many people who "play" are just looking for a way out of an otherwise hopeless situation. "People who come into money need a plan and a sense of who they are and where they're going," says Steven Danish, Ph.D., a psychologist who has worked with the Virginia Lottery Commission. "They don't find that out just because they won the lottery."

Though states try to downplay this aspect of the economic reality, it's clear that the majority of the nearly $45 billion annual intake comes disproportionately from the poor and those without college educations. One recent study found that households making less than $10,000 per year spent an average of $289 on tickets annually, while households earning over $50,000 spent $187.

While Whittaker, Bugs, and Harrell may seem like extreme examples of how winning the lottery can be more of a curse than a blessing, they aren't alone. Last November, 49-year-old New York parking attendant Juan Rodriguez stepped forward to claim a $149 million Mega Millions jackpot. He had 78 cents in his bank account at the time. Within days his estranged wife Iris sued him for divorce . . . and for her share of his winnings. But Rodriguez's main concern was for his mother—she still lived in Colombia, and he was terrified that his newfound notoriety could get her kidnapped.

Not long after his travails became tabloid fodder, Rodriguez did everything he could to disappear from the public eye. He had learned what most lottery winners eventually grasp—there's nothing worse than being found.

Case in point: Richard Krenzer, a crane operator in Rochester, New York. He won a $25 million prize in December 2002, and four months later was stabbed six times in the very same bar where he bought his winning ticket. Somehow he survived the attack—and, inexplicably, still lives in Rochester. So how did this brutal incident change his feelings about winning so much money?

"I don't know how you found me, but please put me on your 'do not call' list. Now. I have nothing to say." *Click.*

When Juan Rodriguez won, he had 78 cents to his name. Then his estranged wife sued for her share of the money.

'Winning the lottery is the worst thing that ever happened to me,' said Harrell.

HOTTER THAN EVER

For every sob story on record, countless others go unreported. Yet no one seems particularly worried that people will stop playing for fear of winning. Lottery revenue nationwide has grown an average of nine percent each year over the past four years. More than half of all Americans participated in some sort of lottery game in 2003, despite the fact that more than 25 percent of them admit the game is harmful both to individuals and to society.

California's most recent Richie Rich is Colin McLean, a 25-year-old from Newport Beach who won $81 million in January. Seemingly the anti-Whittaker, McLean eschewed the traditional glad-handing press conference, instead offering the usual thank-God-and-must-help-those-less-fortunate-and-buy-a-new-car platitudes through his lawyer. "With everything going on in the world," he announced, "I think it's inappropriate to gain notoriety for [winning the lottery]." Though the odds and common sense are against McLean, Danish thinks his youth, lack of family commitments, and aversion to publicity could give him an advantage where so many before him failed.

Even doomsayer Dawn Nettles knows there are exceptions to the winning-is-losing rule. One of her close friends recently won $50 million, and before he even told his wife, he called a financial adviser, who immediately put him on a strict budget. Already a well-paid businessman before the jackpot, he sticks to the budget religiously, fighting impulses to buy bulletproof Hummers and gold-plated Learjets. So far it's been smooth sailing.

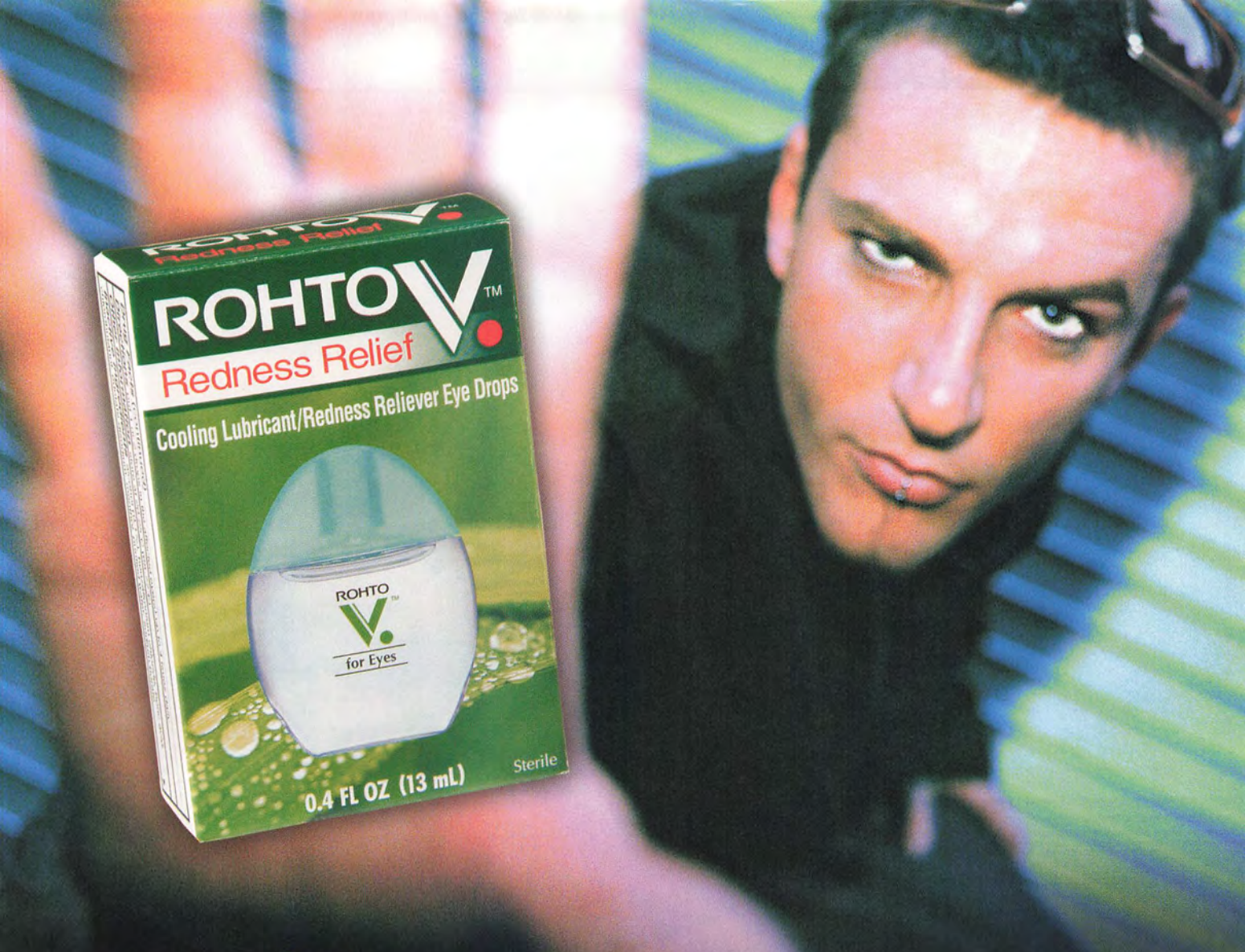
So smooth, in fact, that even as Nettles prepares mountains of legal documents and spreadsheets designed to expose the Texas Lottery Commission as deceitful, she can't always resist the urge to get in on the action. "I'm not proud of it," she says, "but I just bought a ticket myself." M

ASK US ANYTHING

Q So what the hell do I do if I win the lottery?

A Absolutely nothing. Well, not right away, anyway. "Life as you know it is over, and life after the lottery begins," says Susan Bradley of the Sudden Money Institute, which specializes in counseling big winners. Before spending a cent, Bradley suggests, allow yourself a "decision-free zone." Dawn Nettles concurs: "I tell winners to do nothing for 30 days." To avoid blowing your wad, make a dream list of things you'd like to buy, then retain sensible lawyers and financial advisers to help you get it. To fend off predatory friends and family, change your phone number and consider moving. Once you've cashed in, put the loot into a money market account or short-term CD until you've decided on long-term investments. "Winners generally overcommit to buying homes and undercommit to making their money last," says Bradley. According to one study, a full 70 percent of people who suddenly come into money wind up blowing it within a few years, so for once in your less-pathetic-than-it-used-to-be life, use your head.

Hope it doesn't chafe



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MOON LANDING

BY JEFF MILLER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOMINICK GUILLEMOT

She has a breakout role in the upcoming Disney sled-dog epic *Antarctica,* but former Laker Girl Moon Bloodgood is no ice princess.

What did it take to land your first major movie role?
Just one audition tape. I play a pilot who flies expeditions in and out of Antarctica. The producers were looking for a strong, assertive woman, and that's exactly who I am. I'm feisty.

Please tell us we'll see you in something other than a parka.
There's a scene where I'm in shorts and a tank top, so you'll have chances to check out my body.

Is it tough making the transition from hip-hop dancer to Disney film star?
I like to think I'm multifaceted. Sexy but approachable. I don't have to be the sex kitten.

You were a Laker Girl at 17. What courtside celebs tried to pick you up?
Anthony Kiedis chased me down to introduce me to his friend. I was done performing and running off the floor, and he chased me into a corner. I was like, "Hi!" I didn't know how to respond.

Was it simple competitive desire that got you on the squad at such a young age?
Is there anyone who's trying to make it in Hollywood who's not competitive? I like being competitive with people I don't know. The worst thing is competing against friends. It causes so much tension.

When did you realize you wanted to look good as a career choice?
When I turned 15 or 16, I started to get breasts and get attention. Boys started liking me. Girls know when they're attractive. It's such bullshit when we say we don't know.

You've appeared as "hottie" in lots of music videos. Any bizarre stories?
Marilyn Manson. It was for the "Dope Show" video, the one where he's all ▶

'Girls know when they're attractive. It's bullshit if we say we don't.'

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MOTOR HARLEY-DAVIDSON CYCLES

in white and he's wearing a prosthetic outfit and it looks like he has no penis. He didn't say a word to me. I'm *this* close to him, and he didn't say a word. Maybe he was self-conscious because he was in that outfit. He was basically Barbie. Or was he Ken?

What's the biggest mistake a guy ever made on a date with you?

I once went out with a very successful model. He took me to a really expensive restaurant and forgot his credit card. Because I ended up paying, I had to go on another date with him, just so I could get him to pay me back. I was like, "Dude, I just paid for a $200 meal. You're taking me back out!" He was really hot, but not very smart.

It wasn't Fabio, was it?

No, I'd never date Fabio. Has he cut his hair yet?

What was your best date?

My boyfriend is Eric Balfour, the actor from *The OC* and *Six Feet Under*. The second night we went out was my birthday party in Hawaii, and I ended up stripping at a strip joint. They let my friend and me go onstage. Eric picked the song, and we stripped to it. I had a shirt and jeans on and went to my bra. She had on a dress, and I kept pulling it up.

Was that your first onstage performance at a strip club?

Yeah! But I tried to kiss a stripper once. She didn't kiss me back. I was very offended!

Where did that happen?

A Los Angeles strip joint called Crazy Girls. She gave me the cheek! I was like, "You're not gonna kiss me? Like *I'm* dirty? You're kidding, right?"

It's enough to make a girl swear off strip clubs forever.

At a club in Hawaii, this stripper gave all her money to me. She was standing onstage, and I was touching her and flirting, having a good time. But at one point she took all the money and shoved it down my dress. I said, "I don't want your money." She gave me her number, but I never called.

You've never followed through?

Never. I kissed a girl, but that's it. I'm totally straight. I love men and hard bodies. I don't wanna go down on a girl.

But you and your girlfriends get wild?

I went to a *Maxim* party, and my girlfriend wanted to use the bathrooms outside, but she didn't want to wait in line. So she went and peed around the corner. I went with her, but I wasn't peeing. Just for that they kicked us out. I started to lose my mind. I got in the faces of all the security guards. My girlfriend yanked me away as the cops were coming to kick us out.

Your name is Moon Bloodgood. Did your parents grow pot or just smoke a lot of it?

Moon is a Korean name, and Bloodgood is Dutch. My mom has never tried a drug in her life. She named me Moon. It's not a pot thing. But she does like to call pot "happy smoke." M

'I was touching her and flirting, having a good time.'

THE MAXIM LOUNGE
See Web-exclusive photos at **maximonline.com.**

Styling, Karen Shapiro; props, Kyle Kannenberg; hair, Christophe Saluzzo for cloutieragency.com using Matrix; makeup, Agostina for cloutieragency.com using Giorgio Armani Cosmetics

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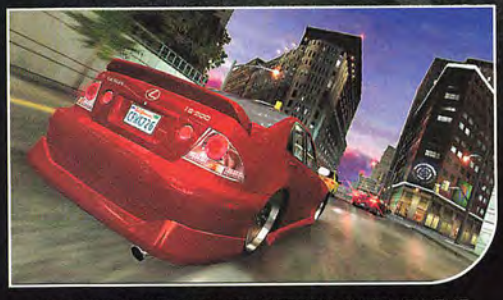

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MAXIM'S GUIDE TO BALL-BUSTING

All is fair in love, war, and brutally humiliating your closest friends in public. Oof!

Your old man taught you never to fight dirty. Screw that. To win in nonphysical put-down combat, you must be willing to deliver a virtual knee to the nuts, an elbow to the eye socket, a merciless boot stomp on the tender psyche of your hapless prey. Not a ball-busting black belt? Then memorize this crash course in verbal jujitsu. Yes, you. You inbred, shit-for-brains piss-licker.

GENERAL CRUELTY

■ **Use when:** Some dude backs up yet another bogus statement by swearing he saw it on the Internet.
Bust: "Word. I Googled 'genital-sniffing crack whore' and found your mother."

■ **Use when:** The tree-hugger next door lectures you about your failure to recycle.
Bust: "I don't see why you love nature so much, considering what it did to you."

■ **Use when:** You're standing next to your pal at a urinal.
Bust: "Pardon me, ma'am. Nice clitoris, but I think you'll be wanting the ladies' room."

■ **Use when:** Your grandfather wants you to come over to visit.
Bust: "Plenty of time for that when you're dead. I get the urn every third weekend."

■ **Use when:** Your best friend has just taken a bullet for you.
Bust: "It takes a brave and honorable man to commit such a selfless act of heroism. Or do you have a thing for me?"

BESTEST PALS

■ **Use when:** Your buddy gets a haircut.
Bust: "I can honestly say your hair plugs have never looked better."

■ **Use when:** Your buddy gains weight.
Bust: "Hey, everybody liked your first chin just fine. You didn't need three more, butter tits."

■ **Use when:** He loses weight.
Bust: "Did you go on Atkins—or have we stopped kneeling at the zipper buffet?"

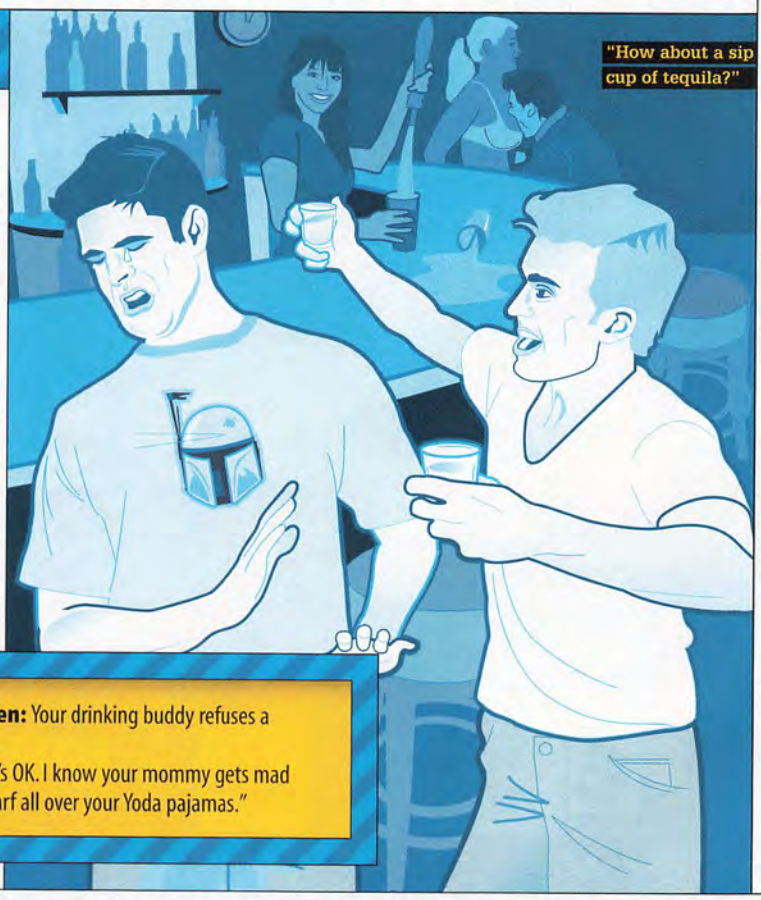
■ **Use when:** He recounts, for the 4,683rd time, how he shot the winning basket at the buzzer during the city championship.
Bust: "You know what else is awesome? That time in high school when you peaked physically and socially. It's been a long, steep, lonely free fall since then, huh?"

■ **Use when:** A coworker won't stop bragging about his new sports car.
Bust: "Maybe it'll actually convince the broads you're packing more than a palm's worth o' love inches. Here's hoping!"

■ **Use when:** Your pal tells you to work harder at giving back to the community.
Bust: "Hey, let's not forget all the sperm I donated to your homeless sister."

■ **Use when:** A friend calls you crass.
Bust: "Do not force me to bedew thy bowels with my essence."

'You breast-feeding, Gilmore Girls–watchin' redneck fruitcake.'



■ **Use when:** Your drinking buddy refuses a tequila shot.
Bust: "That's OK. I know your mommy gets mad when you barf all over your Yoda pajamas."

BY STEVEN RUSSELL ILLUSTRATIONS BY TODD DETWILER

SEX & DATING

■ **Use when:** Your friend wants you to be his wingman on a date.
Bust: "Let's just save time and start the evening where it'll end—you passed out in a puddle of appletini vomit and me drawing swastikas on your forehead."
■ **Use when:** He announces he's engaged.
Bust: "You two are a perfect match: You have no spine, and she's a banshee on the rag. At least you didn't fall for a transvestite this time."
■ **Use when:** Your buddy is driving the speed limit and obeying all traffic laws.
Bust: "Step on it. The sooner we get to the party, the sooner you can alienate the girls with your toxic personality, then ooze home and masturbate to QVC."
■ **Use when:** Your buddy invites everyone over just to show off his new sweetheart.
Bust: "She seems really sweet. And I'm guessing she's played in the WNBA . . . right?"
■ **Use when:** Your buddy's girlfriend makes him wear a new wardrobe.
Bust: "You're lucky your girl has such great taste in clothes. Come to think of it, she tastes pretty good naked too—like baloney."
■ **Use when:** A friend says he suspects his girlfriend has been cheating on him.
Bust: "A glory hole isn't exactly cheating."

■ **Use when:** A friend who is dying of a rare disease tells you that he's blessed to have had you in his life.
Bust: Gotta go . . . *SportsCenter* is on.

■ **Use when:** A copy of Chaucer's *The Canterbury Tales* magically appears on your pal's coffee table the night he throws a party.
Bust: "I prefer nonfiction, like the new study: *Correlations Between Pretentious Displays of Literature and Losers Who Don't Get Laid.*"
■ **Use when:** Your pal gets dumped.
Bust: "I'll stop fucking her, too, then."

CHILLIN'

■ **Use when:** Your golf partner misses an easy putt.
Bust: "Remember that time your father was arrested for molesting coma victims? Less embarrassing than this."
■ **Use when:** He tells you he just enrolled in a swing dance class.
Bust: "Can you please stop dropping hints and just come out of the closet?"
■ **Use when:** Fans for the visiting team are getting rowdy in the row in front of you.
Bust: "Hey, boys, why didn't you bring your mothers to the game? Oh, wait, they're already down there knitting in the outfield."
■ **Use when:** Some guy you don't know is sitting there minding his own business.
Bust: "Do you know what's the smallest muscle in a sheep's ass? Apparently, it's your dick. Hey-oh!"
■ **Use when:** Your health-nut friend asserts the evils of fast food.
Bust: "It's a little-known fact that dudes like food the same way they like sex. I enjoy it quick and tasty; you prefer anything that cleanses your colon."

What passes for symbolism here

THE OFFICE

■ **Use when:** A coworker is showing off photos of his child.
Bust: "Is there any walrus in your family?"
■ **Use when:** Your buddy keeps crowing about the big raise he just got.
Bust: "As the wise man says: Money can't buy a cure for premature ejaculation."
■ **Use when:** The boss congratulates a suck-up coworker on his "new" idea.
Bust: "And I thought all you did around here was read papers in the john while committing crimes against nature."
■ **Use when:** The guy in the next cubicle seconds the boss' opinion.
Bust: "Your head's so far up Jones' balloon knot you can taste his breakfast. Hope you like Yoplait, bitch."
■ **Use when:** A secretary threatens to report you to HR.
Bust: "So you wanna three-way, eh?"

■ **Use when:** A coworker mentions what a loudmouth drunk you were at a recent office party.
Bust: "But I sobered up, and you're still a douchebag."

'You wine-cooler-sippin', gerbil-molesting retard ballerina.'

GREAT QUOTES

FLICK YOU

Why do movie characters utter such quality put-downs? Because of the script, you imbecilic twit.

MONTY PYTHON AND THE HOLY GRAIL (1975)
Setup: King Arthur encounters a French soldier guarding a castle.
Zing: "I don't want to talk to you no more, you empty-headed animal food trough wiper. I fart in your general direction."

SMOKEY AND THE BANDIT (1977)
Setup: Trans Am jockey Burt Reynolds meets father-and-son rednecks Big Enos and Little Enos.
Zing: "Oh, I love your suits. It must be a bitch getting a size 68 extra fat and a 12 dwarf."

CADDYSHACK (1980)
Setup: Rodney Dangerfield slags the food at a country club dining room.
Zing: "Tell the cook this is low-grade dog food, all right? I've had better food at the ball game, you know? I tell ya, this steak still has marks where the jockey was hitting it."

HIGHLANDER (1986)
Setup: To provoke Scottish immortal MacLeod into a duel, brutish swordsman Kurgan insults an old friend.
Zing: "Ramirez was an effete snob! He died on his knees. I took his head and raped his woman before his blood was even cold!"

GLENGARRY GLEN ROSS (1992)
Setup: Loser salesman Ed Harris asks hatchet man Alec Baldwin his name.
Zing: "Fuck you. That's my name. Y'know why, mister? 'Cause you drove a Hyundai to get here tonight; I drove an $80,000 BMW. *That's* my name."

AMERICAN PIE 2 (2001)
Setup: Nice-guy dweeb Jim suffers still another penis mishap and makes the mistake of letting smart-ass Stifler find out.
Zing: "Jim, you're the only guy I know whose dick needs an instruction manual."—*SR*

COMPILED AND EDITED BY CHUCK THOMPSON PHOTOGRAPHS BY NIGEL PARRY

FIRST DAY INSIDE

Gangbanger. Lawyer. Innocent. Guilty. Kentucky. California. It doesn't matter what you did on the outside. Your first day in prison will be one of the most unforgettable of your very messed up life. Eight convicts walk down memory's cellblock.

GLADIATOR SCHOOL

"Animal House" is what we called the Iowa Men's Reformatory (IMR) back in those days. My first day inside, I quickly learned why.

Located in Anamosa, Iowa, IMR is an imposing castle-style prison built in the 1800s. Home to roughly 1,500 of the state's most unruly convicts, it was among that class of rowdy joints some called Gladiator Schools. With only one large compound to serve as a yard for the entire population, masses of inmates were simultaneously released into the yard in a stampede of "gladiators" nearing 1,000.

At age 16 I entered the Animal's jaws. Typically, juveniles are sent to Eldora (state school for underage inmates), but I'd been tried as an adult and sentenced to serve a 50-year term in a maximum-security reformatory. I entered IMR's massive walls with a healthy dose of fear. I was fully aware that my age and small physique made me a target for exploitation.

I was assigned to Unit B, which housed 575 inmates in its five-tiered double cells. My arrival coincided with tensions heightened by recent racial riots. The moment the door clanked shut on my tiny cell, my senses were assaulted from all directions. Warfare took the form of "piss cocktails," "shit bombs," and burning toilet paper rolls hurled from one tier to another. The catcalls and bar rattling blended into a nerve-racking cacophony.

By noon I'd already devised a plan. I naively thought my youth guaranteed prompt enrollment in education programs. The sooner I completed school, the sooner I'd get the hell out of there. At yard time I immediately headed for the school building to enroll in academic courses.

"How much time do you have?" asked the administrator.

"Fifty years," I replied.

"Well, then come back in 10 years."

As I made my exit, a veteran convict known as the Preacher intercepted me with the inside scoop on a recently vacated job. At overcrowded IMR, job competition is fierce. I applied immediately and got the job! The glamorous title: chemical batch mixer, which entailed mixing powdered products in a huge vat for 43 cents an hour.

I exited the building only to discover approximately 100 black and Latino inmates lined up on either side of an outside corridor in dead silence, staring at each other with hard looks. I tried to get out of the way, but only made it 10 feet before they charged each other and began fighting with shanks, razors, pipes, padlocks inside socks, etc. I managed to make it around the corner of the building when a black inmate swung at me.

As I fled the scene, the Preacher's earlier parting words came back to me: "Be careful, youngster. This ain't no place for a kid."

Jose Boner, Wisconsin Secure Program Facility, Boscobel, WI

FACT

IF RECENT INCARCERATION RATES REMAIN UNCHANGED, AN ESTIMATED ONE OF EVERY NINE MEN WILL SERVE TIME IN PRISON.

VIEW TO A KILL

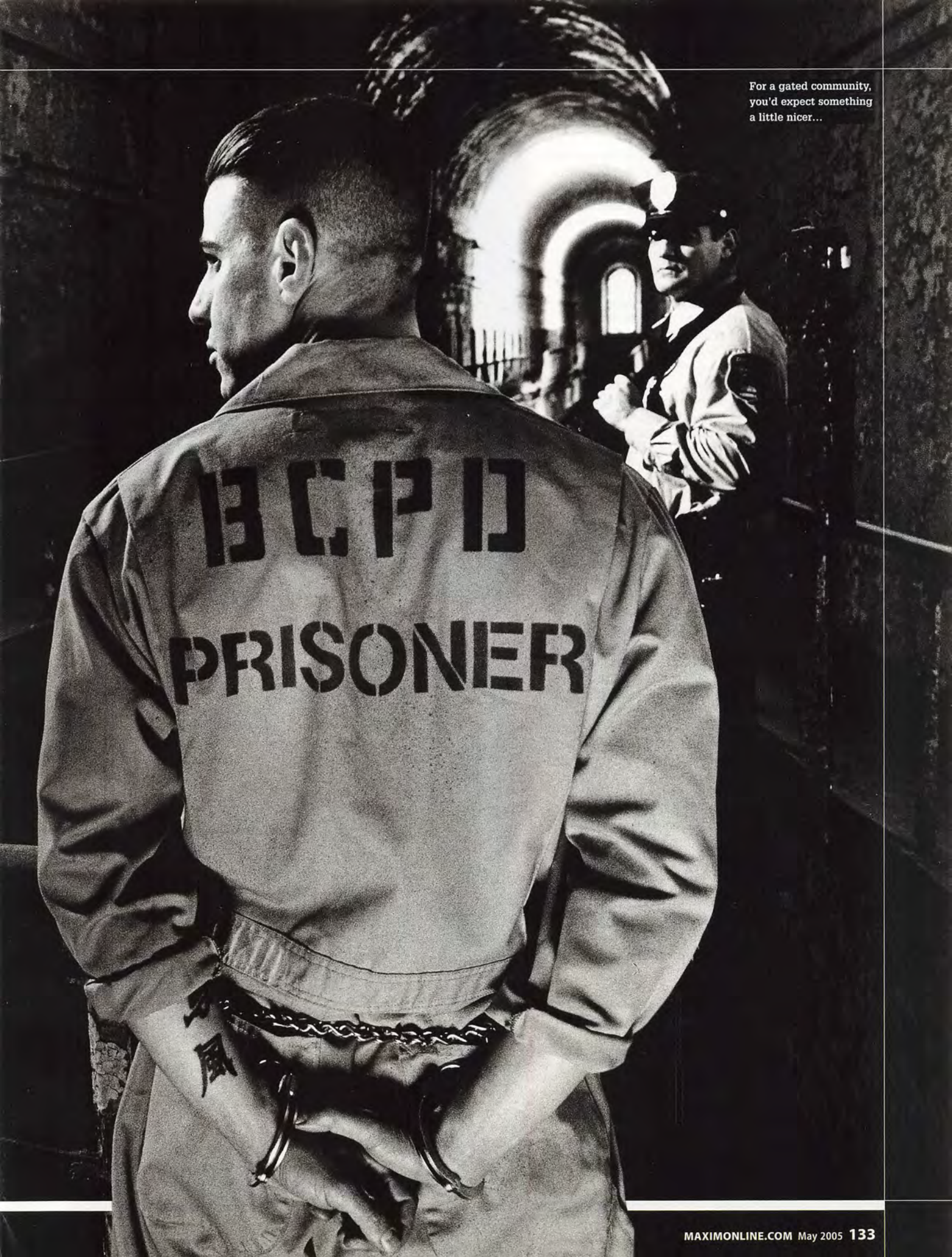
I spent the earliest part of my first day on a San Quentin–bound bus shackled hand and foot to a goat-smelling man named Dirt. He stood about 6'6" and carried barely more than 100 pounds on his bony frame. Dirt knew a lot of people. Mostly dead people. All of whom had met their unfortunate end in prison—most at San Quentin.

He told me about Nissan, who would borrow cassette tapes from people, pry open the casing, cut out his favorite tunes, and make his own "best of" collections. Then he'd splice the tape back together, good as new. He was so good at his thievery that he was only caught once. Unfortunately, it was by a gangbanger named Rock, who found out "Reasons" had been snipped from his Earth, Wind & Fire *Gratitude* cassette. Rock went berserk, then showed Nissan his own style of cutting and splicing.

Boner stares down 50 years

By the time we stopped in front of the Receiving and Release building, fear was playing wild and loose with my sphincter muscle. I walked out of Receiving two hours later squeezing my bedroll like a childhood teddy bear and my butt cheeks even tighter.

My small band of inmates, better known as fish, was ushered into the cavernous housing unit—a five-tiered module composed of approximately 450 nine-by-six cells. Our escorting officer, a petite, surprisingly attractive young woman with close-cropped red hair, green eyes, and an effervescent personality ▶



For a gated community, you'd expect something a little nicer...

allowed the steel doors' echo to fade before launching into her monologue.

"Gentlemen, welcome to West Block. My name is Officer Boutte. Not Officer Body, not Officer Booty, Officer Boo-tay. You will find me likable, witty, and relatively friendly, so long as you can keep from messing around with my last name. I don't care why you're here. I'm not your mother and I'm not—and never will be—your girlfriend. Respect me and I will reciprocate. Disrespect me and I will reciprocate. Understand?"

She pointed a finger to our left. "That's San Francisco Bay out there," she announced. "On clear days you'll see windsurfers, jet-skiers, various ships and ferries. Those lucky enough to be housed on this side will be rewarded with a postcard view of nighttime Marin County. It's really beautiful." California's best view for California's worst citizens, I thought.

She pointed to the other side. "The yard side offers a view of the recreation yard, which can be pretty interesting, too. For example, a few times a month a really good fight breaks out and people get shot." She chuckled. None of us found it funny.

Paul Moran, Correctional Training Facility, Soledad, CA

SUMMERTIME BLUES

My first night I contemplated something I'd never before thought of. The voices were loud, shouting from different ranges, dozens of cells apart. The question was well scrutinized from every possible angle. Genealogy, physiology, gender, and economics were all discussed.

In the end the argument devolved to what the rhetoricians could agree upon as the essential facts. One postulated that the singer Donna Summer was actually a man. Most of the other voices contributing their two cents eloquently expressed the guy was full of shit. Sticking to his guns, the antagonist argued his trump card: If you looked directly eye level at a picture of Donna Summer, you could see into her nostrils. This aspect of African physiology, he stated, was only present in the male of the gender. Thus, he concluded, Donna Summer was a man.

For a moment there was stunned silence. I guess no one could immediately reason how to counter such logic. Then the laughter, hoots, hollers, and derisive comments built into a crescendo of urban soul, country twang, and just plain incredulous catcalls.

As I lay on the two-inch-thick cotton-wadding mattress over the steel sheet of my bunk, I thought of McMurphy in *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest.* It would take years to learn that the insanity and dehumanization of prison were subtler but more insidious. For nearly 25 years now, this "insane asylum" has been my home. Since that first night, though, in the back of my mind, I have often wondered if Donna Summer really is a man.

Jon Marc Taylor, Western Missouri Correctional Center, Cameron, MO

THE HORSESHOER'S DAUGHTER

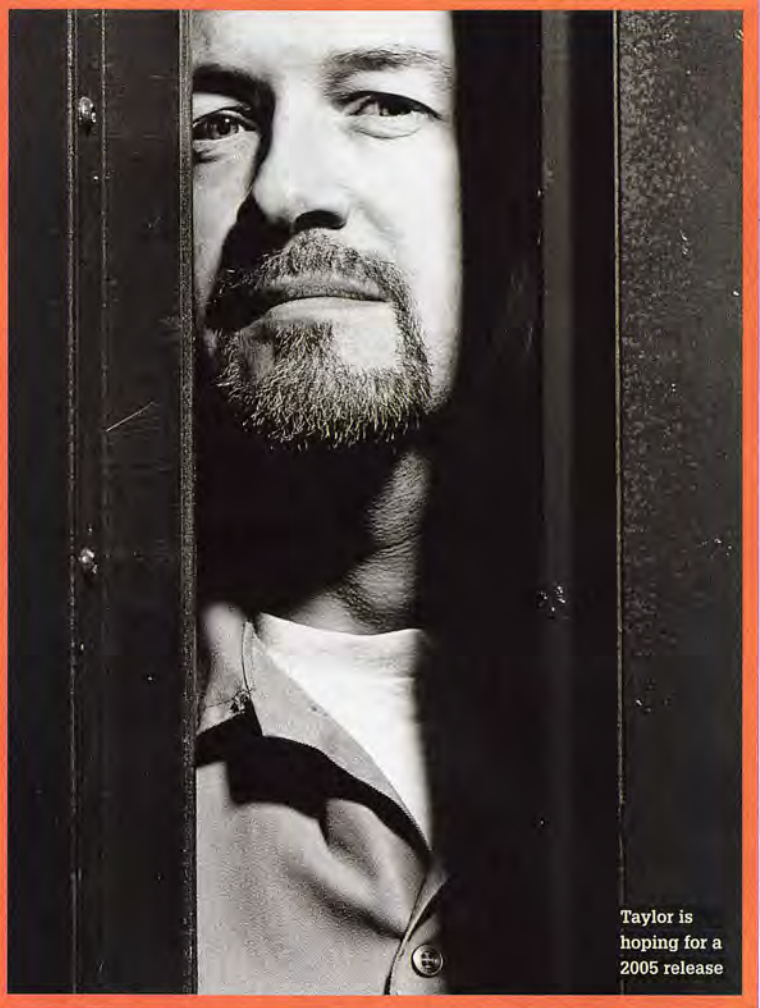
I was inducted in Huntsville, Texas. It was cold. I stood buck naked, shivering like a dog shittin' peach seeds, in front of a chicken-wire cubbyhole inhabited by an East Texas redneck asshole with a wad of chewing tobacco packed in his jaw. He spat tobacco juice into a can and said to me, "Ole thang, did they not tell you in county [jail] to only brang yore Bible, yore mailin' list, and yore sorry ass down heah to pick cotton?"

"Yessir," I replied.

"Then how come yew with this?" he asked, clutching a sheaf of typed pages in his hand.

"Hardheaded," I said.

Bossman smiled and looked at me right in my eyes with one of his eyes, while his other eye revolved in its socket.



Taylor is hoping for a 2005 release

FACT

AVERAGE ANNUAL COST TO INCARCERATE AN INMATE IN STATE PRISON: $22,650—OR ABOUT $8,650 MORE THAN THE AVERAGE COST TO ATTEND A STATE UNIVERSITY.

"We got a cure for 'at hard head a yores," he said. My shit got sort of runny, and then he said, "The fuck is this, Ole Thang?"

"Short story."

Bossman laughed. "Fuck me a-runnin'," he said. "Seen it all now."

I grinned back at him while he cut one of the rankest farts I've ever heard or smelled. "Goddamn red beans," he said. "Love them motherfuckers, but they don't love me." Then, to my astonishment, he read my story. Ten pages and 10 minutes later he asked, "You write this heah 'Horseshoer's Daughter' story?"

"Yessir."

"You a horseshoer in the world?"

"Yessir."

"Heah," he said, passing me some forms. "Fill out this I-60 [Offender Request to Official]. Say you a horseshoein' sumbitch. I'll git it to yores and my warden. TDC's [Texas Department of Corrections] always needin' horseshoers. They sorta the rock stars of the penitentiary. Git to live in the horse barn. Cook they own groceries an' shit. Purty much convict heaven. Grab yew some drawers, Ole Thang, and git on in yonder. They'll assign you a house [cell], an' yew can take a shit an' git a li'l nap 'fore supper."

"How about a shower, Boss?"

"Dream on, motherfucker."

I spent the next six months in a hoe squad near Palestine, Texas, hittin' on it from can till can't, choppin' and pickin' the state's cotton. After that I spent several years shoeing the state's horses and shoveling the state's horseshit, of which there was a never-ending supply. TDC never treated me like a rock star, but by virtue of my occupation and a poorly written short story, I was allowed to mind my own business and do my time in peace.

Gary Parks, now a free man

Parks, service completed

CATCHING THE SQUARE

I was scared, but not worried. I'd done most of a two-year stint in the army before my career as a serious fuckup. I was almost 21; my army hand- ▶

Styling, Liz Engelhardt; grooming, Ingeborg for Oliver Piro

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THIS OLD CELL

PEN SHUI

You're in prison, not hell. Fix up the joint!

GRILL
Six years is too long to wait for a flame-broiled burger. Transform your crapper into a Weber by draining it, filling it with newspaper, and placing a rack made of wire on top. If the smoke draws the hacks, just flush the evidence.

CARPETING
Not into that modern, poured-concrete look? Weave strips of paper bags together into a throw rug. This'll impress your daddy and also keep your feet off the cold floor while you cry softly on the john late at night.

BOOM BOX
Planning a romantic evening with your cellmate? Slow-dance to your dinky Walkman by cutting a hole in the middle of an empty toilet paper roll, and running headphones to either end. Let Barry White handle the rest.

VENTILATION
To combat jail's suffocating heat, rig a venting system by cutting the bottoms from two coffee cans and wiring them to a fan or air vent. Point cans toward area that needs cooling. Hopefully, that's not your chafed butt cheeks.

WOMAN
This number's as close as you'll get to a girlfriend. Tape two plastic bags together, fill with warm water, tie them off, and add a little baby oil to the sweet spot. But keep a tight leash on her, 'cause she's a real slutbag.—*Judy Dutton*

to-hand-combat training and some boxing in Germany left me unafraid of my own blood. I was a solid 175 and confident I could hold my own. But I knew many of these guys were killers and I wasn't. So I was on edge.

I hadn't been in my cell 10 minutes before the other Chicanos living in Nine Dorm knew my name and where I was from. The doors rolled, and I hesitated, watching the flow of cons ease past my cell. Most looked at me appraisingly. A few asked me the inevitable, "Where you from, *vato*?" I answered and fell in, clumping down the iron stairs into the day room.

A guy quickly broke away from the group of Hispanics clustered around a corner table and told me to "catch the square." Not knowing what he was talking about, I ignored him and tried to look cool. He returned and hit me in the back of the head. I understood that and immediately got up and unloaded on his ass. Two punches and he was down. He got back up, and for the first time I saw the Ferguson Unit (Texas Department of Corrections) style of *pachuco* fighting, where the punches were thrown from way up high, up around the forehead. To hell with that—I crouched, hooked to the body, waited for the grunt, and doubled to the head.

I don't know what they thought of me, but they had their orders. Most were scrawny, younger kids, but a couple were almost my size. Seven times they called me to the square, and seven times I went. The fifth and seventh boys dropped me. My eyes were swollen, my nose and lips bleeding. Once as an opponent and I circled each other, two guards sauntered by out in the hall, tapped on the window, and grinned.

After the seventh fight, I was called to the corner table and handed a cold soda and pack of squares. I asked the guy giving me the stuff who he was. He said he "spoke" for the clique I would be part of and that he gave orders to the guys I'd fought. I'd beaten a couple pretty badly in my rage and fear. He looked about my age and size, and I asked him why he hadn't caught the fucking square instead of sending some kid. He blinked, like that just wasn't done. So I called him out and whipped his ass.

I didn't make any great friends or have any epiphanies that day. But I did learn a few things. Cons will fuck each other over as readily as anyone else will. And you don't have to be a killer to make it in the joint. You just have to be a man.

Jorge Renaud, Coffield Unit, Tennessee Colony, TX

FACT
IN A 15-STATE STUDY, MORE THAN TWO THIRDS OF RELEASED PRISONERS WERE RE-ARRESTED WITHIN THREE YEARS.

A DEATH ROW RECORD

Exiting the bus, we're greeted by a squadron of stone-faced guards clad in green ponchos, brandishing billy clubs, and eyeing us menacingly. I'm 6'2", 190 pounds, solid from pumping iron and vicious from years of gang life. I'm not worried about predators; I'm worried about something much deadlier—the gas chamber. Ten days earlier, in a Los Angeles courtroom, I, along with my codefendant, was sentenced to death for the murders of a drug dealer and his son.

The rain is coming down hard as we shuffle, in waist chains and ankle shackles, to processing. The smell of disinfectant, urine, funk, and cigarettes assaults my nose. There are two large mesh-wire holding pens. In one pen a cadaverous, buck-naked black guy tap-dances maniacally, happy in his own dementia. He reminds me of Sammy Davis Jr., except for the excrement plastered to his body. Somewhere between my prison mug shot and being assigned a number (which would become more important than my name), I learn that, at age 20, I am the youngest person on death row.

I am then cuffed, arms behind my back, and book-ended by two guards. They inform me I am going to the Adjustment Center (AC), where ▶

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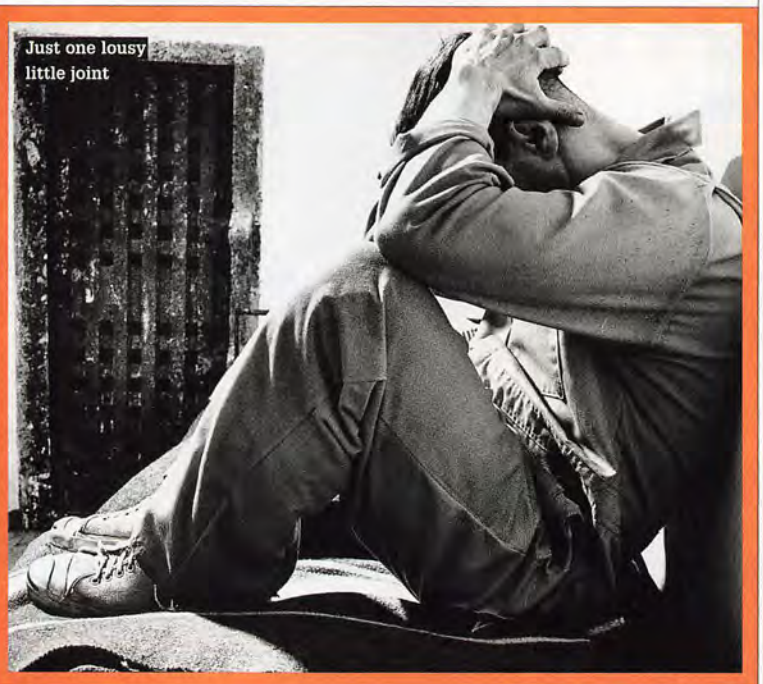
Just one lousy little joint

death row overflow is housed. I notice no matter where I turn that I am always in clear sight of a gunman 30 feet above my head armed with a Mini-14 carbine rifle. Each of the gunmen nods slightly to my escorts, giving me the creepy feeling that I'm being herded along through checkpoints like a bovine to the slaughterhouse.

AC is a three-story prison within a prison, standing apart from all the other units. A large sign with bold red letters hanging next to the entrance reads: NO WARNING SHOTS FIRED IN THIS UNIT.

Entering AC is like entering a crypt. I get the claustrophobic sensation of being locked underground. Nothing is bright about the interior. Not the snot-colored walls, not the dim fluorescent lights blinking eerily. Other than the low hum of TV sets, the place is quiet.

"You're gonna die here," one of the guards whispers. I say nothing.

Steve Champion, San Quentin State Prison, San Quentin, CA

BREAKING IN A MULE

I was 18 and a half. Truly a country bumpkin, coming from Marion, Michigan. I didn't know a thing about doing adult time. In my younger juvey days of doing time, I could go home for good behavior. That was far from the real world of doing time.

Imagine the bottom of a clothes hamper that's never been cleaned. Add the smell of delicer spray. You're getting close to the shakedown room. Then the fun part, the ever-lifting of the penis and balls. Then you spread your butt cheeks and cough; then you get the bug spray and shower.

That is where things got weird for me. There was an older guy being brought through the shower from the other room. As he passed, he said, "Hey, man, my name is Jimbo, and I really need your help."

"Keith Courville," I said. "How can I help?"

"Cool, dude, cool. There's a sock behind the trash can, and I need you to get it and take it back to the cell house. I will get down to you later and get it, but you aren't to open it, and don't give it to no one. Got it?"

"Yeah, I got it," I said.

"Cool, dude. I'll send you a care package and make sure you're in good hands," he said just before the guard took him away.

Have you ever been so scared that you started to shake on the inside? Well, I was, and I hoped no one could see it. I dropped my towel near the trash can and picked up Jimbo's sock, and it worked. Before I knew it I was on my way to my new home, a cell in the Birch Wing. Five feet wide, eight feet long, and seven feet high. If your pillow falls off your bed, it ▶

FACT

IN 2003, 6.9 MILLION PEOPLE WERE IN SOME SORT OF CORRECTIONAL PROGRAM, WHETHER IT WAS JAIL, PRISON, PAROLE, OR PROBATION. JUST UNDER 1.5 MILLION OF THEM ARE IN PRISON.

CHATEAUNEUF DU PRISON

BEHIND BARS-TENDER

To unwind, inmates down a lethal hooch called pruno. Hey, don't knock it till you've tried it!

1. MASH

Steal oranges and a can of fruit cocktail from the prison dispensary. Think about your court-appointed lawyer as you furiously beat that fruit into pulp.

2. HEAT

Once your pruno looks like a bag of vomit, wrap it in a towel like it's a precious newborn. Now heat baby on the radiator so it ferments into booze.

3. SWEETEN

After a couple of days on the hot seat, add a few fistfuls of sugar cubes to feed the fermentation process and a touch of ketchup—you know, for flavor.

4. INFLATE

For 10 days pruno will emit a noxious gas that smells like the Pillsbury Doughboy, if he lived in the monkey cage at the zoo. Yes, it's almost done!

5. STRAIN

Separate the foul, bacteria-filled pulp from the nasty, something-proof liquid, using your hands, cellmate's tube socks . . . whatever's available.

6. SERVE

Sure, pruno tastes like a margarita made from bile, but if your brew doesn't kill anyone, you'll be the biggest thing to hit prison since free weights.

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Anal retentive Courville

lands in the toilet. Then I heard a voice.

"Hey, my name is Dave. Jimbo told me to look out for you. You get the shiv out of your cell? Binky kept one. If you don't need it, you can sell it." I looked and didn't find a thing. Dave walked into my cell and looked up under the shitter, and lo and behold, there was a spoon that had the end sharpened to a point that would go deep into you without much effort.

"Pay attention, fish, you're going to school," Dave said. "The guy down the way has a carton of smokes for you for that shiv. Trust me, that will get you killed quick, for some guys think just because you got a knife it makes you a Billy Badass, and there's nothing funnier than seeing a guy going into a fight with a knife only to get it shoved up his ass. And I've seen it."

I handed Dave the blade. He walked off and came back with a carton of Camels. Dave started to tell me about the guy next to me.

"They call him Two Packs, for he'll suck your dick for two packs. For four packs you can do what you want and pick the hole."

After lunch, walking back to the cell house, a guy handed me a big box. As he did he said, "Jimbo says good going."

"Who is Jimbo?" I asked Dave. Dave simply said, "Your friend."

In the cell we looked over the care package. Two cartons of Camels, two jars of MJB coffee, a thing of shampoo, four soaps, three green cards of funny money, assorted candy bars, a jar of petroleum jelly . . . and a note. It said to put the packages from Jimbo's sock in the trunk in case the man comes to get it. I asked Dave, "Where's the trunk?" He smiled and said, "Between your two back pockets" and explained about taking a forced shit, then cleaning yourself out so you can put the package up your ass.

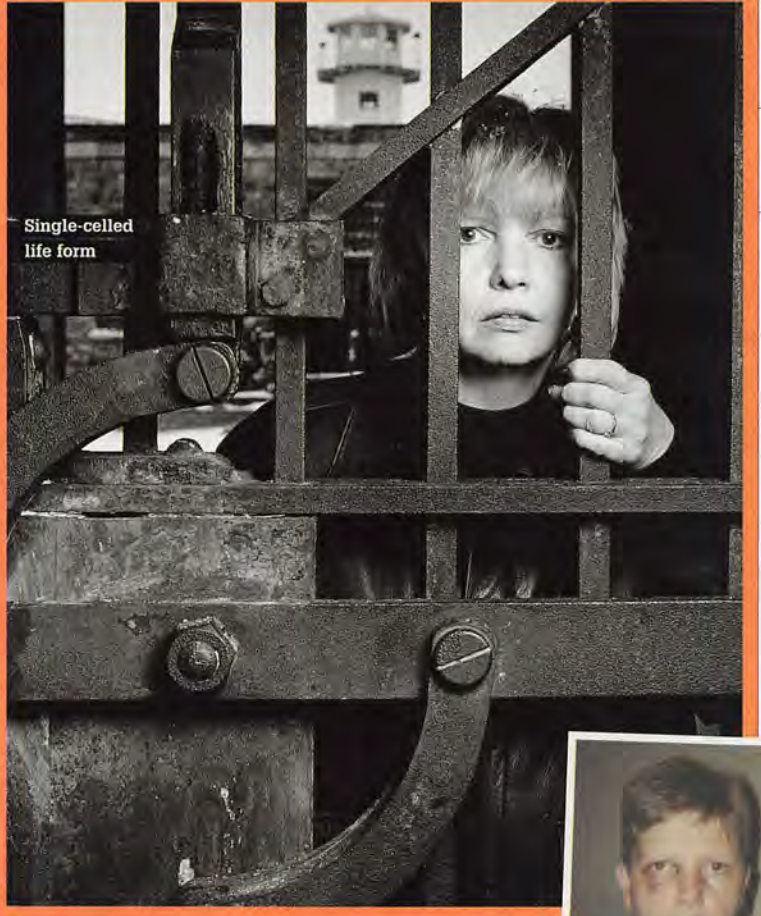
"You got to be kidding me?" I said.

"No, man, I'm not," he said. "You're being asked to do something for a man who can help you get along in this prison. The last thing you want to do is betray that trust."

He walked out of the cell, leaving me by myself. *Fuck!* All I could think of was Jimbo punking me because I let him down. I looked at the three egg-shaped packets. I did what I was told. I forced myself to take a big shit and greased up and put the three packets away. My ass was hurting.

After dinner Jimbo sat next to me, and the first thing out of his mouth was, "You have them on you, right?"

"I have them in the trunk," I said.


Single-celled life form

FACT

MORE THAN HALF OF ALL FEDERAL INMATES ARE DOING TIME FOR DRUG OFFENSES.

"Good. For the Man is tearing apart the cells down in Birch."

So, all in all, my first day went well. I made some new friends and didn't get my ass pushed in by a stranger. I took a big shit and am happy to say my ass didn't fall out like I thought.

Keith Courville, Limon Correctional Facility, Limon, CO

Bond, sans white collar

WOMEN BEHIND BARS

I was an attorney in Ohio. I mismanaged a client fund in the law firm I owned and I was charged with interstate securities fraud and sentenced to 38 months in federal prison camp in Kentucky. I was allowed to self-surrender. My son and husband drove me from our home in Ohio to Lexington. I'd taken heavy dosages of my medication—I suffer from seizures and bipolar disorder—because I was verging on hysterics.

There were armed guards patrolling the area around the intake center. My husband and son walked me to the gate. All of us were crying. When I reached the barbed-wire fence, the guards took all my medications away, which scared me to death because if you've ever had a seizure you know you can't go without your medication. At that point I was crying fairly hard.

After a strip search and squat-and-cough, I was given my prison outfit. It was heavy canvas, bright yellow. I looked like Big Bird.

My roommate was what you would envision as someone in prison. She was a big, tattooed biker type. I was thinking, *My God, this is supposed to be a white-collar prison camp. What have they done to me?* Actually, out of about 270 women, only a small percentage were white-collar.

I remember thinking that I needed to make this person my friend because she could whip everybody's ass in the place. She was in for dealing drugs or possession, like a 13-year sentence. She took me on a tour of the three-story building. Some of the inmates introduced themselves to me. A couple of the older women offered me a Pepsi, and it was like ambrosia. Then there were those who scared the hell out of me. Just their demeanor. There were your biker-thug types. Then you had your lesbian group, who were intimidating. They made it clear they were the men in the place.

When I finally went to bed around nine, I was thinking of my family. I was concerned, having seen my medication pitched in the garbage can. *I'm not gonna even survive the night, let alone the 38 months,* I thought.

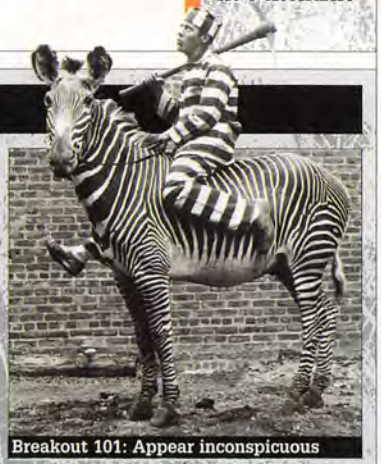
Karen S. Bond, now a free woman

ASK ANYTHING

Q What are the odds of escaping prison?

A Stuck in a cold cell, where freedom seems as distant as a top-shelf Twinkie to a morbidly obese Southern tot, any sane man will contemplate escape. But even with years of planning, the chances of success are long. According to the most recent study, only 3,207 out of about 1.3 million prison inmates were listed as escaped or AWOL over a one-year period—less than one quarter of one percent, or about one out of every 400 inmates. And the vast majority of those were recaptured.

State lockups tend to be older and less secure than federal prisons, but these days even state pens are tricky to crack. An increasing number of "supermax" prisons, like Colorado's Florence facility—which features laser beams, pressure-padded floors, and silent attack dogs—means the number of escapes is likely to keep falling. So fantasize all you want, but you're about as likely to successfully break free as you are to have Paris Hilton pop out of the toilet to discuss string theory.


Breakout 101: Appear inconspicuous

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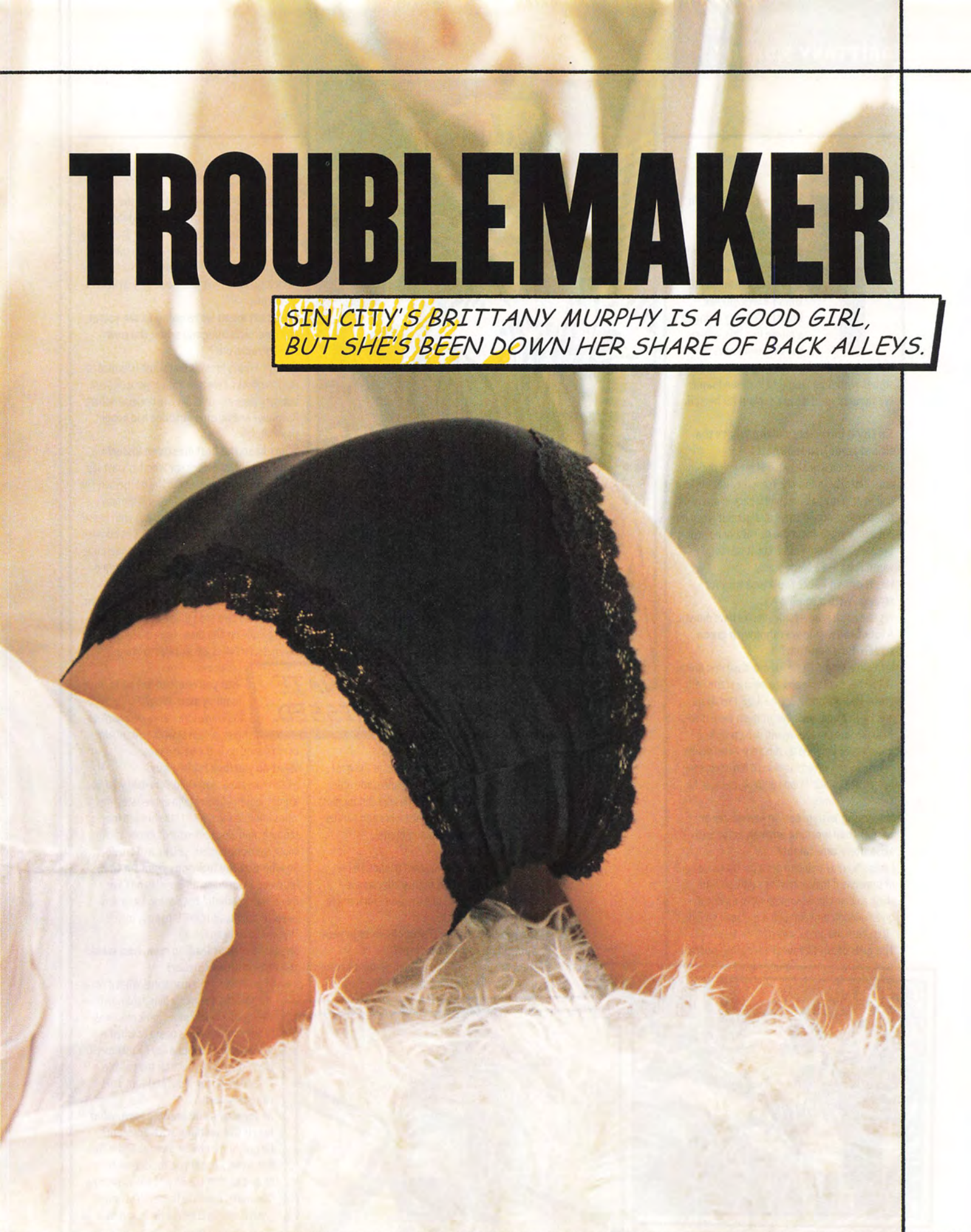
TROUBLEMAKER

SIN CITY'S BRITTANY MURPHY IS A GOOD GIRL, BUT SHE'S BEEN DOWN HER SHARE OF BACK ALLEYS.



INTERVIEW BY PAUL SEMEL ARTWORK COURTESY OF FRANK MILLER

'I'VE BEEN VERY FORTUNATE WITH THE MEN I'VE KISSED.'

This spring, the gritty *Sin City* comic books got a movie makeover, complete with gruesome murders, corrupt cops, and hard-boiled hitmen. So what's a nice girl like Brittany Murphy doing in a movie like this, where she's wearing next to nothing, getting her hair torn out, and doing scenes with men wrapped in green foam? We thought we'd let her explain for herself.

***Sin City* is incredibly violent. What's the sickest scene you took part in?**
The one where I got a patch of my hair ripped out—*literally.* In this one scene, Benicio Del Toro had to grab my hair and pull it back in a very threatening and seductive manner. But when he did, a little piece about the size of a dime near the nape of my skull came out. It was totally worth it. It's like a battle scar.

Has it grown back? You'd look mighty strange with a comb-over.
Yes, the patch is now complete. We have growth.

A lot of the movie was shot with green screen. How was that?
Incredible. Would I have liked to have met Bruce Willis? Yes. But I was able to be in a scene with Bruce, Mickey Rourke, Jessica Alba, Nick Stahl, and Elijah Wood, and none of them were there. To make sure my eyes would line up with Bruce's, they bundled up this very sweet young man in all this green foam so I'd have someone to look at. I couldn't stop laughing, because he looked like Gumby.

Is working with green screen easier or harder than working with an actor with absolutely zero talent?
I actually enjoy trying to get a performance out of someone if they're having a difficult time. I think anyone can do something of quality if given enough time. Though if the actor's a jerk, I'll go with the green screen.

The girls of *Sin City* wear revealing outfits. Describe your costume, please.
When my character, Shellie, works at the bar, I wear these little leather pants and some other leather stuff that would fit the vibe. But for most of the movie I'm wearing just a bra and panties. And a men's shirt over it, sometimes.

Goodness gracious!
In fact, I almost wore my own panties. The set had a very comforting, homey atmosphere. I never felt uncomfortable there, not for a single, solitary second.

Did reading the *Sin City* books change your opinion on comic book fans?
I never really formed an opinion of them. I knew they were die-hard fans, but I would have to include myself in that category now that I've read the *Sin City* books. I actually read the three they made into the movie—*Sin City, That Yellow Bastard,* and *The Big Fat Kill*—before they started casting the film, because I wanted to see what it was all about. And now Frank Miller is a god to me.

Does that mean we're going to see you at the Android's Dungeon when the new comics come out?
Perhaps. What's funny is that when I decided to read the books, I went to this comic book store, but they were all out of *Sin City* because Robert Rodriguez and Quentin Tarantino had bought them all.

Who's been the best on-screen kisser?
Ooh, I probably shouldn't say who. Let's just say I've been very fortunate with the gentlemen I've kissed for work. Though I will admit that my most memorable on-screen kiss was with Reese Witherspoon in the movie *Freeway,* just because we were laughing so much. And my longest one was with Joanne Vannicola for this Showtime movie called *Common Ground.*

Hmm, you've kissed a lot of girls on-screen.
No, just those two, though I've actually kissed more people on film than I have in real life. My characters' lives are far more exciting than mine.

But you're often linked to your leading men. Why?
You know, sometimes people meet other people at work . . . it usually doesn't wind up in the newspaper.

What do you look for in a guy?
A real man, not a man-child. Someone who has a great sense of humor, who appreciates life, who's humble and doesn't take himself too seriously, and who understands family. You know, someone perfect, gallant, and fabulous.

So who was the lucky guy from *Sin City*?
Oh, no one. Working with Benicio and Clive Owen was wonderful, but Benicio has a very sweet girlfriend, and Clive is happily married. That would've been wrong.

Speaking of your leading men, how would you punk Ashton Kutcher?
I would never say it in a magazine! What if I'm in the middle of punking him right now? Besides, he would never punk me. I was always afraid he was going to when we were together, but one day he told me, "I'd never punk you; you're far too gullible. There'd be no fun in it." And I am, I'm extremely gullible.

As for your other leading men, what was it like working with Eminem?
He taught me how to give the finger. The first scene we shot was the one where I flipped him off, but it's just not something that comes naturally to me; I had only given it one time before then. So it took ▶

'EMINEM TAUGHT ME HOW TO GIVE THE FINGER.'

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'I GOT A PATCH OF HAIR RIPPED OUT—LITERALLY.'

me something like 17 takes to get it right, because it just looked wrong every time I did it. Finally, I did it the Marshall way, and that's how I flip people off today.

Besides all the movies, you also do the voice of Luanne on *King of the Hill*. Has a guy you're dating ever asked you to do her voice when you're…y'know?

No, I don't think anyone has. But some wonderful things happen to Luanne next season. She has a boyfriend named Lucky, who's played by Tom Petty.

You're going to be dating Tom Petty!

Yes. Ever since her boyfriend got blown up in the Megalomart accident, Luanne's been pretty single, but she's finally found her man.

What's a normal Saturday night in the life of Brittany Murphy like?

Oh, I'm not normal, honey. I'm much more of a homebody. I'm very friendly, but I'm also a bit reclusive. I do like to go for rides with my boyfriend around California, though.

Have you learned how to drive, or what?

Not yet. But I found a car I really like, and it makes me want to learn. I even have my permit. Of course, I've also had driver's permits in Michigan and New York…I think the car will motivate me to take the test, but I'm not making any promises.

And what is the car you want?

A Phantom. It's the car in the "Drop It Like It's Hot" video.

You want a $325,000 Rolls because it was in a Snoop Dogg video?

No, I was obsessed with it before that. It's very ostentatious, but I think it would be great fun.

How do you get around if you can't drive? Do you hitchhike?

If someone is going to be my friend, I let them know that I come with baggage, and that baggage is that I don't drive. But you could drop me off in the middle of the desert and I'd find my way home. I'm very, very resourceful. M

THE MAXIM LOUNGE
See exclusive Brittany photos at **maximonline.com.**

Styling, Negar Ali; set design, Kyle Kannenberg; hair, Robert Ramos for Estilo Salon/Celestine; makeup, Kristofer Buckle for artistsbytimothypriano.com; manicure, Melissa for Varnish Nails

ELEMENT

64 seating configurations, wipe-down utility floors and a built-in MP3/digital media jack. Where will it take you? The Element from Honda.

honda.com 1-800-33-Honda 4WD EX model shown. ©2004 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

SAMUEL L. JACKSON

Sure, he's in *Star Wars Episode III* and *XXX: State of the Union*, but before Hollywood's coolest actor was famous, he was running from the Feds. Oh, sorry—did we break your concentration?

QUICK PICKS

Sam Jackson's real-life BMFs

JOHN BROWN
"Bad motherfuckers go to whatever extreme it takes to solve their problems."

MALCOLM X
"He knew he took a stand that marked him for death and did it anyway."

MARTIN LUTHER KING JR.
"He faced death every day and never showed that fear."

Hope we're not spoiling anything here, but you get offed in *Episode III*. Do you go out like a punk?
No, I go out swinging. It was awesome! It took me two weeks to learn the fight—109 moves through four different rooms—but it was a little painful learning it. The lightsaber handle is attached to a long, green metal rod so they can put the color on after. So when you're fighting, you're hitting a metal pole, and when you make a wrong move, you get whacked.

If you had the Force in real life, what would you do with it?
Man, there's all kinds of tasks around the house. I'd be very lazy if I had the Force. But I'd probably use it to cheat at golf. I'd have a lot more holes in one.

Has working with Lucas changed over the three movies?
A bit. When I first showed up on the *Star Wars* set, I was in awe of everything around me. I tried to keep out of George's way—I wanted to stay in the movie. But over the years George and I developed a mutual trust. He was kind of shocked that I asked him for a purple lightsaber, but he went along with it, not knowing that my ulterior motive was to find myself easier in the big battle scenes.

Well, it worked. What is it about you and purple, anyway?
Purple's my favorite color. I've felt this way since elementary school. I have purple shoes, purple hats—it's very regal. My middle name is Leroy, which does mean *the king*.

You've got another movie coming out this month, *XXX: State of the Union*, with Ice Cube. You once said you had a problem with rappers who act. Have you changed your mind?
Cube has a very successful acting career. He's hilarious in his comedies, good in the dramatic roles he's taken on, and now he's trying the action-guy thing—and he's good at it. He paid his dues. And for the most part, he's more of an actor than a rapper now.

Is there a part you wanted to take that you didn't get?
Not really. I remember having a conversation with the Wachowski brothers very early on about *The Matrix*. We had a meeting but never talked again. I really feel you do the jobs you're supposed to do.

What's your favorite action film?
Hard Boiled. It's Chow Yun-Fat, man! And it's John Woo's finest, before they got him over here. There's just some incredible gunfights in that movie; it was like bullet ballet. And when John was doing bullet ballet, no one was doing it better than he was. I've seen it maybe 200 times. I just watched it a month ago.

***Hard Boiled* is a Tarantino favorite. What's it like working for him?**
It's a three-ring circus. Quentin has so much fun shooting, it's almost sinful. He's by the camera, he's at the monitor, he's laughing out loud, he's gesticulating, he's doing all kinds of stuff. Plus, between shots, he's constantly explaining what's gonna happen next, how the whole movie's going to come together. Every week he has big screenings of some obscure movie that he wants the cast and crew to see. There's always something. Quentin is constantly bringing us together in interesting and fun ways.

But when he gave you your big break, you were in your 40s. Did you ever think about quitting?
Never. That was never a choice. Way back when I made my decision to become an actor, my mom and other people said, "Why don't you do something else so you have something to fall back on?" That's copping out. I figured, If I don't commit myself totally to this, then I've already given up. Either I was gonna act, or I wasn't gonna do anything, and that's what happened.

It's not like you were only about acting. Especially when you were younger.
Yeah, I was pretty radical. I was very political for a long time. I was stoned a lot more. I took a lot of acid in college. I'd go onstage tripping my brains out, but still get the play done. When I was offstage, I was getting high. I was either drinking, smoking reefer, or snorting cocaine. When it was time for me to go back onstage, I'd just go back onstage. Now I find constructive things to do with my time between shots and between jobs.

What was your wake-up call with drugs?
I was known as a quality actor, even in the midst of my addiction, but I wasn't making that next leap. I went to rehab, came out, did *Jungle Fever*, and the success was like, *bam!* When people talk about, "Do you miss drinking? Do you miss getting high?" I don't. I also don't miss being poor.

Did you *really* take people hostage when you were in school?
The board of trustees was meeting, and we wanted some things to change—like more African-American studies, student representation on the board, community representation—a lot of different things. And they didn't want to meet with us. So we found out where they were meeting, went into the building with padlocks and chains, and locked them in until they would meet with us. And that was all cool. We talked to them for a couple of days, got involved, and they said they would give us immunity for doing what we did, because we had good cause. But the school board, unbeknownst to the board of trustees, summarily expelled us. After a year or so, I went back and graduated. And now, they have my name in concrete on campus.

Was that the most radical thing you did?
I can't tell you. OK, I can hint at it—we used to steal people's credit cards and buy guns because we expected an armed revolution to happen in America. At one point the FBI showed up at my mom's house and told her it was time for her to get me out of Atlanta, because if I didn't leave Atlanta I was gonna end up dead. She got me out of there.

Now *that's* radical. Ever look back and wonder what you were thinking?
No, I look back at it and think it was part of my formative years. I feel good about it because I took a stand. I feel even better because nobody got killed. I was part of something that meant something. During that time there were specific things that needed to be addressed, and I'm proud that I stood up and used my voice—and some other things—to make my feelings known. I didn't passively stand by and watch things happen the way people do now.

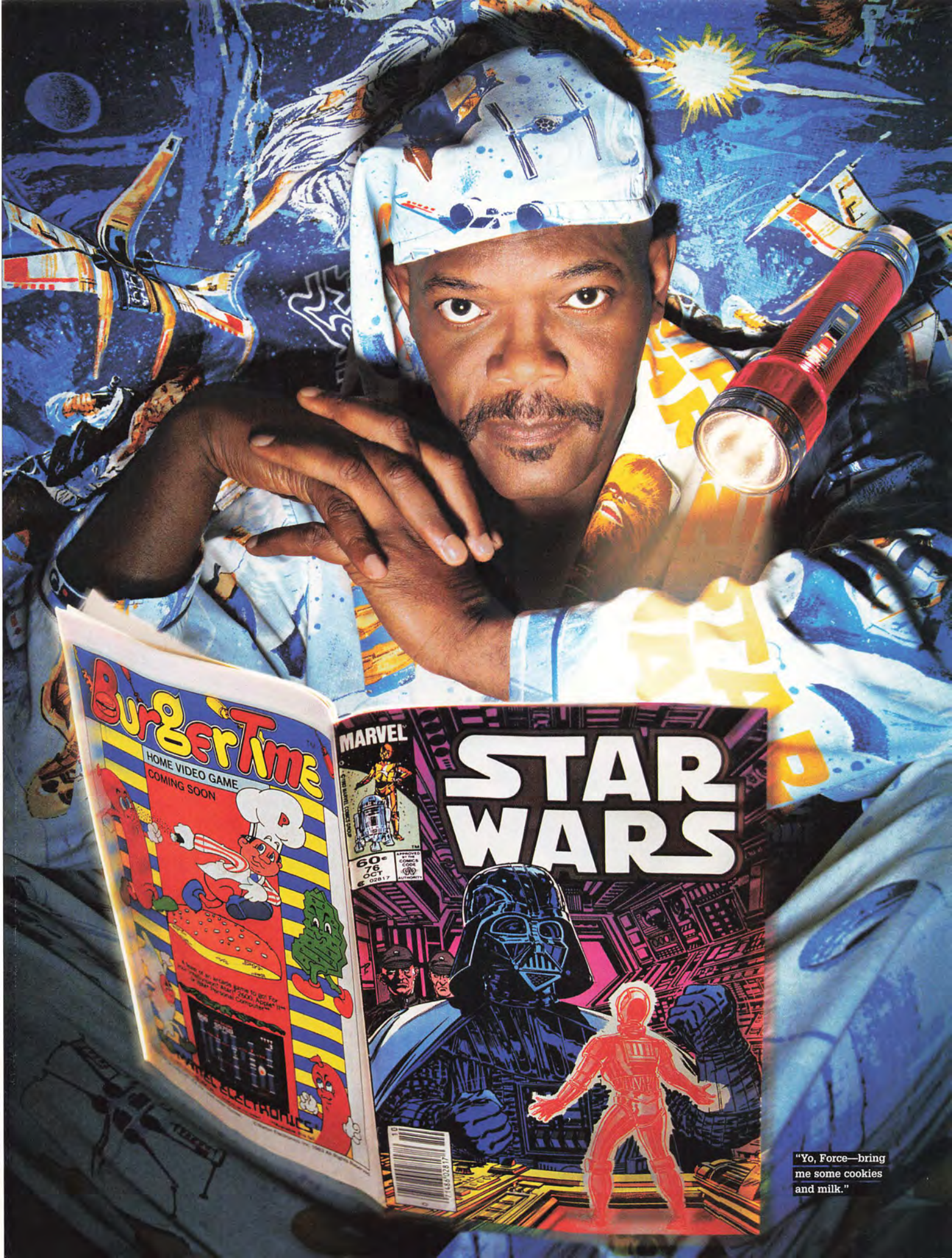
So which happens to you more often: people misquoting *Star Wars* or people misquoting *Pulp Fiction*?
It's hard to misquote *Star Wars*—people usually come up and say, "May the Force be with you." With *Pulp Fiction* the interesting thing is that people always say, "Do you know what they call a Quarter Pounder with Cheese in France?" And I start doing the scene—I say my line, "No. What?"—*not* what they want to hear, which is "A Royale with Cheese." That's John Travolta's line. I'd say three people have come up to me and done that dialogue correctly.

Anyone ask what they call a Quarter Pounder with Cheese on Tatooine?
Not yet. I'm waiting on that. M

Interview by Jeff Miller. Samuel L. Jackson appears in *Star Wars Episode III*, out on May 19.

Styling, Samantha McMillen for the Wall Group; grooming, Robin Sigel for Solo Artists

PHOTOGRAPH BY MOSHE BRAKHA



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TOP GEAR

At the recent Consumer Electronics Show in Las Vegas, 2,500 companies showed off their latest gear. Here's the coolest (legal) stuff we brought back.

10,000 WATTS!

THE TOP 25 OF 2005

25 THE BIG BANG ($6,000) Wanna turn your SUV's beat box into an *Apocalypse Now*–worthy instrument of fear? Load the Jack-Hammer in your trunk, slip in "Ride of the Valkyries" (or your favorite Carly Simon ditty), and wreak sonic havoc. The world's largest high-performance in-vehicle subwoofer, made by MTX, breaks the scale at 320 pounds and handles 10,000 watts of power. A 900-ounce strontium ferrite magnet pumps the 'Hammer's polypropylene sound cone up to 2.5 inches, creating a bass cannon of unparalleled boom, allowing you to muse, "I love the sound of shattered safety glass in the morning." *(mtx.com)* ▶

Photograph, Satoshi; prop styling, Brian Labrecque

24 PICTURE THIS ($795) First came Tron. Then Voltron. Now there's Flatron: LG's ultraslim, 19-inch LCD screen bends on its double-hinged arm like a nubile, freakishly muscular little gymnast chick. Um, where were we? It also features 1,280x1,024 resolution and a 500:1 contrast ratio, so you get a great-looking picture. Trust us. *(lgusa.com)*

23 SPIN DOCTOR ($1,999) Something fun that's good for you? Never! neXfit's MOG BK-A6 interactive fitness bike connects to a computer, Xbox, or PS2 to turn sedentary gaming into a workout. Multiple users can race in an arcade-style stationary bike showdown: Think Lance Armstrong, but with healthier testicles. *(nexfit.com)*

22 SPARK PLUG ($749) That mess of cords behind your TV is a firetrap worse than that meth lab next door. Plug up to 13 components into Belkin's Power Console PF60 and Advanced Over-voltage Protection saves your ass by disconnecting if the power surges. The included $500,000 equipment warranty is enough to buy a new stereo and/or heaps of crank. *(belkin.com)*

21 LI'L PLAYA ($230) Why do you need a portable DVD player? Because you haven't lived until you've watched *Beaches* while car-pooling. Toshiba's SD-P1600 features a seven-inch wide-screen LCD display, 3-D virtual surround sound, and a JPEG viewer. Only 7.5"x1.2"x5.7", it fits anywhere you're willing to stuff it, which we hear is most anywhere. *(toshiba.com)*

20 MAC IN THE BOX ($499) Got a monitor, keyboard, and mouse but no computer? You're in luck! Apple's crammed a G4 processor, 40 GB hard drive, and slot-loading CD burner into a 6.5"x6.5"x2" package. Your girlfriend will coo, but you'll smile knowing the real reason you got it is you're cheap. *(apple.com)*

19 EAR RING ($299) Dump the earphones that came with your iPod and upgrade to Shure's e4c. High-definition drivers add bonus bass and extra bite to raging guitar solos. They fit directly into the ear canal, preparing you for what the hearing aid will feel like. *(shure.com)*

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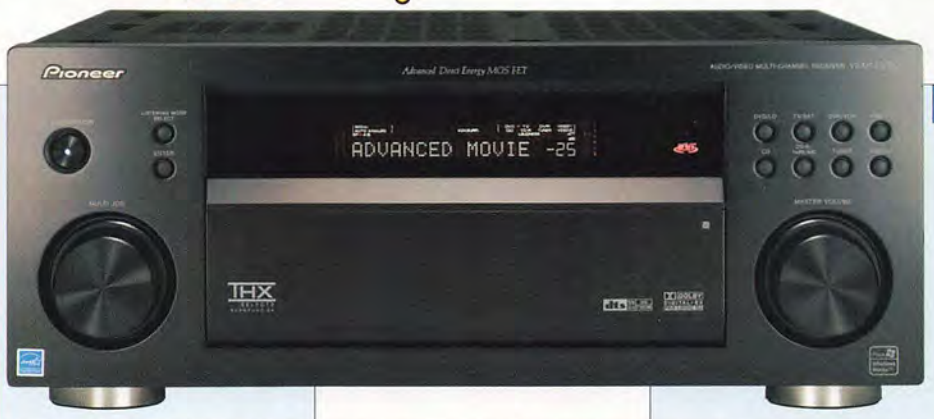
HAND JIVE (PRICE TBD)

Let's face it, you don't need a whole lot of talent to DJ. And now you don't even need the bulky equipment. The chrome and wood-inlaid wireless DJammer, packed with optical sensors and accelerometers, air-scratches and manipulates MP3 tracks like vinyl on a turntable, and it fits in the palm of your sweaty little hand. It's not scheduled to drop this year, so you have plenty of time to think up a fly name for yourself, DJ Dog Balls. ***(hp.com)***

I'm bigger than yesterday.



17 YOU'RE SURROUNDED! ($650) Video games have come a long way since the days of *Pong*: Not only do they look great, but they don't have to sound like crap anymore. Pump your Xbox through the Pioneer VSX-1015THX, the first home theater box designed with gamers in mind. With 120 watts of power for all seven channels, it can easily fill a 2,000-square-foot room with the sounds of cool things blowing up. *(pioneerelectronics.com)*

15 GAMESTER'S PARADISE ($199) Buying new games used to require a car and a nearby game store. Infinium's Phantom game receiver skips the middleman by connecting to your TV and downloading the goods directly via broadband. And, unlike at the neighborhood game shop, you can demo titles from your armchair before buying. While the accompanying lapboard makes for easy, comfortable play from the couch, we've got just one complaint: no cupholder for our Mountain Dew! *(phantom.net)*

14 EX-STREAM TV ($269) Afraid you'll jones for the boob tube once you finally drag yourself off the couch? Verizon Wireless' LG VX8000 cell phone is the first to operate on the new superfast 3G network, allowing you to catch video from channels including Comedy Central and ESPN. It's also a camcorder that can record 15-second mini-movies so you can pull a Fred Durst and then post your shortcomings on the Web. Oh, and it plays 3-D video games and makes phone calls—the only features we can recommend using while driving. *(verizonwireless.com)*

13 THE HIGH LIFE ($3,700) Whatever happened to low-definition, when TV and video were grainy, blurry, and downright normal? Are we such pansies now that everything has to be HD? Hell, yeah! Sony's first consumer-level HD cam, the HDR-FX1, has the highest resolution of any camcorder on the market—1,440 pixels by 1,080 lines. Heck, even the 3.5-inch swivel-screen LCD has 250,000 pixels. Use it for your next *Star Wars* fan film, or bore the hell out of your family with hours of vacation movies that look better on tape than when you were actually there. With this much high-definition, who needs real life? *(sonystyle.com)*

16 PAPARAZZI KIT ($600) Never mind the Kodak Easyshare-One's four-megapixel resolution and 3x optical zoom; the built-in wi-fi connection is what'll get Web heads drooling. Not only can snapshots be instantly uploaded online, but they can easily be beamed to compatible photo printers. So there's no more excuse for not sending Mom pics, besides not liking her. *(kodak.com)*

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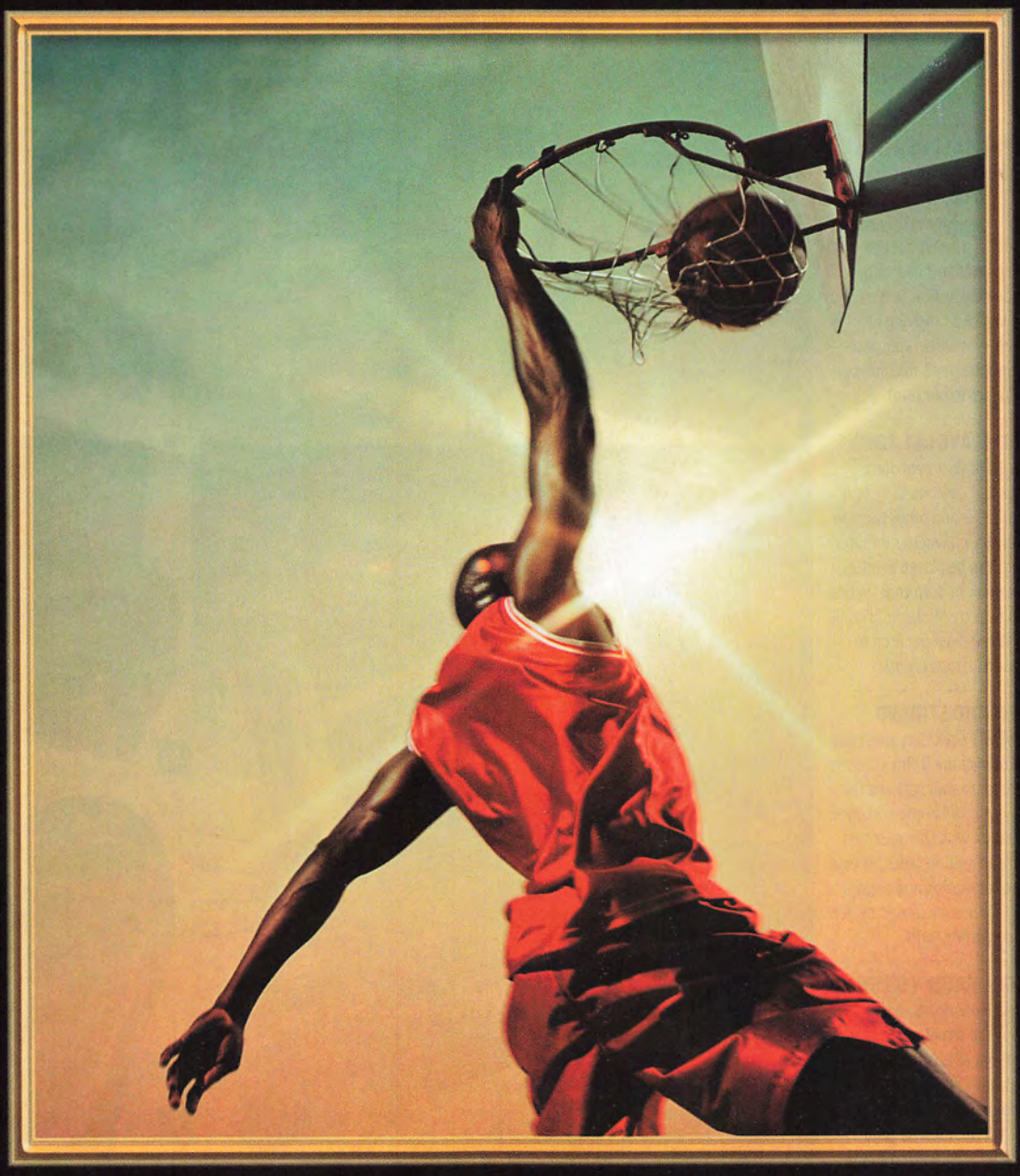

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12 BE THE BALL ($229) Prepare for retirement with Electric Spin's Golf Launchpad, a USB peripheral for *Tiger Woods PGA Tour* that also works as a much-needed practice tool. A small turf pad, tethered ball, and embedded optical sensors simulate the feel of a satisfying 250-yard drive—or 150 in your case—while analyzing the mechanics of your flailing club. *(electricspin.com)*

11 AUDIO SLAVE ($1,199) Be the DJ of your own dorm party! The Sonos digital music system stores all your MP3s and sends them to different receivers via wireless remote. Multiple songs can be played at once, which means you can keep your friends circle-jerking to Bette Midler in 5J while you and the cheerleader get it on to Marvin Gaye in 5C. *(sonos.com)*

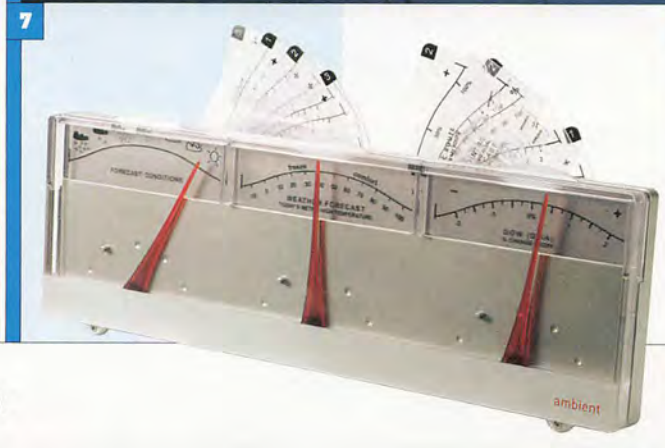
9 SHAKEN AND STIRRED ($5,000) Lowriders aren't just for jalopies: Connect the D-Box Odyssee motion simulator to your sofa and the suspension system will bump and grind in synchronization with the on-screen action. Download motion codes for your favorite games or movies, and enjoy a stomach sickness usually caused by Ben Affleck's acting. *(d-box.com)*

8 CONTROL FREAK ($250) You could work up a sweat juggling the pile of remotes on your table. Throw them all out, then connect Logitech's Harmony 880 to the Web and download commands to control the whole setup. The color screen guides you through problems, making this the first idiotproof controller capable of helping an idiot learn. *(logitech.com)*

7 DASHBOARD CONFESSIONAL ($150) Remember thinking the Internet was fast? Get up to speed with Ambient's Executive Dashboard. A thin, minimalist desktop display syncs with a nationwide wireless data network, bringing real-time readings on stocks, weather, traffic, sports scores, or Lindsay's current breast size. OK, maybe not that last one. *(ambientdevices.com)*

6 EIGHT-LEGGED FREAK ($249) Most TVs are set to look their best in the fluorescent glow of a Best Buy, which is why the color ends up sucking at home. The SpyderTV analyzes your set for contrast, brightness, and tint, then tells you what adjustments to make. Take that, incompetent human eye! *(colorvision.com)*

10 SEE NO EVIL, HEAR NO EVIL ($499) Can't fit a camera and an MP3 player in your fanny pack? The Olympus m:robe takes 1.22-megapixel snapshots, stores them on a 20 GB hard drive, and displays them on a 3.7-inch touch-screen while you listen to your library of tunes. Set up the remix function and put music to a photo slideshow of your iPod sitting home alone crying. *(olympus.com)*



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Napster To Go works with players from Creative, iriver, Dell, Samsung, Gateway and others.

Please, no more Ashton Kutcher.

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5 CINEMA VÉRITÉ ($1,495) Ever dream of owning and operating your very own illegal movie theater? Yeah, neither did we. But Optoma's MovieTime sure makes it tempting to flout federal copyright law. Digital light processing casts a movie-quality picture (that's also HDTV- and video-game-compatible) up to 335 inches in size from a distance of 32 feet. The built-in DVD player and two five-watt speakers mean all you have to do is pop in *Mean Girls* and press play. Now just clear a wall and start gouging your friends $9 for a lousy box of popcorn. *(optoma.com)*

4 REMOTE ROCK-OUT ($100) Bluetooth this, Bluetooth that. What's the big friggin' deal about Bluetooth? We'll tell you: It's the technology that lets you listen to streaming audio from your computer while walking to your bathroom to take a leak—if you're wearing Toshiba's wraparound Bluetooth wireless music headphones. Music plays wirelessly from up to 30 feet away as you amble around freely, without compromising sound quality. . . or your cosmo-heavy bladder. *(toshiba.com)*

3 SPEEDING BULLETS ($5,900) Buckle up, video gamers: Voodoo's Rage f:5 will blow the hard drive off that beige shoebox you call your home computer. The windowed metal chassis holds a jacked-up AMD processor and dual Nvidia graphics cards with enough muscle to deliver your joystick fix at record speeds. The liquid-cooling system acts like a six-pack of beer for your hard-working motherboard, keeping chips from overheating while you work the keyboard like Amadeus. Sorry, no joke here—keep moving. *(voodoopc.com)*

2 GET SERVED ($27,000) Media bush-leaguers need not apply for the Kaleidescape, a multicomponent system that brings new meaning to the term "home theater." The server stores anywhere from 180 DVDs up to 500 on an expandable (up to 3.3 terabytes) hard drive and memory cartridges. For the extremely lazy, Kaleidescape even sells preloaded movie collections. The video jukebox's stash can be searched by title, genre, director, or actor. Just turn down the lights, grab some Depends, and you'll be set to chill for a month or two. *(kaleidescape.com)*

STUNT CAM ($800) Need a camcorder that can keep up with your X-treme lifestyle? Step right up! Samsung's SC-X1015 encases a 10x optical zoom in a durable body designed for harsh conditions. It's also got a hands-free second cam perfect for strapping onto a helmet to capture your big jump from the neighbor's roof. And the flip-out color LCD screen will allow you to relive your glory over and over again on the way to the hospital. *(samsung.com)*

Photographs, Satoshi; prop styling, Brian Labreque

Sergeant **Derek Brame.** 11B Infantry.

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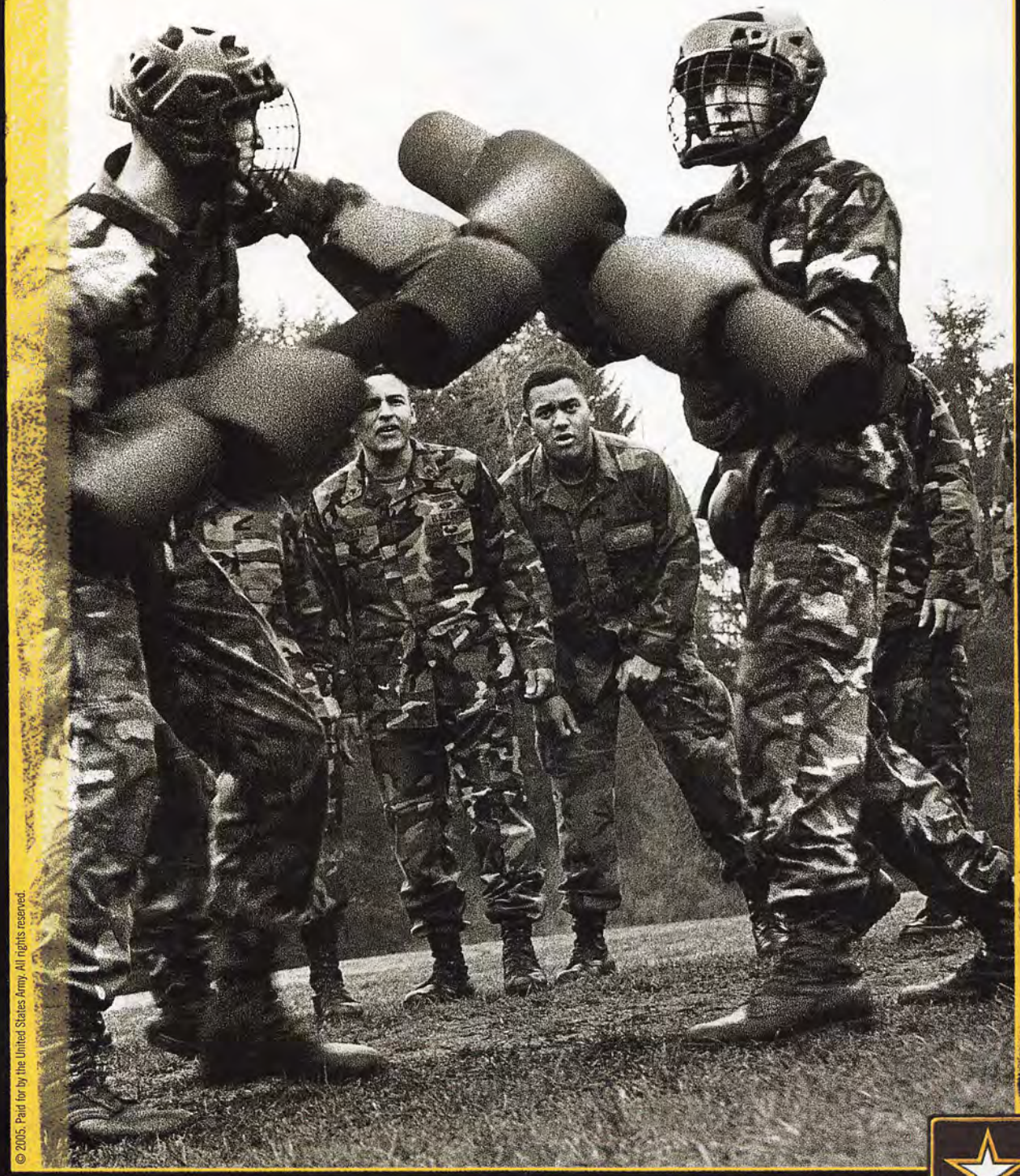

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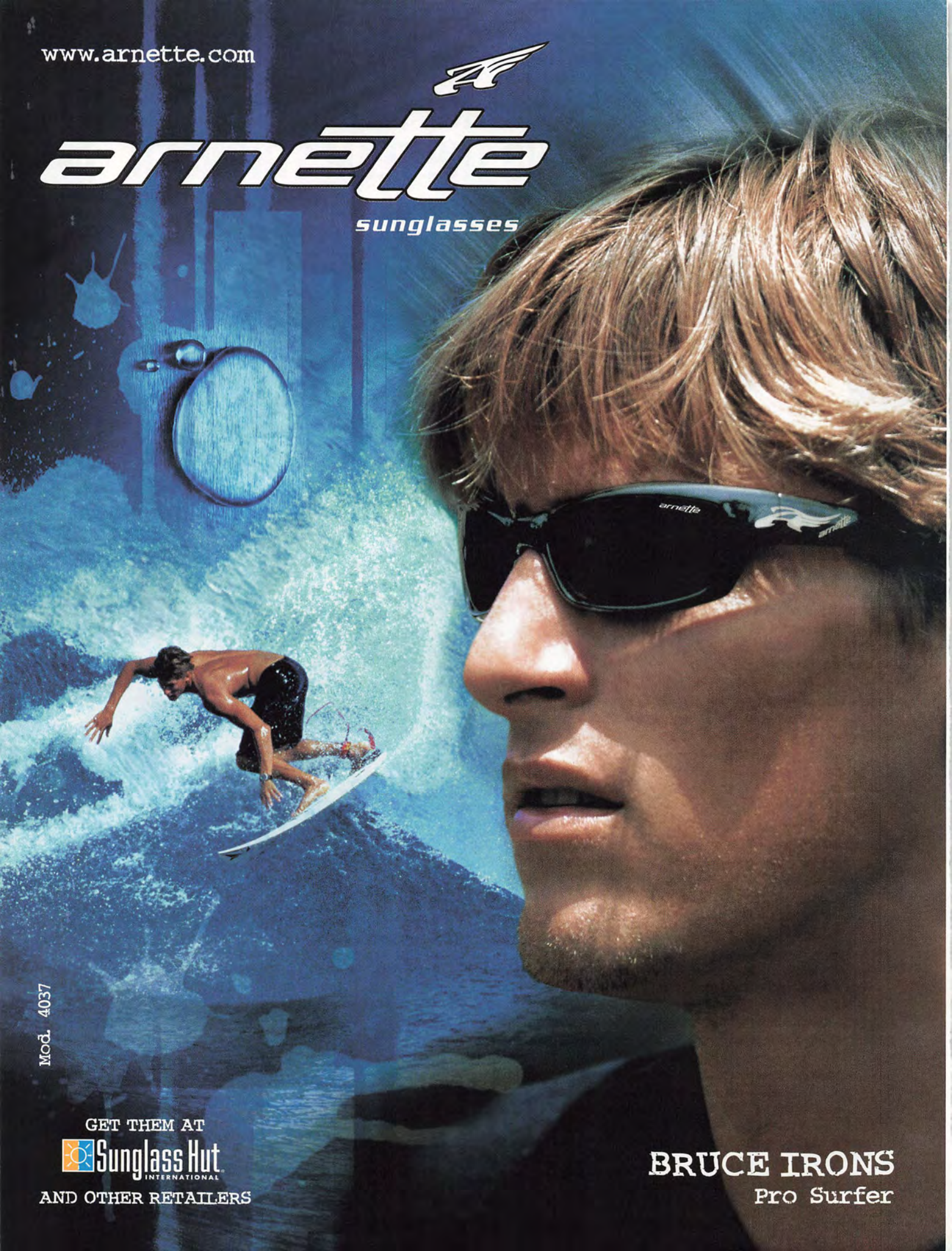
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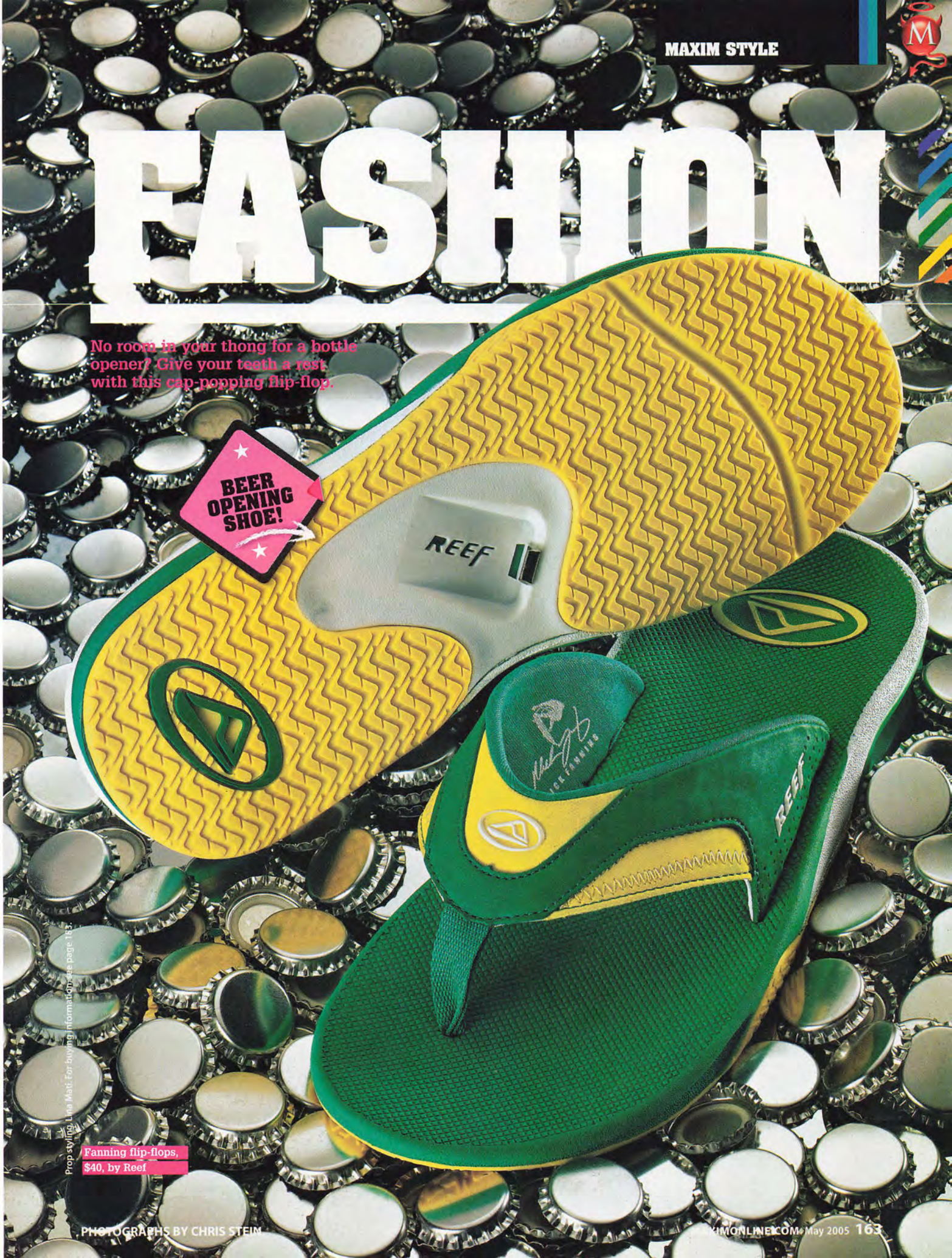

Fanning flip-flops, $40, by Reef

Prop styling: Lina Mati. For buying information, see page 183.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHRIS STEIN

Polo with contrast undercollar, **$60**, by Michael Michael Kors; button-down shirt, **$45**, by Gap; overworked denim jeans, **$98**, by Calvin Klein Jeans; Expedite Low sneakers, **$85**, by Timberland.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ZACH GOLD STYLING BY MARIA RUOCCO

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Bridlington windbreaker, **$120**, by Ben Sherman; Ocean Raw muscle T-shirt, **$36**, and Seam button-down shirt, **$69**, both by Guess; khaki cotton pants, **$65**, by Tommy Hilfiger; Marathon 88 Fade sneakers, **$90**, by Adidas.

Full zip jacket, **$60**, by Calvin Klein Jeans; multistriped paisley dress shirt, **$65**, by Tommy Hilfiger; Bronco shorts, **$69**, by Guess; Callicut sneakers, **$59**, by etnies; Endurance series watch, **$695**, by Burberry.

Moto jacket, **$145**, and pants, **$98**, both by A | X Armani Exchange; Zemi polo shirt, **$46**, by Quiksilver; Breakwater Free sneakers, **$70**, by Sebago.

Bomber jacket, **$280**, by Scott Langton; T-shirt, **$99**, by Evisu; Wide Rule button-down shirt, **$65**, by Quiksilver; drawstring pants, **$44**, by Gap; Hunter sneakers, **$100**, by Diesel Footwear.

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Warmup jacket, **$55**, by Champion 1919 Collection; polo, **$35**, and cargo shorts, **$30**, both by American Eagle Outfitters; T-shirt, **$21**, by Paul Frank; Expedite Low sneakers, **$85**, by Timberland.

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MA59682 - T.I.	Bring Em Out
MA59407 - Ludacris	Get the F*** Back
MA59433 - Slipknot	Vermilion
MA59673 - Three Days Grace	Home
MA59443 - Brad Paisley	Mud On the Tires
MA59672 - Gavin DeGraw	I Don't Want to be
MA59541 - Lil Jon & Boyz	I Don't Give a F***
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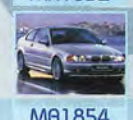
MA1854

MA1856

MA1853

JAVA GAMES

FH502

FH588

FH501

FH527

FH120

FH503

NOTE: Compatibility Chart

Nokia ● Sony ● Samsung ● Siemens ● Motorola ●

A game with a color dot, i.e. RED, is compatible with SOME models of the corresponding make, i.e. Nokia. You will still need to go to www.dirtyhippo.com to ensure it is compatible with your model.

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MA0123

MA0157

MA2139

MA2156

MA4987

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MA59444 - Brad Paisley	I'm Gonna Miss Her
MA59445 - Darryl Worley	Awful Beautiful Life
MA59446 - John Michael Montgomery	4-Wheel Drive
MA59676 - Keith Urban	You're My Better Half
MA59496 - Tim McGraw	I Like it, I Love it
MA59443 - Brad Paisley	Mud on the Tires
MA59678 - Shania Twain & Mark McGrath	Party for Two
MA59718 - Josh Gracin	Endless, Helpless, Hoping
MA59720 - Josh Gracin	I Want to Live
MA51051 - Shania Twain	She's Not Just a Pretty Face
MA59453 - Reba McEntire	Little Rock

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MA1017

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MA4409

MA4419

MA4417

MA3019

MA4005

MA0377

MA0370

MA4406

MA1018

HIP HOP

MA52290 -Nelly & Christina	Tilt Ya Head Back
MA59553 - Jay-Z	La La La
MA51789 - 2 Pac & Outlawz	Hit Em Up
MA51725 - 2 Pac	California Love
MA59698 - Beenie Man	Gangsta Life
MA59530 - Nas	Thief's Theme
MA59550 - Bubba Sparxx	Ugly
MA59556 - Busta Rhymes	Pass the Couvoisier
MA59405 - Chingy	Balla Baby
MA59457 - Clipse	Hot Damn
MA59690 - Sean Paul	Infiltrate
MA59458 - Das EFX	40 and a Blunt
MA59463 - JD & Ludacris	Welcome to Atlanta
MA59547 - Big Pun	Still not a Player
MA59703 - Angie Martinez	New York New York
MA50623 - Luniz	I Got Five On It
MA59465 - Method Man	Tical
MA59693 - B.I.G.	Mo Money, Mo Problems
MA59408 - Snoop	Drop it Like its Hot
MA59705 - Young Buck	I'm a Soldier

ROCK

MA59436 - 3 Days Grace	I Hate Everything About U
MA51769 - Slipknot	Duality
MA59479 - Aaron Lewis	Outside
MA50478 - Simple Plan	Addicted to You
MA50240 - Rolling Stones	Start Me Up
MA50439 - Offspring	Pretty Fly for a White Guy
MA50928 - No Doubt	It's My Life
MA59480 - Matchbox 20	Bent
MA52251 - Maroon 5	Harder to Breathe
MA59537 - Limp Bizkit	Nookie
MA50064 - Linkin Park	Somewhere I Belong
MA59482 - Linking Park	Breaking the Habbit
MA59535 - Korn	Alive
MA59709 - Kid Rock	Back From the Dead
MA52243 - Green Day	American Idiot
MA51710 - Maroon 5	She Will Be Loved
MA50343 - Coldplay	The Scientist
MA50334 - Bon Jovi	Wanted Dead or Alive
MA59730 - Aerosmith	Dude Looks Like A Lady
MA50915 - Blink 182	Feeling This

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Superstar jacket, **$65**, by Adidas; Competition top, **$50**, by Nautica; Perry low loose wide-leg pants, **$69**, by Ben Sherman; Tustin-Trio sneakers, **$70**, by Rhino Unlimited.

Thanks to Flyaway Indoor Skydiving, Las Vegas. For buying information, see page 183.

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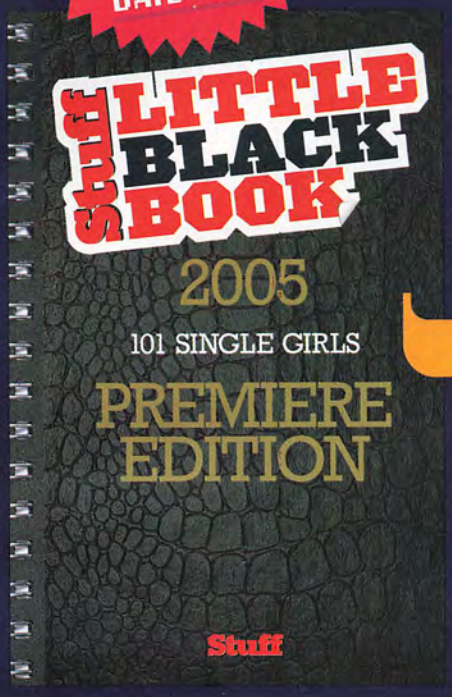
FEATURING 101 SINGLE GIRLS WHO WANT TO DATE YOU!



202 SUPERHOT PHOTOS INSIDE!

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Give your face an instant upgrade with a pair of these first-class aviator-style sunglasses.

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Lafayette sunglasses, **$148,** by Coach

Modern aviators, **$125,** by Diesel Sunglasses

Aviators with leather accents, **$90,** by Tommy Hilfiger

Modern aviators, **$210,** by Giorgio Armani Sunglasses

Aviators with polarized lenses, **$119,** by Ray-Ban

Sunglasses, **$190,** by Alain Mikli

Move Out aviators, **$240,** by L.A. Eyeworks

7s aviators, **$140,** by Modern Amusement

Semi-rimless aviators, **$79,** by Kenneth Cole New York

PHOTOGRAPH BY MASSIMO GAMMACURTA COMPILED BY MARIA RUOCCO

Mach 4 aviators, **$90,** by Paul Frank

Modern aviators, **$220,** by Yves Saint Laurent Sunglasses

Cobretti sunglasses, **$120,** by Diesel 55DSL Sunglasses

Sunglasses, **$220,** by Alessandro Dell'Acqua

Square Shot sunglasses, **$100,** by Quiksilver

Sunglasses with leather accents, **$350,** by Fendi

Domino aviators, **$50,** by Guess

Modern aviators, **$160,** by Burberry Sunglasses

Sunglasses, **$345,** by Robert Marc

Legacy sunglasses, **$230,** by Mosley Tribes

Prop styling, Liz Engelhardt. For buying information, see page 180.

OCEAN LOTION

When the beach turns into nature's barbecue pit, your delicate skin needs protection. So slather on one of these...

1. Continuous Spray Sunscreen, $10, by Coppertone Sport. 2. Sports Formula SPF 45, $17, by Himaya. 3. Sport Sunscreen Spray, $10, by Avon Sun. 4. Lightweight Face Lotion SPF 15, $28, by Anthony Sport for Men. 5. Active Breathable Sunblock SPF 30, $10, by Neutrogena. 6. Perfect Lite Sunblock SPF 30, $36, by 3Lab. 7. Sun Guard Oil-Free Very Water/Sweat Resistant Sunscreen SPF 30+, $16, by Jack Black. 8. Block Water Resistant Sunscreen SPF 25, $22.50, by Zirh. 9. Guy Gear Face Shield, $19, by Issimo Toiletries for Men. 10. M Protect SPF 21, $20, by Clinique.

Prop styling, Lina Mati. For buying information, see page 180.

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHRIS STEIN

MAXIM SHAMELESS PLUGS

Ben Sherman® Modern Love

"Mod" style met Modern Love in Las Vegas as **Ben Sherman** and **Maxim** hosted the ultimate Valentine's Day bash at **Ivan Kane's Forty Deuce** (www.fortydeuce.com). Forty Deuce has quickly become one of Vegas' most exclusive new lounges, featuring red hot burlesque reviews accompanied by a jumpin' three-piece band. Guests including **Maxim** cover girl and *Terminator 3* star, **Kristanna Loken**, cheered as the dancers in **Ben Sherman** overcoats dazzled and titillated the enthusiastic crowd. In between shows, partygoers got down to the tunes of LA-based DJ Graham Funke who kept the crowd dancing on the bars until 3:00 am. The bartenders also offered some "liquid inspiration" in the form of ice cold **Coors Lights** and custom blended Valentine's cocktails, courtesy of **UV Vodka**.

Ben Sherman and **Maxim** rocked Magic - in true Valentine's Day style! We seriously advise any of you heading to Las Vegas for a good time, head to Mandalay Bay to check out Ivan Kane's Forty Duece.

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BITE IT

Women are sophisticated creatures, but vulnerable to a fine male scent. For extra irresistibility, Be Delicious Men, DKNY's new fragrance, comes in the shape of an apple—hey, it worked before! $58 for a 3.4 oz. eau de toilette at department stores.

WILL THE BEAR SURVIVE?

This lawyer-infested planet needs all the killing machines it can get. Agave's SAVE THE GRIZZLY tees run $34, with 10 percent of sales going to the Sierra Club Grizzly Project; at Nordstrom, or visit nordstrom.com or agavejean.com.

05.05

What's not to like about May? It's the gateway to summer, it's easy to spell, and the stores are loaded with the kind of items that make you instantly cool. So buy them!

SHOW-OFFS

For that big empty space on your wrist, check out Alfred Dunhill's new gentlemen's line of timepieces. The X-Centric design shown here takes its cue from a car's gearshift. Get it in polished steel for $3,950, or trade up to gold for $11,200, at Dunhill stores, or visit dunhill.com.

THIS MONTH'S LABEL: HOWE

Designer Jade Howe says his collection is English country gentleman meets cowboy punk. His Indie Executive collection features shirts for $100 to $150; blazers run from $135 to $285. Visit howedenim.com.

DOGGY STYLE

Drop it like Snoop in his new Doggy Biscuitz shoes from Pony. They come in four versions, including the Snoopadoopa for every day, and the Snoopaslide for kickin' it in the crib. They retail for $50 to $85 a pair; call 866-221-PONY.

LEAN AND MEAN

Hey, Mr. chip-gobbling couch potato—some good news. Thanks to Replay's new jeans, you can look slimmer without ever leaving the PlayStation. The rear pockets are made to diminish the appearance of a large caboose. They're $250 at Replay stores, or call 212-673-6300.

Photographs, Andrew Woffinden

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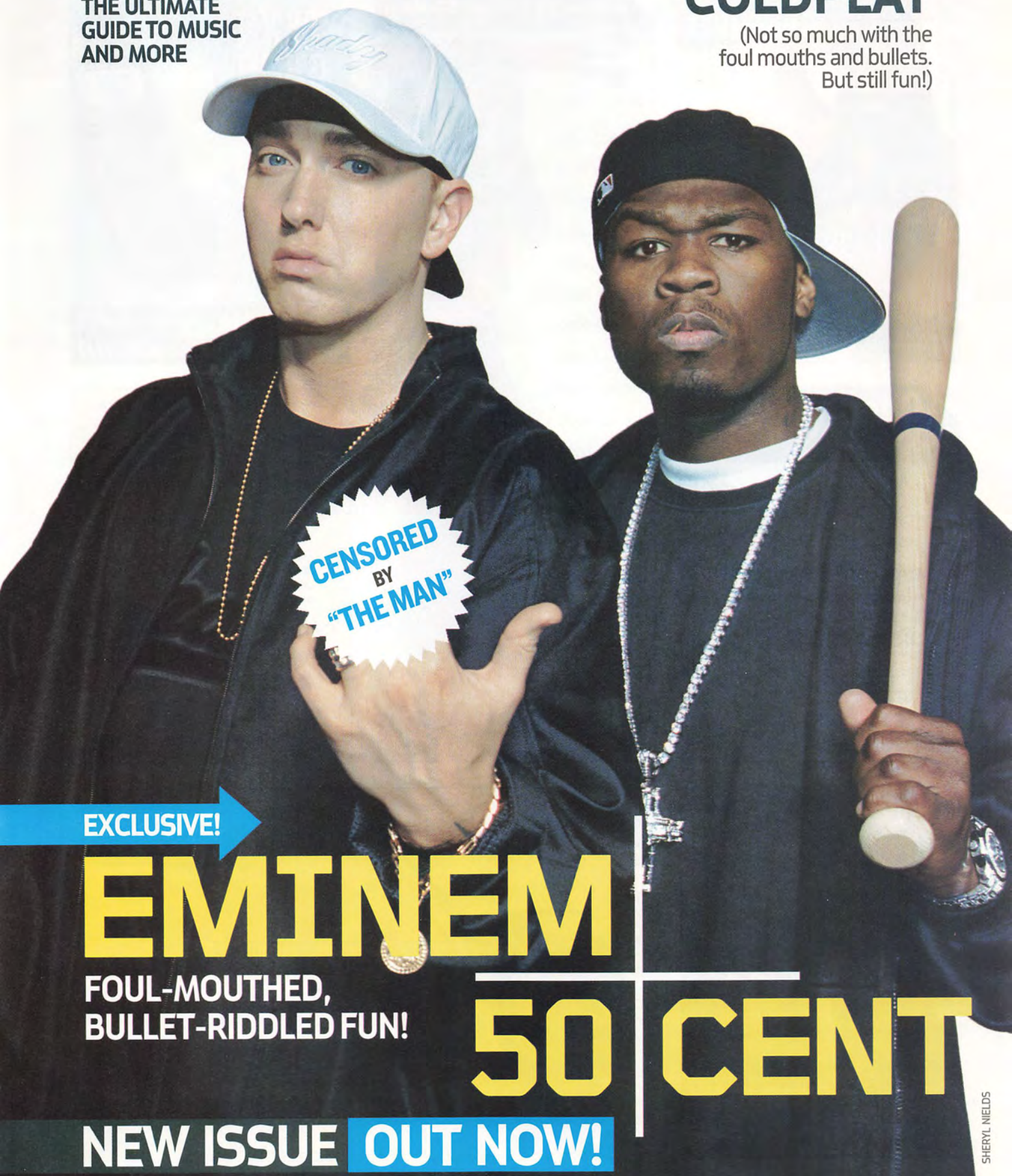
THE ULTIMATE GUIDE TO MUSIC AND MORE

COMING NEXT MONTH

COLDPLAY

(Not so much with the foul mouths and bullets. But still fun!)



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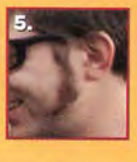

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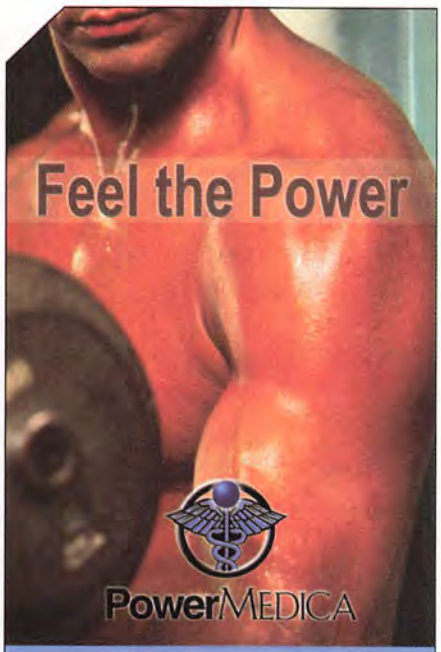

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MAXIM (ISSN 1092-9789) Volume 9, Number 5 is published monthly by Dennis Maxim, Inc., 1040 Avenue of the Americas, 16th Floor, New York, NY 10018, Tel. 212-302-2626. • Periodicals postage paid at New York, NY, and at additional mailing offices. • POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: Maxim, P.O. Box 420234, Palm Coast, FL 32142-0234. One-year subscription rates: for U.S., $17.94; for Canada, $24.00; for all other countries, $34.00 in prepaid U.S. funds. Canadian GST Registration #140467846, Publications Agreement number 40031590. Return Undeliverable Canadian Addresses to P.O. Box 503, RPO West Beaver Creek, Richmond Hill, ON L4B 4R6.
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GO AHEAD, WE DARE YOU

ASK US ANYTHING

Maxim answers all your looks-switchin', dog-sniffin', ref-bitchin' questions.

Q IS THERE AN EASY WAY TO FOOL A DRUG DOG?

A Why, after so much miserable failure, do you keep trying to match wits with animals? "If there is something that can throw off the dogs, we aren't aware of it," says Wayne Booth, the training director of Canine Academy near Austin, Texas. Mutts can nose out the aromatic Jamaican gold strategically hidden in your fragrant boxers because, in scientific parlance . . . they smell real good. Real pros use breeds like Labs and German shepherds, but all dogs have a highly sensitive sense of smell. "We test 100 dogs to find one that can even start our program," Booth says. The best supersniffers can smell through *glass,* for crying out loud! Your one hope? "We do have to watch out for distractions," Booth admits. So, if you dare, starting some sort of commotion seems like your best bet. The screaming-friend-crapping-his-pants gag usually works for us. Good luck!

It ain't hind end, but it'll do

STRAIGHT ANSWERS

Has a U.S. president ever killed anyone in cold blood?
YES

Did Alfred Hitchcock or Stanley Kubrick ever win an Academy Award for one of their films?
NO

Can an erect penis break?
YES

Can frozen lobsters come back to life when thawed?
YES

Q HOW DO I BECOME A MASTER OF DISGUISE?

A As long as you use these powers for good and not to ogle your mom's friends, we'll indulge you. For this we went to Antonio Mendez, former CIA chief of disguise and author of *The Master of Disguise.* "It's about stage management," he says. "Give your audience a story to follow, then use misdirection." In other words, alter your appearance and your usual ugly behavior. Mendez once fooled his wife, a fellow CIA agent, by changing his hairstyle, wearing glasses to hide his brow, and altering his gait. Of course, the CIA has even more impressive technology at its disposal. "We don't use the *M*-word," Mendez says, referring to masks. "We're beyond Hollywood—they require five hours of makeup. In the real world, we use it repeatedly and remove it quickly . . . But I can't tell you the details." To find out more the hard way, get a clean urine sample and visit cia.gov/employment.

BELIEVE IT

IT'S A FACT

Trust us. We wouldn't lie to you, sweet buns.

- There are more than three times as many pigs in Denmark as there are people.
- According to the National Violence Against Women Survey, approximately 370,000 men are stalked each year.
- The combined height of Gary Coleman, Emmanuel Lewis, and Verne Troyer is 10'8".
- Butterflies taste with their feet.
- At least 85 percent of American currency contains traces of cocaine.
- The specifications sheet that sets U.S. military guidelines for making chocolate-covered brownies and oatmeal cookies is 26 pages long.

Q IS IT TRUE THAT YOU HAVE TO BE A MILLIONAIRE TO BECOME AN NFL REFEREE?

A While it's plainly obvious to us that a wealthy man is an honest man, the persistent rumor that refs aren't bribable because they're worth millions is mostly hooey. "It's safe to say that a candidate with financial strain would be a red flag for the league and likely not hired," says Bill Topp, editor for the trade rag *Referee.* "But there is no magic net worth for NFL officials." In fact, most officials have to hold down regular day jobs, too. First-year NFL refs get paid a measly $2,134 per game, while veteran refs with 20-plus years of experience top out at $7,334. That may seem like a lot of scratch for a 16-game season, but it isn't great, either.

"The NFL considers officials part-time employees," explains Topp. "But these men put in a great deal of time with meetings, paperwork, and other things every week. Some officials report to us that their 'part-time job' can easily exceed 40 hours per week." Overworked and underpaid, eh? We can sympathize, but we hope that's not just a sorry excuse for rampant abuse of the replay rule.

GOT QUESTIONS?

E-mail us at **ask@maximonline.com.** If it's stupid enough, we'll answer it!

Illustration, Studioliddell

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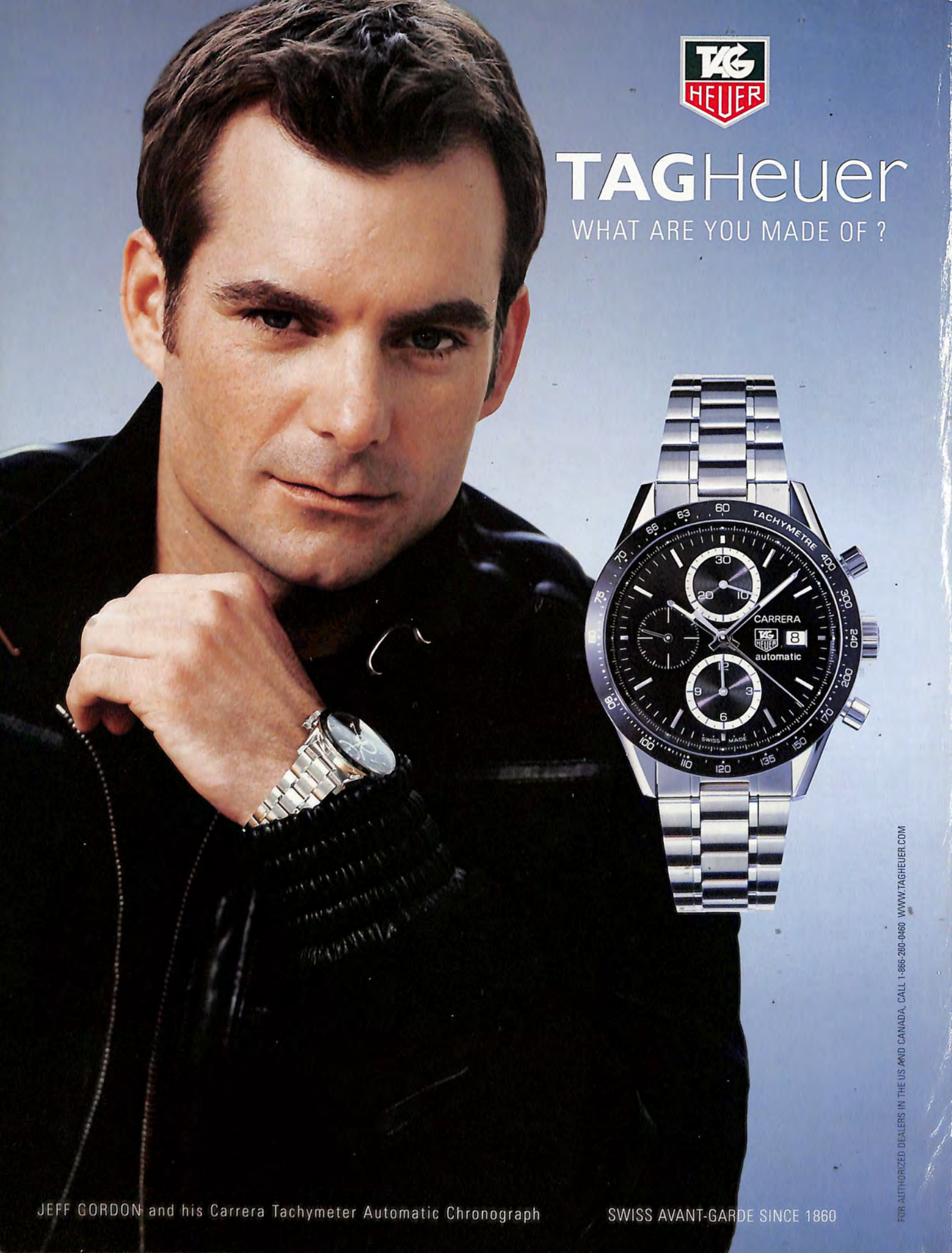
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